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LIFE AND LETTERS

OF

BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT

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W. P. Dunelm.

Life and Letters

of

Brooke Foss Westcott

D.D., D.C.L.

Sometime Bishop of Durham

BY HIS SON

ARTHUR WESTCOTT

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. II

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"To make of life one harmonious whole, to realise the invisible, to anticipate the transfiguring majesty of the Divine Presence, is all that is worth living for."—B. F. W.

Bishop Westcott's Arms.

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CHAPTER IX

WESTMINSTER

1883–1890

It will be readily understood that my father's removal from Peterborough provoked considerable indignation in the circle of his friends. Into the workings of this feeling it would be improper to enter. But it came to pass that Mr. Gladstone invited my father to an interview, and expressed his earnest wish to serve him. The sum of that conversation is contained in these few words addressed to Bishop Lightfoot :—

28th July 1883.

Mr. Gladstone practically offered me in a conversation the Deanery of Exeter, and then most kindly went on to say that I might prefer (as you did—was not that good of him to add?) a canonry to hold with Cambridge work.

Shortly after this conversation a Westminster canonry became vacant through Canon Barry's acceptance of the See of Sydney. Dr. Barry, it will be remembered, was an exact contemporary of my father at Trinity College, Cambridge ; so that there was a special fitness in the bishop-elect inviting his successor to preach the sermon at his consecration, which took place on 1st

January 1884. On the 2nd of the following month my father was installed as Canon of Westminster. His first sermon as such was preached on 27th April, and was an appeal on behalf of the Church Missionary Society. In his text-book on that day he entered, as he was now beginning a new work: Πιστος ὁ καλων. Ναι ΚΡΕ ΙΗΤ.[1]

The appointment had been made the occasion of many congratulatory letters, and had given general satisfaction; but, more important, the new Canon was most warmly received by his colleagues at the Abbey. Other fellow-workers hastened to echo the welcome thus expressed by Dean Bradley:—

[11*th October* 1883.]

. . . Now there seems to be no reason why I should be the last to say what unfeigned joy your appointment will give me. It would be almost impertinent to praise the selection: it is permitted to rejoice at it.

Between my father's installation and his first official act came an interesting visit to Edinburgh; for in April 1884 he was invited to attend the Tercentenary Festival of Edinburgh University, and receive an hon. D.D. degree. He went there accordingly, and was the guest of Professor Flint. Once more was his voice heard in Edinburgh; for after the banquet which was held on the degree day he was called upon to respond, on behalf of Theology, to the toast of "Theology, Law, and Medicine," proposed by Lord Napier and Ettrick. Sir Henry Maine subsequently responded for Law, and Professor Virchow for Medicine.

His adventures in Edinburgh are described in letters to his wife, of which the following are fragments:—

[1] Faithful is He that calleth. Yea, Lord Jesus.

EDINBURGH, 16*th April* 1884.

My journey was accomplished easily, with an accompaniment of two pleasant wonders—a porter who even turned away from the coin which was ready, and a cab-driver who asked for his simple fare and said it was all right. After breakfast I took a tram to the end of Princes Street, that I might hunt up Thomson and the Murrays. . . . Before dinner Professor Flint's other visitors came—three Frenchmen, all deputies, and all decorated. Later, Dr. Hatch came: an Oxford guest—the Bampton lecturer who fluttered St. Mary's. We were very late in starting for the great function, the Lord Provost's reception, and when we got there entrance was absolutely impossible. The one narrow staircase was filled by people leaving, and after vain efforts we were able to retreat without an accident. Our French friends were tired, and no one encouraged my zeal to see the torch procession. So of the official pleasures I am as yet inexperienced.

17*th April.*

The main thing yesterday, indeed the centre of the whole festival, was the service at St. Giles'. This was perfect. Nothing could be more solemn or more eloquent. We met in the Parliament House, which is close by St. Giles'. It is a very fine hall, and soon became very gay with the foreign academic dresses and uniforms. The most gorgeous figure was one of our fellow-guests, M. Mézières. He wore a robe of gold-coloured silk trimmed with white fur, and a tall beef-eater sort of cap to match. I could not recognise him. Others had cerise satin gowns; others green; stars and decorations were shining everywhere. In due time—marshalled by an officer finer than the historic drum-major of Trèves—we formed into line,—I found myself with Professor Seeley,—and so we went to the church through lines of University volunteers. Being close to the pulpit, I did not miss a word of the sermon. The service was all printed, and one prayer was full of echoes of our Bidding Prayer—most pleasant to hear. The sermon[1] was very fine. It would, I think, have

[1] Preached by Professor Flint.

satisfied you, expressing the main thought of the unity of life which I am always trying to put into words. To my great surprise I find that Dr. Hatch is an old schoolfellow. I have had some very pleasant talks with him. I have not seen the Bishop of Durham yet. We shall, I suppose, meet to-day. The crush at what are called receptions is almost suffocating.

18th April.

The degree and banquet day is over. . . . I will only add one or two personal details. When we were arranged for the degrees I found that Mr. Browning was behind me: we were arranged alphabetically, and the D.D.'s in the front row. After the ceremony he reached forward and spoke most kindly and touchingly; he fairly took away my breath, yet it was a great pleasure to have a few words with him. He has promised to write out for me the few lines of the Pope and Guido's last words.[1] I shall treasure nothing more.

Afterwards I saw Sir J. Paget, and he asked me to drive with him to the luncheon of the College of Physicians; so I went with him and Sir A. Clark. At the luncheon I sat by Sir W. Thomson, whom I had never met at Cambridge, and just as lunch was to begin my other neighbour said, "The Chairman called your name: say Grace." So I said the few familiar words. We had pleasant talk during lunch, and then I went to sign my name in the University book, and bought a cap which will be a treasure for life.[2] Afterwards I came home and prepared for the banquet. This was a wonderful scene. I sat next Sir A. Grant, not far from the Bishop of Durham. We who had to speak were in a kind of gallery, and commanded the whole hall. It was hard to speak, but I had a few words to say, and I said them. I believe that they were heard, and what I said was very well received, for which I am thankful. Probably the substance will be given.

In explanation of Browning's "touching" words to my father, it should be noted that he was a great

[1] "The Pope," 2116 ff.; "Guido" (2), 2425 f.

[2] He wore this cap (distinctive of Edinburgh D.D.) ever afterwards as part of his robes.

admirer of Browning's poetry, and had recently read a paper "On some Points in Browning's View of Life,"[1] for which, in all probability, the poet thanked him on this occasion. Browning sent him shortly after this meeting not only the autograph passages for which he made request, but a line or two to himself.

In Advent 1884 my father and mother went on a visit to Bishop Auckland to be present at the ordination of their three eldest sons by Bishop Lightfoot. It had been his intention to go as usual to Addington for the Ember season, but the Archbishop forbade him under the circumstances to entertain the thought. He sent thither, however, the addresses which he had delivered there the previous Advent, and which were now printed and entitled *Some Thoughts from the Ordinal*. The Archbishop, in thanking him for "this kindness to the House of God," adds: "Your triple dedication to-morrow will be a crown of many prayers, and I hope a blessed handing on of holy training. It is a strange seal from God. We shall be with you and Mrs. Westcott and the three." In a letter written to Bishop Lightfoot my father speaks of this event as "the great festival of our life." In the following Advent he witnessed at Addington the ordination to the priesthood by Archbishop Benson of his two eldest sons, and on this occasion he delivered addresses to the candidates.

To his Wife

Addington, 16*th December* 1885.

I have got my second address nearly ready, and I must get on a little with the third to-night. I wish that one was a

[1] This paper, read before the Cambridge Browning Society, was in a sense the apotheosis of that Society. It was reprinted by the London Browning Society, and is contained in *Religious Thought in the West*.

little more fertile. However, I was told yesterday by Professor Tyndall that Mr. J. S. Mill wrote everything three times over. I marvel at such patience.

The addresses delivered by him to ordination candidates at Addington in 1888 have also been published under the title *Gifts for Ministry*.

In January 1885, the Dean being absent, my father received information of a projected dynamite outrage in the Abbey. He immediately closed all the doors but two, which were closely guarded, and conducted a search for infernal machines all round the Abbey. Every monument and nook and corner was carefully explored, but happily nothing was discovered. The recent successful outrage in Whitehall made anxious precaution the more necessary. In writing to his wife he says:—

WESTMINSTER, *26th January* 1885.

We had an exciting morning, for in the absence of the Dean I was responsible for the Abbey, and it was a public day. After some conversation I decided to close the chapels, and to leave only two doors open to the Abbey. In this way it can be fairly guarded. People, I hear, did not grumble. They could understand the necessity too well. The Dean returns to-morrow, and then further counsel must be taken; but I am sure that strict care must be taken, if only to rouse public indignation.

27th January.

I spent my whole morning in looking after the Abbey. We have had ten detectives sent from the Home Office, and, as far as I can see, we have taken all possible precautions. I am glad that as strict orders as possible were given yesterday. No one has grumbled. It would have been impossible, or at least wrong, of me to leave the Abbey at the present time.

In explanation of this last sentence, it should be said that his second daughter was at this time at the

point of death, and he had been summoned to Cambridge. He was able to leave for a few hours on the following day, but was careful to explain to those concerned the reason of his proposed absence from an Abbey service, lest he should seem to be setting a bad example to others in the matter of attendance on his duties. A few days later, when his daughter was pronounced to be out of danger, he wrote to her :—

WESTMINSTER, 30*th January* 1885.

My dear Katie—Yet another note, and to-morrow I hope to be at home again, and to speak face to face. The last week has been very strange, opening, as it were, a glimpse into another order, still and clear. As we are allowed to look on this the proportion of things is seen. Things are seen to be great and small as they really are. Patience and trust make their power and their beauty felt.

I am always glad to have the last day's Psalms twice over. The closing one is a promise which we can cling to. All kinds of instruments and all kinds of experiences can be made to tell the same strain. May we all learn it, and, as we can, teach it!

Once again, then, my dearest Katie, "Good morning." Give my love and thanks to Florrie[1] in especial, and to all. May God bless you!—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

Undeterred by my father's unwillingness to accept the deanery of Exeter in 1883, Mr. Gladstone offered him the deanery of Lincoln in 1885. He wrote :—

10 DOWNING STREET, WHITEHALL,
4th May 1885.

Dear Dr. Westcott—I have received the permission of Her Majesty to propose to you that you should succeed to the

[1] Miss Florence Saunders, daughter of the late Dean Saunders of Peterborough, had nursed my sister through her illness.

vacant Deanery of Lincoln: an arrangement which I am sure would give great and general satisfaction.

I know the loss which Cambridge would suffer by your removal, but I am encouraged in this proposal by the belief that it would entail no diminution, but, on the contrary, might provide an increase of scope for your learned and much valued labours.—I remain, with much respect, very faithfully yours,

W. E. GLADSTONE.

In reply my father wrote:—

. . . If I could feel that it would be right for me now to seek comparative rest, there is, I think, no place which with all misgivings I should accept more gratefully than the Deanery of Lincoln. But while I have fair strength I believe that I shall be able to do better service to the Church in endeavouring to influence future candidates for Holy Orders at Cambridge than I could possibly hope to do at Lincoln. At the same time I may add that I am most anxious to do a little more work at Westminster. It is indeed very little that I have yet been able to do there, but that little has been of intense interest; and if I prove unable to continue my work here (*sc.* at Cambridge), as may be the case, I shall gladly give whatever strength is left to me to the Abbey.

Archbishop Benson wrote to my father in this connexion, and told him that, being sure that he would decline it, he was "not unwilling that Mr. Gladstone should gratify his great wish to offer it—'his duty,' he said."

Yet another deanery was offered to him, that of Norwich, by Lord Salisbury in 1889. In making this offer Lord Salisbury said:—

I am only guided by the knowledge of your great eminence in theological learning, and the idea that such a position might possibly be attractive to you, as giving special opportunities for steady literary work. But of course I have no means of knowing whether such a suggestion would be agree-

able to you, and trust you will forgive me if I have troubled you to no purpose.

At Peterborough, as has been already noted, my father had taken a deep and effective interest in the musical rendering of the Cathedral services, so that it was to be expected that even in the Abbey, though here naturally feeling was even more conservative, he should venture to offer some humble suggestions. The Paragraph Psalter was not adopted in the Abbey, though the Psalms used at the Jubilee Service in 1887 were taken from it. But in one small matter at least his voice was heard, as the following letter to his wife testifies :—

St. Paul's Day, 1885.

My last sermon of this residence has been preached, and my voice did not fail me. So I am thankful. Dr. Vaughan, I saw, was one of the congregation. We had our hymn with three verses in unison, and the effect was, I think, very fine—exactly what I expected it would be. For these three verses scarcely a voice was silent, and then came two intermediate verses sung with perfect delicacy in harmony. Mr. Phillips, who came in to tea, was very much pleased, so that musically the experiment was, I trust, not a failure.

At this time the Children's Service on Holy Innocents' Day, instituted by Dean Stanley, was an established usage. The Abbey was crowded on these occasions, although, for the reason indicated in the following note, the children were not specially conspicuous :—

To his Wife

Sunday after Christmas, 1885.

I shall be very glad to be here for the service to-morrow, for I have never seen the Children's Service—if indeed it is

still a children's service. For it is said to take two or three grown-up people to bring a child. I proposed a narrow hole for all to go through like St. Chad's at Ripon.

Innocents' Day, 1885.

I have just come from the service, which was very interesting. The Abbey was crowded by half-past two, but the children were not conspicuous. No doubt they were present in numbers, but they were eclipsed. The great number of mechanics struck me more. The transepts were almost filled by them. The Dean took for his subject the sufferings of children in factories before Lord Shaftesbury's work. A description of England by a Spaniard who visited the country in 1803 was most startling. I must look at the book. It is easy to see how the grandchildren of those who were children then should be radicals now. And what was the Church doing? I wonder whether our eyes are open now.

The chief element of the Canon's work at Westminster was that connected with the Sunday afternoon sermons. He felt very keenly the responsibility of preaching to the large congregations which assembled on these occasions. The physical effort too was very great. He would return to his stall after the sermon in a state of great exhaustion, and then remain for long upon his knees engaged in earnest prayer. Friends would drop in to tea after this service, and the way in which my father pulled himself together to entertain them was a weekly wonder.

In the preface to a volume of Westminster sermons entitled *Social Aspects of Christianity*, he says: —

No one indeed can tell what is the effect which "the Abbey" and the vast congregations which gather there, eager to listen, produce upon one who first experiences it at the close of life. Of all places in the world, "the Abbey," I think, proclaims the social Gospel of Christ with the most touching eloquence.

It was sometimes quite a difficulty to reach the pulpit, as its approaches were thronged with expectant auditors, and I have been told that on one occasion, when passing through the crowded congregation, the sleeve of the Canon's surplice caught in an umbrella and pulled it to the ground. Whereupon, aware of the accident, he turned round to pick up the umbrella, and handed it to its owner with an apologetic smile, and then hastened in pursuit of his verger, who had meanwhile obtained a considerable lead.

In the preface quoted above the following interesting statement also occurs :—

> Those who are familiar with recent theories of social morality will recognise how much I owe to two writers who are not often joined together in an acknowledgment of deep gratitude—Comte and Maurice. In the summer of 1867 I was able to analyse carefully the *Politique Positive*, and I found in it a powerful expression of many salient features of that which I have long held to be the true social embodiment of the Gospel, of a social idea which faith in Christ is alone able to realise. Two years later I read Maurice's *Social Morality*. Few books can teach nobler lessons, and I should feel it hard to say how much I owe to it directly and by suggestion.

I have not made it any part of my purpose to quote reviews of my father's books, but I sympathise with the remark that "the two sermons on Francis of Assisi and George Fox are exquisite examples of the union of learning and eloquence, equally valuable as historical criticisms and spiritual exhortations."[1]

Another volume containing sermons preached in the Abbey is entitled *Christus Consummator*. In these sermons he endeavoured to indicate "in a general out-

[1] *The Academy*, 28th January 1888.

line," "the broad lessons of the Epistle to the Hebrews, and then afterwards to point out a little more in detail some special aspects of the Person and Work of Christ which correspond with the wants of our position."

Concerning this volume it was remarked that "a German professor, with half the amount of thought at his disposal, would have issued two portly volumes of Dogmatik."

Besides the regular Sunday sermons, he also delivered some lectures on week-day afternoons. The substance of lectures so delivered on the Revised Version of the New Testament was published in *The Expositor* and afterwards in a collected form.[1]

In Holy Week 1887 he preached in Hereford Cathedral a series of sermons entitled *The Victory of the Cross*. These are of special interest as they contain, to use his own words, "an outline of the view of the Atonement which frequent study has led me to regard as both scriptural and, in the highest sense of the word, natural." At the same time he regretted that "pressure of necessary work" prevented him from issuing these sermons with "justificatory notes."

Besides various sermons preached in other places on special occasions, including a sermon on *Disciplined Life* preached at St. James's Chapel Royal, he read papers at the Church Congresses at Portsmouth in 1885 and at Wolverhampton in 1887.

At all times he was delighted to serve as guide to the Abbey to interested visitors. On more than one occasion he conducted large parties of working men and others round the chapels and other points of interest. On the August bank holiday especially he was

[1] *Some Lessons of the Revised Version of the New Testament.* Hodder and Stoughton, 1897.

Today the Abbey has been
thronged by sight-seers. It was
full at the afternoon Ser-
vice and a continuous
stream kept flowing on all
day. On Saturday I had
charge of a party of over
200 who came from Derby.
It is delightful to see how
the north people enjoy the
place.
Love to all: Ever of such
affect father H. H. Watkett

ever observant of the crowds of visitors, and ready to serve them with his special knowledge. In a letter to one of his sons written after the August bank holiday of 1884 he says :—

To-day the Abbey has been thronged by sight-seers. It was full at the afternoon service, and a continuous stream kept flowing on all day. On Saturday I had charge of a party of over 200 who came from Derby. It is delightful to see how the work-people enjoy the place.

A correspondent to the *Westminster Gazette* remarks concerning this feature of his work :—

It fell to the good fortune of myself and a companion to meet Canon Westcott, as he then was, within Westminster Abbey, on the occasion of my first visit to England's Valhalla. Observing us surveying the scene with something of enthusiasm, the Canon approached us, and, after a question or two, offered in a most friendly way to be our guide through a portion at least of the Abbey. We thanked him cordially, and took the opportunity of mentioning that our interest was aroused principally by the Catholic—the Roman Catholic—associations of the place. Was the Canon's courtesy diminished in any way, think you, by our intimation? On the contrary, it was rather intensified; and without in the least trenching upon our religious susceptibilities, he laid open to us for close on an hour the treasures of his intimate knowledge. I need not add that Westminster Abbey has always had an additional fascination to me for the sake of the man whose pleasant guidance and urbanity gave such a special interest to our first visit.

The great Jubilee Service in the Abbey on 21st June 1887 was an event which filled my father with deep joy and thankfulness. He was required to don for the occasion a gorgeous cope of cloth of gold material. These copes had originally been made up

for the coronation of Charles II., but the fabric was said to be of considerably earlier date. One little circumstance troubled him in anticipation, for he wrote thus to the Archbishop of Canterbury :—

I heard at a Chapter on Monday that the Queen proposes to come to the Abbey in a bonnet. It would be a national disaster. The empire sorely needs to honour the Queen as Queen.

Of the service itself he wrote as follows to a daughter :—

The day was perfect, and I do not think that there was any drawback. The whole effect of the Abbey was solemn and inspiring. The fear that it would lose its character was wholly groundless. All the great features showed even more magnificently for the congregation of ten thousand which was gathered without crowding within it. The choir was quite unchanged. The reredos and group of Valence monuments were perfectly open and unencumbered. In spite of the long waiting, every one seemed to feel that the service was a service and not a pageant only. The "Amen" with which the service closes was that one which you have heard which begins with the faintest whisper and swells to a magnificent burst. This worthily completed the prayers and praises and thanksgivings. The Archbishop said the prayers standing in front of the Communion Table looking west, so that he could be heard well. You will read the whole description in the papers, and I saw comparatively little, though I felt the wonderful presences about us. The two scenes that struck me most were the reception of the Queen at the west door and the Queen kissing her children at the end. The papers describe the latter, which was really overwhelming, and I was not prepared for it. Nature has not given me the gift of tears, but I felt my eyes grow dim as one after another came to the Queen and she embraced them with what could be seen to be discriminating affection. She kissed the Princess of Wales and the Crown Princess of Germany on both cheeks.

The scene at the entrance was even more brilliant, but less touching. The two Archbishops and the Bishop of London and the Dean went to the temporary entrance when the Queen's procession was announced. The Canons and the other clergy stood in two lines by the true west door. The vestibule in front was filled with the great officers of the household and the heralds in their magnificent tabards, all in eager excitement hastening here and there, while the Archbishops waited still. Carriage after carriage drove up, and the Princesses came in and arranged themselves in long lines. Then the Princes came, who had formed the Queen's guard, and the Prince of Wales was welcomed with homage. Lines of Princes were formed opposite to the Princesses. Then came the Queen herself. A blare of trumpets from the outside was answered by a blast from within, and in a few minutes the royal procession moved to the dais under the central tower, the Abbey body leading the way. Once only for a moment a kind of misgiving came over me. There was a slight rippling noise which seemed to grow rapidly, as the sound of a long train exploding; but it was only the rustling of the leaves of the service-books, which witnessed the attention of the congregation.

Everywhere, as far as I can learn, the enthusiasm was real and unbounded. The day will have been an immeasurable blessing to the country. Untold thousands will have learnt, or recalled a half-forgotten lesson, that we are a nation.

The boys all enjoyed the service immensely, and now all are scattering or scattered. We wish that one of the sisters could have been with us. However, we had more than we could have dared to wish for.

While he was at Westminster my father's interest in social questions first became manifest. He had, however, for years previously been an anxious student of such matters. The effect he produced on his hearers when delivering himself on such vital topics is thus described by Canon Scott Holland:[1]—

[1] In *The Commonwealth.*

The real and vital impression made came from the intensity of the spiritual passion, which forced its way out through that strangely knotted brow, and lit up those wonderful grey eyes, and shook that thin high voice into some ringing clang as of a trumpet. There was a famous address, at the founding of the Christian Social Union, delivered to us in Sion College, which none who were present can ever forget. Yet none of us can ever recall, in the least, what was said. No one knows. Only we know that we were lifted, kindled, transformed. We pledged ourselves; we committed ourselves; we were ready to die for the Cause; but if you asked us why, and for what, we could not tell you. There he was: there he spoke: the prophetic fire was breaking from him: the martyr-spirit glowed through him. We, too, were caught up. But words had become only symbols. There was nothing verbal to report or to repeat. We could remember nothing, except the spirit which was in the words: and that was enough.

He took the deepest interest in what, to adapt his own words, we might call "the application of the lessons of the Gospel to the problems of international life."

On 5th April, 1889, a Conference of Christians, representing various communions of Protestant Christians, was held under my father's chairmanship at his residence (2 Abbey Gardens, Westminster) to consider the excessive Armaments of Europe. By request of the Conference, the Chairman wrote a letter for publication in the Christian press calling attention to the Conference and embodying the substance of its resolutions. The following is the letter:—

To the Editor of "The Guardian."

Sir—About fifteen years ago a writer in the *Times* called attention, in an impressive article, to the armaments of Europe. He showed that war itself could "add but little to

the burden of warlike preparations which were then carried on in a period of unbroken peace"; that the forces, which were gathered ostensibly for security, were in fact the chief source of danger to nations which were filled with mutual suspicion; that "the evil already done was almost as great as any the world had yet suffered from, and was even more difficult to remedy." Since that date the armaments have been greatly increased, from six millions of men under arms, it is said, to ten and a half millions; the jealousies of the European nations have been inflamed; and those who speak with authority of the popular strain in Italy and Russia (if not already in France and Germany), describe it as close upon the breaking point. It can indeed hardly be otherwise. If material force is to be the only safeguard of freedom and right, there can be no prospect of peace, or even of stable rest, except in the dominion of a conqueror and the exhaustion of the conquered. A war of despair seems to be the natural issue of an indefinite period of continuous mistrust and increasing burdens.

The writer whom I have quoted laid the responsibility for the evil upon governments. "If such a state of things," he says, "is permitted to continue, it will be a disgrace to European statesmen." The real blame ought, I think, to be laid elsewhere. It rests upon Christians, and, in the largest measure, upon English Christians, who have been, and are, in a position to claim an impartial hearing from the Continental powers. But as yet they have not spoken with one voice. Our unhappy divisions have hid from us the grandeur, the power, and the obligations of our common faith in Christ, to our own great loss and to the loss of the world. There is, however, a prospect that we are beginning to take a truer view of our debt to the world. During the last few years there have been signs on many sides that there is a growing conviction that Christians, as Christians, have a witness to give on social questions. They have spoken on temperance and on purity. And now at length the time seems to have come when they can unite to express some of the views which they hold as to the true relations of States.

In the unavoidable absence of Lord Nelson, I was

allowed to preside here yesterday at a meeting in which representatives of the Church of England and of the chief Nonconformist bodies were invited to consider their duty in regard to the warlike preparations of Europe. The following were present at the meeting:—Mr. J. B. Braithwaite, Mr. W. C. Braithwaite, Mr. B. Broomhall, Mr. Percy W. Bunting, Rev. Dr. Clifford, Rev. Dr. Edmond, Mr. G. Gillett, Rev. J. P. Gledstone, Mr. J. E. Mathieson, Rev. F. B. Meyer, Mr. R. C. Morgan, Rev. H. W. Webb-Peploe, Rev. Dr. Westcott. Letters of apology for absence, with expressions of full sympathy with the objects of the meeting, were received from Earl Nelson, the Dean of Worcester (Dr. Gott), Rev. Dr. Bruce, Rev. Dr. Falding, Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Rev. Dr. Mackennal, Rev. Dr. Paton, Rev. Mark Guy Pearse, Rev. Dr. Reynolds. After a full exchange of opinions, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:—

1. That in the opinion of this meeting the present condition of the armaments of Europe demands the urgent attention of all Christian Communions, with a view to
   (1) United prayer to Almighty God upon this subject.
   (2) Combined action, in any ways possible, for the bringing about a simultaneous reduction of the armaments.
2. That, with the object of carrying into effect the above resolution, the members of the present meeting pledge themselves to do their utmost to bring the resolution under the notice of their respective Communions.
3. That the members of this meeting resolve themselves into a Provisional Committee, with power to add to their number, to take such further action as may seem to be desirable; and that Messrs. G. Gillett, 9 Birchin Lane, E.C., and W. C. Braithwaite, 3 New Square, Lincoln's Inn, W.C., be requested to act as Hon. Secretaries of the Committee.

We met for the most part as strangers to one another; but the spirit of the discussion, the calm, clear, sober words which were spoken, the steady determination to keep the treatment of the question free from the possibility of a political construction, the universal and deep sense of what we owe to our one Master, in openly confessing His will, gave a strong pledge of the breadth of the sympathy with which the main resolution is likely to be received without difference of class or party.

Other cognate subjects were touched upon—the proposed Permanent Treaty of Arbitration between the United States and Great Britain, the significance of war as the extreme outcome of that spirit of selfish competition which follows from the acceptance of a material standard of wellbeing, the desirability of seeking co-operation with the movement on the part of the Roman and Greek Churches—but it seemed best to confine immediate action to a single point on which there was complete agreement.

The proposal to work for the simultaneous reduction of European armaments is definite, and deals with an urgent peril. It does not involve any abstract theories. It is not complicated by any considerations of party politics. It emphatically recognises that which is the object of our greatest statesmen. Such a disarmament would secure the lasting and honourable peace which the leaders of Europe have shown lately, once and again, that they sincerely desire. And we may reasonably hope that a strong expression of popular feeling will be welcome to those who have the conduct of affairs, as strengthening and encouraging them to adopt measures by which they may be delivered from the embarrassment of a policy which more and more tends to turn the provision for home defence into a menace. We are all sensible of the difficulties by which the question of disarmament is beset, but we cannot admit that they are insuperable.

If once we realise that the true interests of nations are identical, and not antagonistic, it must be possible to find some settlement of the existing causes of debate upon the Continent, which will satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the great and generous nations in whose satisfaction Europe will find peace.

The effort has a wider bearing. I will venture to say that the opportunity for this confession of our Faith is a gift of God. It is, I believe, a superficial view to refer the popular disparagement of Christianity either to critical objections to its documents or to objections to its Creed drawn from physical science. It springs in the last resort from moral causes.

Men can see that if our Faith is true, we ought to have the remedy for the great sorrows of the world, and to show openly that we believe in its efficacy. They ask for great deeds, and not only for great words. The claim is reasonable, and we must satisfy it or accept defeat. No unanswerable subtilties of literary or metaphysical argument will bring assurance to those who long passionately for the revelation of a Living Lord. But if we are enabled to show that we have as Christians that which inspires us to work unfalteringly for a noble end, I believe that many who now range themselves against us will be ready to do homage to the Truth which they have misinterpreted through our past faithlessness.

In this aspect we cannot forget that the favourable time for Christian action may soon pass away. The policy of disarmament, which can now be pressed as a service to the brotherhood of nations, is likely, before long, to find other advocacy, if the cause is not won in the Name of God. And it will be an evil day for the world, if that which may now be so effected as to guard all the noblest heritages of the past, is at last extorted by the revolutionary movement of a class.

When Emerson said sadly, "The power of love as the basis of a state has never been tried," he proposed unconsciously the problem of the Church of Christ. To acknowledge the task which is laid upon us, even in this single matter which is now offered as the object of our prayers and labour, to approach it as men who know that they are not alone, to recognise in our trials the just retribution of our lukewarmness in times gone by, will be at least, if we see no immediate success, to make the fulfilment of the will of God for the nations easier for those who shall come after us.

B. F. WESTCOTT.

2 ABBEY GARDENS, WESTMINSTER,
April 6, 1889.

The above letter, which was headed "Armed Europe," was reprinted in several papers, and attracted considerable attention both in the religious and secular press.[1]

A few months later, in his capacity of Chairman of the Provisional Committee of the Christian Union for Promoting International Concord, my father issued a paper entitled "A Christian Policy of Peace." In this paper he said :—

The condition of Europe at the present time is such as to excite at once alarm and hope. While armaments are everywhere growing, a conviction is also rapidly gaining ground that material force cannot determine right or establish lasting peace. Above all, it is more and more clearly acknowledged that the attitude of great nations one towards another is inconsistent with the spirit of the Christian Faith.

Hitherto, it must be confessed, the lessons of the Gospel have not been applied to the problems of international life. During the last three centuries attention has been directed mainly to questions of personal conduct. But the time seems to have now come when Christians as Christians are required to realise and give effect to their creed in the discharge of the widest social duties—the duties not only of class to class, but also of nation to nation — as members of one race. The necessity is the more pressing because the increase of popular power involves the increase of popular responsibility, and for the people, as has been truly said by non-Christian teachers, every question is finally a religious question.

Under this aspect it is evident that Christianity offers a revelation of the purpose of God for the world, and supplies

[1] Commenting on this letter, the London *Echo* said : "The Canon says 'a war of despair seems to be the natural issue of an indefinite period of continuous mistrust and increasing burdens.' These words are important when addressed by a Church dignitary to the leading representatives of Christian Churches. The wonder is that the Churches have not moved long ago. The wonder is that men who profess to be followers of the Prince of Peace have maintained silence in the face of menacing facts so long."

a motive for sustained effort, and gives a clue for movement, which we need but cannot find elsewhere. Christianity rests upon the central fact that *the Word became flesh.* This fact establishes not only a brotherhood of men, but also a brotherhood of nations; for history has shown that nations are an element in the fulfilment of the Divine counsel, by which humanity advances towards its appointed end.

This larger truth we have still to master. We have learnt in some degree that individual men gain and suffer together; that they are strong by sacrifice; that they are made for mutual service: we have not yet learnt that it is so with nations. It may not indeed be possible to see at once how the truth will be applied in particular cases. Action must be prepared by thought and supported by a calm and strong public opinion. Meanwhile, however, in order that the opinion may be formed, we, as Christians, are bound to confess our faith in the truth, before God and before man, and the simple confession will not be in vain. As yet the confession has not been made either in word or in action. The spiritual forces which conquered the old world are still at our command, but we do not appear to trust them in dealing with great evils. There is in man a generous passion for justice and a deep craving for fellowship, and we do not boldly appeal to the one or rely upon the other. Thus our Faith itself is disparaged because we fail to show that it guides and sustains us in meeting the greatest sorrows of life and in claiming for service the noblest instincts of men.

To realise, even in thought, that our Faith has this widest application, and to bear ourselves as realising it in ordinary conduct, will have a practical effect upon others as well as upon our own judgments. When we look back, we can see that national animosities are fed and fanned into flame by trivial and ill-considered words and acts. Nor is it necessary that we should be confined to vague aspirations, while we rightly shrink from attempting to offer hasty solutions of the questions which trouble peace. We can at once recognise the part which the Christian Society is called upon to take with regard to the three great measures which tend to peace — mediation, arbitration, and (ultimately) disarmament—and at least

silently work for them. If the heart of Christendom is moved with one desire, it is not possible to think that opportunities will fail, through which Germany and France may be brought by mediation to a loyal and magnanimous acceptance of the conditions under which they shall minister to the progress of Europe. The United States and England are already bound so closely together by their common language and common descent, that an Arbitration Treaty which shall exclude the thought of a war—a civil war—between them seems to be within measurable distance. When once the general principle of arbitration has been adopted by two great nations, it cannot but be that the example will be followed, and then, at last, however remote the vision may seem, disarmament will be a natural consequence of the acceptance of a rational and legal method of settling national disputes.

On another occasion, at the opening of a speech at a Peace Conference, he said: "The question of international relations has not hitherto been considered in the light of the Incarnation, and till this has been done, I do not see that we can look for the establishment of that peace which was heralded at the Nativity." He himself considered all things in the light of the Incarnation. That truth was to him the key to the meaning of life; that fact "the certain promise of the destiny of mankind, and the perpetual inspiration of the highest thoughts and the noblest actions of which men are capable."

The following letters to the Archbishop of Canterbury refer to the matter of Peace:—

G.W.R., *16th July* 1889.

Yes, I was completely satisfied with the meeting, and felt that the effort was worth making, and that it would not be too late. But then you know, as I have said before, I have had strange experiences of the utter neglect of the question by churchmen. It ought to sadden us to find how the

temper of the old French court lingers among the clergy and gentry. Even the John Bullism of the —— interested me. He said afterwards that "it was good to discuss such questions: you got new light." I would fain hope that his speech was made before the illumination. But indeed it is our fault. We have been silent too long. At least there is now an opportunity of obtaining a hearing, and I hope that you may be able to persuade the Bishops—you know how I trust them—to seriously consider what can be done. In a short time the power will go from our Church, and then . . .

I am very sorry to hear what you say about the Lincoln case. . . . I hope still, because you will not for one moment lose faith in your office.

WESTMINSTER, *2nd August* 1889.

I promised counsel! Nay, but I shall be glad to seek it, and will come, all being well, after service on Sunday. The darkness does often gather thickly. Nothing but fear, we are told by our rulers, can keep peace. Are we Christians?

In his text-book on 8th August he entered this reflection, "Are there demons among men? Clothed in humanity?"

His increasing popularity and influence while at the Abbey was a source of no little distress to him. The following letter, written to his wife on his birthday, which, coming as it did at the beginning of the year, always led him to review his position, illustrates this feeling in part:—

WESTMINSTER, *12th January* 1888.

It was very pleasant to have the good wishes this morning. The N.T. text in the little book had a very clear voice. I hope that I may work a little better. It is the influence that one seems to have in some places, here and there, which troubles me most. It is an opportuity to be used; and I don't see how to use it. On the other hand, to some I am a cloud; and I do not see how to help it. Well, the way may be opened.

That is the only reason, I think, why my sadness of heart is hard to bear. Yet beyond all there is a great hope. I am sure that not one pain felt or caused will be without its full fruit in due time. Yet even so I cannot feel as most do. I dare draw no pictures; and our work must be done here. So may we have strength to do it, while the day lasts! . . . Again and again I have thought of getting a prayer-desk. Now it is furnished.

I am meditating a concert at St. James's Hall on Saturday afternoon, 15. Hitherto I have had no opportunities of dissipation.

His popularity in some quarters was in very truth a sore trouble to him. His eldest son has called attention to this striking fact. He says:[1]—

I remember, on a time (when I was now more than a boy), I saw my father one evening rest his head upon his hands and stand for a long time the picture of dejection. I did not dare to speak; but going away next day, I wrote a simple line to ask if in any way I could share his trouble. The answer came back to me—"I am not troubled by such things as you might think; it is simply that there are times when I feel just overwhelmed by the kind things which are said, and the gratitude of men: it makes me quite afraid." The poet, you will remember, has uttered the same thought, "*The gratitude of men has oftener left me mourning.*"

On this same birthday he wrote the following touching letter to his sons:—

WESTMINSTER, *12th January* 1888.

My dear Sons—You have expressed the truth which I feel perhaps more continually and more keenly than any other. You seven are indeed, I know, "a part of me." In you I see more clearly and more fully myself. If you are allowed to do good service, I rejoice to recognise how something which I tried to begin will be carried to further fruit. If you fail, I

[1] In a sermon preached in Peterborough Cathedral on 25th August 1901.

see the sad revelation of my own failures. But the good and ill are now beyond me. They belong to independent lives. Yet so it is that you can give me the noblest joy which any one can receive, and, by God's help, spare me, as far as may be, the only pain which, as far as we yet see, encloses no joy.

May God bless you! so I wish the greatest blessing for myself.—Your most affectionate father,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

The year 1888 was clouded for my father by the illness of his old friend Bishop Lightfoot. Both he and Archbishop Benson were much troubled by this during their holiday time together at Braemar. He wrote to Dean Bradley:—

5th October 1888.

. . . During September we were at Braemar. The Archbishop was in marvellous force, but the Bishop of Durham was very poorly. This was a heavy cloud. It is impossible not to feel anxious about him, and hard to discover where he can find the perfect rest which is absolutely necessary.

The Bishop was compelled to winter at Bournemouth, whither my father went to pay him what he feared would be a last visit. But the Bishop made a wonderful recovery, and my father was summoned to be present with him at the consecration of the Church of St. Ignatius the Martyr, the Bishop's noble gift of thanksgiving, and to preach the sermon. The following letters tell of this visit:—

To his Wife

CAMBRIDGE, *25th June* 1889.

. . . I have tried to sketch my sermon, but, oh! it is so hard. I have read my consecration sermon almost with despair. Well, the years take away—I hope that they give something.

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
2nd Sunday after Trinity, 1889.

The Bishop is marvellously well—his old self in look and manner and word. I was quite fearful last night that he was exciting himself too much: he walked without thinking upstairs; and he had walked with me many times round the terrace. He is keenly interested in everything. I hope that to-morrow and Tuesday will not be too exciting. . . . As yet I have not seen the chapel windows. I did not look round at morning prayers. The Bishop is to take me.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *St. Peter's Day*, 1889.

My dear Archbishop—Among my first pleasures here must be to write one line to you to tell you how wonderful it is to see the Bishop again in his own home as I saw him five years ago. He was ready to welcome me at his study door, fresh from a table covered with books and preparations of Clement for the press; and after tea he proposed a walk in the garden. The change from Braemar, not to speak of Bournemouth, was marvellous. He was keenly interested in everything; spoke with his old firmness and decision; hoped that he might "get something"—not health only, from his proposed visit to Egypt: catch a sight of Thessalonica with a view to the Introduction to the Thessalonians; even listened to me when I said that he must seriously think of attending the House of Lords. I hope that the service on Tuesday may not be too fatiguing. I think that he can measure his strength and will no more overtax it. Indeed, my coming here to-day instead of going to Sunderland on Monday is due to a lesson which he gave me on the necessity of avoiding too rapid travelling. One's thoughts go back to Chambery.

However, it is not possible to be too thankful for a blessing beyond hope.

To Professor Hort

West Malvern, *4th July* 1889.

The consecration was a very striking service. The church is admirable. The Bishop insisted on clustered and banded piers to connect it with Auckland; and he was right. This is the one enrichment which removes the appearance of sternness from the Nave.

Unhappily the improvement in the Bishop's health was not maintained, and he was again obliged to quit his diocese and winter at Bournemouth, where on 17th December he entered into rest. He was buried in the Chapel at Bishop Auckland Castle which he had so beautifully restored. My father was present at the funeral with his eldest son. From Durham Castle he wrote to his wife:—

We have accomplished our journey, my dearest Mary, very pleasantly, and are now established in the Bishop's rooms. It is a very touching and solemn welcome. . . . How strange to rest here! I don't think that I ever felt life to be so continuous before. The Bishop is almost a more real presence than in Cambridge days.

To Archbishop Benson he wrote:—

The most kindly criticisms which have been made by newspapers on Lightfoot reveal the chasm which opens between the Faith and the average man's idea of the Faith. I think that he will be allowed to add to all that he has done this last lesson, that the Faith is a power for life and not a thesis which can be maintained successfully.

To Professor Hort he wrote:—

I am greatly grieved that —— takes such a view of the bishopric. Something must be done to set the Bishop's

work in a true light. A spiritual statesman doing less service than a scholar!

In the preface to the three sermons *From Strength to Strength*, published In Memoriam J. B. D., my father writes:—

> Probably it has never before fallen to the lot of any one to endeavour to give expression under the most solemn circumstances to thoughts suggested by three great crises in the life of a friend—for death is for the Christian a crisis of life. As each occasion came I sought to say what the occasion itself told us through him we loved, of the office with which he was charged, of the society which he served, of the character by which the servant of God is enabled to do his work; and in each region the description of the Christian life and the Christian Faith seemed to find a fresh fulfilment: *From strength to strength.*

Towards the close of the year 1889 my father's Commentary on *The Epistle to the Hebrews* appeared. The preface to this work is dated from Westminster, and the expectations of Biblical students had been greatly quickened by the study of *Christus Consummator*, which contained lectures on this Epistle delivered in the Abbey. In the preface to this Commentary my father says, "No work in which I have ever been allowed to spend many years of continuous labour has had for me the same intense human interest as the study of the Epistle to the Hebrews."

The book was widely welcomed as "a truly monumental work," as "the greatest of many great gifts which Dr. Westcott has offered to the Church," as "an expository and theological masterpiece," and the like. One strongly marked feature of this Commentary, to which particular attention was drawn, was its "constant instructiveness," which led one writer to remark

that "more can be learnt from any two or three of its pages than from a volume of average theology." That the detailed exegesis of the Epistle should be marked by grammatical accuracy and wide learning was, of course, to be expected, but it was further enriched by "that deep insight into ethical, spiritual, and historical truth characteristic of Canon Westcott"—in other words, "that sympathy with the ultimate mystery of things, without which a man tends to become commonplace."

This spiritual vision, which enabled my father to see so much that others could not see, but which he supposed that they could see, was, as several have felt, both his weakness and his strength as a Biblical commentator. He always disliked to be described as "mystic," being at a loss to know, when all appeared so evident to himself, where the mystery came in. He had grave doubts as to his being "a recluse," but was absolutely certain that he was not "a mystic."

During my father's last year at Westminster he was giving sittings to Sir W. B. Richmond, R.A., for his portrait, which is now hung in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge. In the following letter to his wife he makes mention of the completion of the work :—

WESTMINSTER, *5th June* 1889.

I have received Mr. Richmond's "discharge and his blessing." He was satisfied in the end. I had not courage to look at the portrait. One thing only he wanted more : a photograph of my room at the Divinity School. He said that he should like to put a fragment of it in the background. I promised that I would have one taken for him. . . . I am glad that the work is happily over. It has certainly taught me a great deal.

Frank Norris is going on missionary work to China. The Archdeacon was greatly pleased to tell me.

The artist, no less than the Canon, appears to have derived pleasure and profit from these sittings. The artistic temperament was in my father strongly developed, and a painter's view of the spiritual as well as philosophical ends which Art can and has served was interesting to his inquisitive intelligence. It is evident that the scholar and painter found much in common to talk about, as the following letter from Sir William will show :—

I shall never forget the day on which I had the pleasure of first seeing your father. I had been asked to paint his portrait, and, as I had read some of his books, though I had never seen him, you may imagine with what satisfaction I accepted the commission. Dr. Westcott was then Canon of Westminster. When he entered my studio two strong feelings instantly took possession of me—delight that such an interesting face was to be the subject of my brush, and fear that my power might not be great enough to hand down to posterity a countenance so mobile, so flashing, so tender, and yet so strong; and it was with trepidation that I took my palette on my hand to make the first impression upon the canvas. That exquisite geniality, supreme courtesy, and almost feminine power of sympathy broke down all obstacles between us, and an hour of Dr. Westcott's society told me that a magnetic current was started between us so strong and so sympathetic that at least it would be my fault if I failed to exhibit anyhow some of the characteristics of that loveable nature and strong character. I never knew a man more readily alive to various interests than he, whose mind was in the highest degree receptive; so modest also that one did not fear to expose one's own ignorance, so that it was sincere. It happened that, at the time of painting the portrait, I was engaged in writing, what, alas! is not yet published, a series of lectures upon the work of M. Angelo on the Vault of the Sixtine Chapel. It is easily to be imagined that such a subject, a very epic, would engross keen attention and enlist keen discussion, from my point of view as regarded the art,

from his point of view the ethics. Could it be possible for a painter-writer to have ever had a better opportunity of learning from one whose life had been spent in the study of the higher thoughts, and whose deep learning regarding the Hebrew prophets, sibyls, symbols, and history is too well known to need reiteration? While these lectures were being written, Dr. Westcott, notwithstanding the value of moments in his busy life, took the trouble to read them for me, and to write elaborate comments upon them, giving me at the same time advice as well as criticism, and, above all, encouragement. It does not often happen that great scholars are accomplished men outside their scholarship. The elasticity of the mind is sometimes constrained by deep concentration upon one subject. But Dr. Westcott had so sensitive a mind, so quick, so subtle, and so expansive, that it could take in and master many subjects not bearing much relation to the main object of its desires—Theology. And what a theology it was—how broad, how spiritual, how, in its hard sense, anti-dogmatic; how progressive, to use a modern term.

I very soon found out that Dr. Westcott had not only a great love of art in all its forms, but that he was a real critic of it, and by no means a superficial amateur. We talked about the picture galleries of Europe, and I was surprised to find how acutely he had observed, how deeply he entered into symbolic meanings of great works of art, but at the same time not from a purely literary point of view, having a keen sense of form, of colour and design very uncommon to men who have not spent much time in learning the technicalities of the arts of architecture, sculpture, and painting. Of architecture he was learned: he not only knew what to admire, but why, and added to his perceptions of the beauty of that great art was a rare knowledge of structural questions, so that, while talking with him, one could not but feel that he was a great architect lost to the world.

His knowledge of music was considerable, and often did we draw analogies between the various musicians and painters, endeavouring to classify them and find the representative of various moods in the work of painters and musicians. Of the relation of colour to sound we talked, and Dr. Westcott threw

much light upon the similar impressions upon the nervous system produced by various colours as by the sound of various instruments. It was like talking with Aristotle. One had only to throw out the hint of a thought, the more abstract the better, for that great mind to disentangle a clear idea from a fallacy, to get to the root of the idea, and in a few words to make an inchoate thought gleam with the light reflected from his bright intelligence.

I remember one thing he said which made a great impression. Something led us to talk about genius and character. I was praising genius, and taking no notice of character as its great buttress. He turned and said quietly, and with some sadness, "I have seen more young men fail in early life from the absence of character than from the absence of genius." He believed that genius without character was like a fully-equipped ship without a rudder. Mould your character, make it firm, even self-willed, and if you have genius you will make your mark. Character *alone* will move the world and influence your generation, but genius *alone* is like the bread cast upon the waters, which will return to you after many days. It was delightful to watch the ever moving face, like the seasons for its variety—how those clear grey eyes flashed, and the brows became almost knotted with the intensity of a thought growing behind them, and then, when the thought was brought to birth, the wrinkles were smoothed out, and, like the cloudless sky of a summer day, his splendid domed forehead exposed a serenity and calm almost godlike. There was no part of his face which did not illustrate emotion; worn with thought, puckered with conflicting struggles, the whole countenance told the history of a temperament wearing itself away with conflict. The spiritual expression was prevented from being sentimental by the virility in the man's nature. One could see under that sweet face the possible presence of a great storm, and under that restrained nature a fire and a passion burning the very life. And it was this sort of perfection of human attributes which gave the charm as well as the force to his character. One felt in the presence of a man that knew the fire, but whose spiritual nature knew how to use it for good. The poetic temperament was largely developed. His admira-

tion for Tennyson was great, but he loved Browning more; the latter he thought was one of the greatest of modern teachers. There was some affinity between the mind of the theologian and the poet—the same love of the transcendental, the same effort to express thoughts scarcely touchable in so clumsy a vehicle as language relatively is, the same passionate love for all that belongs to our race—its faults, its struggles, enterprises, and failures—and the same keenness to unravel difficult knots. This strong characteristic rendered to the writing of the poet as well as the theologian a certain air of symbolic obscurity—a style difficult to follow because the ideas were so remote and so unusual. It is not often that genius is manifest, but it was in Dr. Westcott, because the intuitive, the instinct, almost childlike, was allied in him to self-mastery. As long as I live I shall never forget the hours I spent with him. He sat to me pretty well daily for a fortnight nearly the whole of each day, and when the end came I was so tired with the strain, so exhausted by the effort to keep going and in touch with such a vivid personality, that life seemed to have gone out of me; every one else seemed so dull, so monotonous after the sparkle, the glamour, the freshness of the contact with that eager and fresh mind.

We corresponded a good deal, but his letters to me would not be of general interest. Unfortunately, I never went to visit him in Durham. I am sorry now, and I reflect that it is a pity ever to lose sight of such an influential personality as his was; but life brings to us all our special duties, and his and mine were different. The loss to England of such a man as Bishop Westcott cannot be overstated.

On his birthday in 1890 he entered in his little text-book: "Little hope. Yet hold fast. No rest. What remains to do?" A few days later he was at Birmingham with Archbishop Benson to address a great meeting on behalf of the Birmingham Bishopric scheme. In concluding his speech on this occasion he said that "he knew what a debt he owed to Birmingham—a debt which he could not pay; he knew the

power and spirit of Birmingham, its large resources, and its wants, and he believed he acknowledged most fittingly the debt which he could not pay when he commended the formation of the Bishopric of Birmingham and Coventry to their silent and secret devotion and their generous munificence, in the full assurance that the work would by God's grace be accomplished, and bring great blessing to the city, and—might he not also say, when they thought what the influence of great cities was on popular opinion?—great blessing to the nation."

My father's time at Westminster was now drawing to a close. His last appearances there were tinged with sorrow, for his last sermon was that which he preached on Bishop Lightfoot, and his last ceremony the funeral of Robert Browning. It was hard for him to leave Westminster. It had been his intention to resign his Cambridge work and devote himself exclusively to the Abbey. Canon Robinson said:—

> He loved this Abbey Church, of which he was six years a Canon, with a quite peculiar affection, because it witnessed in a unique manner, as he said, to the consecration of every form of service which man is capable of offering to God. No thought was more often in his mind and on his lips than that which he has left us here symbolised in stone upon the outside of our northern porch. There you will see, in a design which we owe to him, a representation of all sorts and conditions of men bringing each his peculiar gift to the ascended and glorified Lord. For the Incarnation had taught him that every form of human effort was capable of consecration; and that only as each brings that which is his own predestined contribution can the fulness of life be offered to Christ, and the purposes of God for man be carried to its issue.[1]

[1] Canon Armitage Robinson, in a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey, 4th August 1901.

So he has left some visible memorial at the Abbey. The following letter to the Dean concerns these sculptures :—

CAMBRIDGE, *28th February* 1890.

My dear Dean—The studies of the heads are full of interest. How delightful to see the Archbishop as Grostete! If you are in real need of a preacher I shall, of course, obey your command; but otherwise I would rather not preach. A sermon means to me a week's work, and I have already two to write for May. You will understand then how I never accept an "invitation" to preach. The summer sermons are already filling up fragments of thought. For a third service I like the Litany with hymns, etc., far better than the "shortened Evening Prayer." I will send the photographs to Mr. Pearson by this post. Our North front will have a meaning.—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

The Dean has also written saying :—

Your father took great interest in the sculptures outside the North Transept. The entrance was restored under the superintendence of the late Mr. Pearson, who carried out the designs of Sir Gilbert Scott; but the sculptures were largely chosen by your father.

I can remember how my father was wont to call attention with much satisfaction to the fact that in the Madonna there depicted it is the Child, and not the Virgin Mother, Who is crowned.

The following letters are selected from those written by my father during the years 1884-1890 :—

To his Wife

CAMBRIDGE, *8th March* 1884.

If I can go to the concert on Thursday, I will certainly do so. To hear a violin is about the greatest pleasure I know, though Joachim did not come up to my ideal last time.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

28th March 1884.

Will you not ever take a Divinity degree? We slowly strengthen our forces. There may be an additional Essay which will serve for the Exercise. I have pleaded with Vaughan. Can you not come together? What is the faculty for if not to receive the loyal support of all who serve its cause? Do think of it. In another generation it may be too late.

For the last week I have spent my leisure in Maurice's Life. I never knew before how deep my sympathy is with most of his characteristic thoughts. It is most refreshing to read such a book—such a life.

To Archdeacon F. W. Farrar

(On the Teaching of the Twelve Apostles [1])

CAMBRIDGE, *21st April* 1884.

My dear Farrar—The Διδαχή is certainly most interesting. It seems to me to be one form of the transcription of a very early—even apostolic—oral teaching. But it will be necessary to collate all the forms in which "the Two Ways" is found, to justify this conclusion. I do not suppose that this is the source, but probably the earliest "extant" written representative of the tradition. It would be, I think, very unsafe to draw negative conclusions from teaching designed for a special purpose. The first reading, I confess, saddened me more

[1] Archdeacon Farrar wrote on the Didaché in the *Contemporary* and the *Expositor* in May 1884.

than I can say. The second reading showed more gleams of spiritual truth.

(1) p. 30. The parallelism seems to me decisive in favour of the translation which you give; and the active sense of κατασκηνοῦν is amply supported by Ps. xxii. 2, εἰς τόπον χλοῆς ἐκεῖ με κατεσκ. I don't understand Bryennios' note.

(2) p. 43. I naturally took ὁρ. τραπ. as Harnack, and did not feel the difficulty which many have felt.

(3) p. 43. εἰς μυστ. κοσμ. is perhaps corrupt. Harnack's interpretation is to me incomprehensible. Ἐκκλησίας seems to me acc. pl. (as Bryennios takes it), and not gen. sing. The reference may be to some forms of assembly which excited suspicion. In this connexion it might be possible to give some sense to μυστ. κοσμ. as the object of such meetings. But ἐπέχω——

(4) p. 48. I marked σιτία, but the sense seems to be clear. The Lexicon gives it for "a batch" (*i.e.* of bread). I have not looked out the reference which is added, but I feel no doubt.

(5) p. 54. I do not feel clear that the text is sound. But if it is, I am inclined to think that Bryennios' first rendering may be right: "shall be saved by the very curse itself," *i.e.* by Him Whom, in these evil days, men speak of as "the curse" (comp. 1 Cor. xii. 3).

(6) οὐ γὰρ ἔρχ. I had taken Christ (from θεός) as the subject of ἔρχ., "He cometh not to call after outward position, but to those whom . . ."

It is a great pleasure to talk in this way over the book. I hear that Mr. Hatch is to lecture on it at Westminster.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

There is an article on the book in the new number of the *Andover Review*, which I have not yet been able to read. I was away all last week. Shall I bring the book?

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

23rd June 1884.

I hope that I may see my way at Westminster. How the words come back to us all who have a Gospel to

preach! ΠΡΟΣΤΑΥΤΑΤΙΣΙΚΑΝΟΣ.[1] But we do not send ourselves.

To his Son-in-Law (Rev. C. H. Prior)

Westminster, *13th August* 1884.

My dear Charlie—We were very glad to have your letter this morning. I have not the least doubt that you have done right—that is, that you have chosen the work where you will be able to do best service. Just now Cambridge calls for every support. To have the opportunity of giving strength to what is best there is as great a blessing as can be received. I am very glad that you looked at the whole matter carefully. I feel sure that you will have no cause for regret. All join in love.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Westminster, *26th August* 1884.

My dear Archbishop—I have read through the slips of Cyprian with very great interest. It is not always easy reading, but it is always rewarding. I have added a few queries chiefly to accents and the like. I think that at the end of it I should add a line to say (what Catechesis in 2 implies) that C. became a Catechumen. An ordinary reader will be thankful for the resting-place. This is poor criticism, but I have no better to offer. The summer will, I hope, bring many sheets. For us Scotland is on many accounts impossible. I wish that it were otherwise. I feel very much tempted to stay for a little time here and quietly dream about the Abbey; but we have no plans. The wonder of the place grows, but I see nothing yet clearly.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

Cambridge, *11th October* 1884.

My dear Archbishop—I return the sheets of Cyprian, which I have kept too long and with too little purpose. At least I have read them with great interest, and set a few pencil marks

[1] Who is sufficient for these things? (2 Cor. ii. 16).

at the side which will, I think, speak for themselves if they have anything to say. . . .

These are trivial criticisms; you will see the little pencil marks, and it is not worth while to dwell on them. It would be most convenient to you, I think, to do all the correction in slip. I hope that you are pressing forward.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

A very big P.S. Since my note was written I have been desired to ask if it would be possible for you to preach in King's College Chapel on 23rd November. Arthur[1] will plead better than I can, and I think that he will. The Bishop of Lincoln would have come, I believe, if he could have done so.

8th November 1884.

I always grieve over the neglect of δεδιωγμένοι.[2] The blessedness lies in the victory, does it not? and not in the conflict.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

24th November 1884.

I do not feel less than you do the importance of Durham, but if Durham is to have a growing stream of men the spring must not be dried. You will be stronger as we are stronger here, and I do feel very anxious for the future. . . . We have given some men joyfully; we lent others—to learn and then to teach us.

CAMBRIDGE, *7th February* 1885.

My dear Bishop—It is natural that we should look at wants from our different points of view.[3] The needs of Durham do not make the needs of Cambridge less. I am not inclined to be despondent, but the state of things here is most critical.

[1] Mr. A. C. Benson, who was at that time a member of King's College.

[2] Who *have been* persecuted (St. Matt. v. 10).

[3] Dr. Harmer, the present Bishop of Adelaide, at that time Fellow of King's, and Domestic Chaplain to Bishop Lightfoot, was "the bone of contention" in the correspondence of which these two letters are part.

If I could I would call back every clerical fellow to his College. If you would look at the life you would feel as I do. It is simply for this reason that I have always clung to my place, hoping yet to do a little, though more weary than I can say. Of course, I think that a College has a claim upon its members if it needs them. I only wish that you could for an hour or two see what the position is. I cannot change my opinion. That is all.

I have promised to preach for Ll. Davies to-morrow week. Shall you take a subject to-morrow which I can either avoid or emphasise? The text on a postcard may be enough to guide me.—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Hort

CAMBRIDGE, *27th February* 1885.

I had a long conversation with Mr. Longman about the Epochs, and begged him to place the work in Professor Creighton's charge. I gave Mr. Longman all the ideas I had, but told him that absolutely I would have nothing more to do with the scheme. I gave him an outline of subjects which I drew up for my Harrow pupils, greatly preferring a biographical method.

To the Dean of Westminster

CAMBRIDGE, *9th March* 1885.

My dear Dean—It would be treason for any one to take the Dean's place on Whitsunday. Alas, too, I have to preach at St. James's, and I was preaching in town last week. The "Coleridge" must have been full of interest. Mr. Lowell is one of the most pleasant speakers I have ever heard. Westminster is dearer to me than ever. I wish I could be there as much in body as in heart, but at present I hardly dare leave Cambridge. You will doubtless go to the V. C. when you come to preach. We can offer nothing but the rudest shelter; but if other worthier hospitality should fail, you will not refuse our welcome?—Ever yours, B. F. WESTCOTT.

CAMBRIDGE, *7th May* 1885.

My dear Dean—I am very sorry that I cannot be with you to-day. I had to spend yesterday in town on an examination meeting, and hardly know how I shall get through my work. That is the old, old story. After next week I could come up on a Tuesday or Thursday. I have a meeting on Thursday afternoon at 2. Perhaps, if you found it convenient to meet at 4, the two meetings might fit together.

The result at Harrow is a cause for great thankfulness. I think that Welldon has in him the capacity of being epoch-making in school work, and we have reached, I think, a crisis. —Yours most sincerely, B. F. WESTCOTT.

I had not one moment's doubt about Lincoln.[1] Having known Westminster, I could not leave it: not to speak of Cambridge.

CAMBRIDGE, *4th June* 1885.

My dear Dean—I am sure that I am too loyal to do anything but maintain the wisdom of my Dean, and I am sure too that a Dean should not be absent from the great Festivals of his Church. It will be well to make some rule about assistance in the distribution of the elements at large Communions. For the first time for many years I was lately present in a Church when the elements were administered to a "railful" at a time, and I was much impressed by the solemn silence. Perhaps Convocation may sanction this.

I rejoice to hear about the Confessor's Chapel, and hope to see Queen Philippa's tomb restored. It is the one tomb that can be restored with absolute certainty, and it would be a marvellously beautiful work.

But I am writing with a request. The Archbishop has promised to attend a meeting for the Delhi mission on 22nd June at 3 P.M. Could you allow us to meet as before in the Jerusalem Chamber or in the College Hall?

I find that I must go to the levee on Tuesday. Are you going? and, if so, will you take me under your wing? I have a meeting at 4, and so must try to go early.

[1] He had recently declined the Deanery of Lincoln.

I should like to think about the central figure of the Porch.—Yours most sincerely, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO PROFESSOR HORT

(On criticisms of the Westcott and Hort Greek Testament)

28th June, 30th July.

I looked through the notices with much interest. The French ones were quite a revelation of careful study. . . . The different sources make them more remarkable. The R.C. criticism is very characteristic. The sudden introduction of dogmatic reasons sounds half ironical.

How very touching Reuss's letter is. I must try to find courage to send him the Epistles of St. John.

TO C. DALRYMPLE, ESQ., M.P.

WESTMINSTER, *27th August* 1885.

My dear Dalrymple—I delayed thanking you for your kind present, which represents, I hope, first-fruits of a well-earned holiday, till I had seen Lord Bute. He proposed to come this week, and on Tuesday he called and drove me to Chiswick. We had a very long talk, which was to me of very deep interest. Lady Bute was confined to her room, so that we were quite alone. I hope to see him again next week, if he is still kept here. I wish that he had more friends. The sudden transition from Turnham Green to the cedar walk stirred thoughts which it is hard to bring to peace. However, I am not going to sketch a social essay on a sheet of notepaper. I hope that you will get rest before the struggle begins.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

ST. AUGUSTINE'S, CANTERBURY,
25th September 1885.

. . . It was a revelation to me that R.C. priests could be so ill-informed, especially as —— said that he made the

points at issue between the Anglican and Roman Churches the subject of thorough study.

Mr. Gladstone's paragraph about Establishment was sad. What shall we say of the tendency to Republican Government? Is no tendency to be resisted? It is the old, old story. Our rulers say to us, What should you like and we will do it? I wish that our laymen would speak out. The question is theirs rather than ours.

I have called here to see Arthur on my way back to Cambridge. The work of the place is full of interest and encouragement. The wall of the Roman St. Pancras standing on part of the boundary of the butcher's field.

To his second Son

Cambridge, *1st October* 1885.

My dear Arthur—I send by this post to "the librarian"[1] a copy of the Epistles of St. John for St. Augustine's. I am very glad to add the stone to the cairn. The visit was a great pleasure to me. I can now realise your life fully, and it is a life to rejoice in, with abundant opportunities for useful work. You could not, I think, be more happily engaged.

I had a good time at Rochester, and found the Dean. In the end I found myself at Snow Hill and my luggage at Victoria. But we are happily reunited. Just now I am nearly bewildered with papers and disorder. I hope to get straight soon.—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. Westcott.

To the Dean of Westminster

Cambridge, *3rd October* 1885.

My dear Dean—If there is no more serious business on Tuesday, and you can make a quorum without me, I will ask your permission to be absent. I have to come to town on Wednesday and to go to Portsmouth on Thursday, and this at the beginning of term is rather trying. However, what has

[1] *I.e.* to me in my official capacity.

to be done is done. This is one of the most cheerful lessons of life.

Lord Shaftesbury's has been a noble life, and complete in its way, though I wish that he had left Theology alone. To study that we want an unusual endowment of modesty. We shall all be glad if he rests in the Abbey.

Have you had any certain information about the consecration of the Bishop of Salisbury? I should like to make arrangements to be present if possible. I feel sure that he will justify his self-denying acceptance. I hope that you are getting rest.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

CAMBRIDGE, *26th November* 1885.

My dear Archbishop—Don't call me or even think me ungrateful if I have not thanked you before for the volume of wise counsel[1] which has gladdened us all. Its reception has been almost as cheering as the utterance.

But I doubt if I should have broken off the work of a lecture even for the pleasure of saying this, which you would know I feel.

. . . I do not think that any one in England has done better or more helpful work on the O.T. than Dr. Cheyne. He is singularly thorough, sympathetic, and sincere, so that his positive results come with a fresh force. I doubt whether anything has had a better general effect on O.T. study than his frank exposition of the steps by which he won his way to faith in revelation. Under unfavourable circumstances he has done most valuable work, and I cannot but wish that he should have the opportunities and the stimulus of University life. If you consider Old Testament exegesis, there is no one, I think, who has done or is likely to do more useful work. I need not say that on many points I am bold enough to disagree with him, but he is always most truly reverent in spirit, and just.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

[1] *The Seven Gifts*, the Archbishop's Primary Visitation Charge.

To the Dean of Westminster

Cambridge, 9*th December* [1885?].

My dear Dean—I am grieved that you have all these little worries and anxieties. It is worry, not work, that kills.

Mr. Pearson's letter is very satisfactory. He will, of course, take care that we have an opportunity of seeing the models themselves. Nothing could be better than this. As to the Library, the safe, as I have ventured to plead, for our primary treasures is the first necessity. An insurance, as one insures one's own books, is a reasonable and inexpensive provision for replacing the mass. For the safe I do plead again. The sub-Dean seemed to say that he had one, which could be transferred. I should be very glad if this could be considered.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. Westcott.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Westminster, *Innocents' Day*, 1885.

Very many thanks for the sight of ——'s letter, which I return. He has been advised well, I am sure; and he must learn to see that the monastic life is not one hair-breadth higher than any other. All the self-denial after which he aspires *and more* is within his reach.

. . . We want, I think, a very great increase of the episcopate. But I am not going to write an article. Any action ought to come from within, not from without.

It was very cheering to see the men at Addington. There is hope while such freely offer themselves.

(On the death of Dr. Henry Bradshaw)

Cambridge, 13*th February* 1886.

My dear Archbishop—You will have felt for Cambridge and for King's in this most unexpected and irreparable loss. All we can say is that there was nothing of sadness in the circumstances but the suddenness; and I do not know that,

when we are free from other claims, there can be a greater blessing than the freshness of work to the end. I had the pleasure of a bright welcome back, but had not seen B. again. On Wednesday he dined at J. W. Clark's with a small party, and was in good spirits. He went home, and in the morning his bed-maker found him sitting in his chair with an open book, but his work here was done.

It has been a great joy to us all that during these last two years the University at large has known him and given him every honour it could. His loss to the College cannot be estimated. There he was supreme for good. His justice and absolute unselfishness made his voice final. The funeral is to be on Monday at 2.15 in the College. I wish that you could have been with us. We can only do our work.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To Professor Hort

CAMBRIDGE, 19*th March* 1886.

My dear Hort—By a most strange coincidence I have had the enclosed note this morning from Mr. Eyre, who has really edited the E. and S. Aids. It expresses, I need hardly say, what I feel most strongly. It would be, I think, most unworthy of the University to construct a new book substantially on the lines of the Queen's Printers' Bible. Of the subjects contained in the scheme a large part are treated there as well as they can be treated. There is no doubt room for improvement and some additions. I have spoken often before on the subject, and I see no reason to alter any opinion I have expressed. I should feel deeply humiliated if the Press were to imitate Oxford in this matter. Their offence would be much greater. Mr. Eyre, I should add, had not written to me before.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

I do not know whether it was only lapse of time that led my father to finally give his countenance to the Cambridge Companion to the Bible, but he did,

as a matter of fact, contribute to that work, which was published in 1893—an *Appendix on Sacred Books of other Faiths.*

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

27th March 1886.

It was a very great pleasure to me to read some more pages of the Cyprian. The only result has been a few minute pencil marks in the margin which are of no moment. Perhaps I may add that I once took the trouble to hunt down Galland's name. He was of French descent, and in the Italian authorisation of his work he is called Galland: the common name Gallandi which you follow, I think, has no authority. There is a kind of satisfaction in being right even in such a trifle. More will follow soon, I hope.

I could not make out who the bold Lord Grimthorpe might be. The mystery was disclosed the other day and I ceased to wonder.

22nd April 1886.

If you could have been at the meeting of the National Society you could have saved them from the great error which they have made of asking,[1] as it seems, those who prepare pupils what their examination should be. The very essence of an examination is that it should offer a standard and not simply repeat an easy tradition. A glance which I had of the memorandum sent to the Examination Board surprised me very greatly by its form. I should be glad to speak some time with you on the whole question of Training Colleges, which is likely to become very important.

14th June 1886.

I will endeavour to say what I think on the very serious questions which you propose; but I ought first to say that I feel strongly that the adoration of a localised Presence in the consecrated elements appears to me to be one of our most

[1] "But, my dear Westcott, I *was present*," confesses the Archbishop, and explains.

real and grave and growing perils. I cannot therefore think that the Rubric is "unsuitable under the circumstances" of the Church at Zanzibar: quite the reverse.

1. Even if there were authority (and there does not appear to be) to omit the Rubric, I should deeply regret the omission.

2. It seems to me quite evident that many of the omitted clauses can be rendered: *e.g.*, "signification of our humble and grateful," "and not here," "Christ's Body"; and "natural Body and Blood" appears to be translated, and surely therefore "natural Flesh and Blood" can be.

It would not, again, be difficult to adapt the language of the translation of the second Commandment to the clause "for that were idolatry . . ."

3. No doubt the language of the Rubric is unguarded, but it saves us from the error of connecting the Presence of Christ's glorified humanity with place: "heaven is a state and not a place."

I cannot therefore but think that you should require the most exact rendering of the whole.

16th August 1886.

. . . This being so, I am afraid that I cannot come to Addington in Ember week, if you were kind enough to wish me to do so. The Abbey more than commands one's time. Happily, I know how many you have to take this vacant place, and you won't tell me to resign.

30th August 1886.

. . . I don't, of course, accept your judgment of such work as I can do at Ember-tide except as a most touching sign of your affection. . . .

I forgot to say before that I should have been glad if you could have written out a little more at length the great moral at the end of the last Cyprian proof—the establishment of a free representative council. As you could not print it in capitals, it seemed to want more space. It is strange for me to plead for a little expansion.

15th September 1886.

. . . I have been reading for the tenth time Emerson's *Essays*, and trying to see his world. I find it very hard—

harder than to bring the world which I do see into a tendency towards harmony. The lessons of Westminster seemed to be stranger than ever this summer. Are we all somnambulists?

What I can do at King's without Ryle[1] I don't know. I have been thinking that I ought to give up. It is impossible to do many things. However, one phrase always comes back —I have had to think of it a good deal—ὃν ἔθηκεν κληρόνομον πάντων[2]: yes, πάντων[3]: nothing less gives "peace," still less "joy."

To his eldest Daughter (Mrs. E. G. King)

Towyn, 18*th September* 1886.

. . . We are constantly thinking of you all. But now the suspense is over, you can but look more quietly to the end,[4] and we were very glad to hear last night the few words which spoke of sleep and calm resting. We need not, nay, we cannot think those unhappy who are called away from trial soon, only to have the memory of gentle patience and smiles as their portion in life.

To the Dean of Westminster

Cambridge, *New Year's Eve*, 1887.

My dear Dean—Let me congratulate you on the appearance of *Job*, and thank you most heartily for the gift which binds the two years together. It used to be my part at Peterborough summer after summer to endeavour to read the Book. So at least I know a little of the difficulties and a little of the questions which it raises. I rejoice that you have given a home in the Abbey to interpretation of Scripture. It always seems to me, though I have been required to spend so much time on other subjects, that we need above all things to learn and to teach the lessons of the Bible. It is of deep interest to know how the Old Testament grew, till

[1] The present Bishop of Exeter.
[2] Whom He appointed heir of all things (Heb. i. 2).
[3] Of all things.
[4] The death of his granddaughter Ruth.

the Apostles were trained by the collection of Books which we have.

I see a paragraph to-day that the Bishop of Lahore is to be consecrated in the Abbey on Epiphany. If it is true, I should like to be present for India's sake. . . .

To the Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.

Westminster, *4th January* 1887.

My dear Cubitt—I am very sorry that I missed you the other day, for, apart from other reasons, I should have been glad to talk over with you a scheme which I have very greatly at heart. However, the enclosed papers will explain it fairly well. There is, I can say without reserve, nothing which seems to me to be of more importance for the University at the present time and for the Church. The Bishops are very naturally requiring that candidates for Holy Orders should have some special training before entering on their work. This is afforded by Diocesan and other special Colleges. But it is almost a necessity that the kind of training furnished in these should be narrower and less largely human than that which can be gained at the University. At the same time, it will be little less than disastrous if the candidates for Holy Orders are all carried away from the University to complete their special education. We shall lose the best men just when their influence is most valuable. In a few years what is now possible will, I think, be no longer possible. I am therefore most anxious to see that which has been done tentatively made independent before my own work is over. You will, I am sure, sympathise with the effort, and help it as you may feel right. . . . I waited in silence for ten years till some of the younger men spoke to me, and I have not had a greater joy at Cambridge than that which they gave me. But now the time has come for something more.

The New Year is full to overflowing with anxieties. I hope that you are zealous for Imperial Federation. For the first time I have found a political object in which I can feel a keen interest.—With all good wishes, ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

To his Wife

(On examination for the Durham B.D. degree)

DURHAM, 11*th January* 1887.

Our work is over. There has been a great but necessary slaughter, with encouragement. I don't think that the candidates had realised that the Examination was a serious matter. However, we were unanimous, and we have fixed a just standard for the future.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

CAMBRIDGE, 21*st March* 1887.

I do indeed wonder how you can live. But then sacrifice takes many shapes. My idea as to the Episcopal letter on Peace was of something wholly apart from political interpretations. Yet I feel the difficulties. But ought the Christian Church to be silent? Ought the great moral victories to be won outside her organisation?

To his second Son

CAMBRIDGE, 28*th March* 1887.

My dear Arthur—As far as I can judge, you have done rightly in seriously entertaining the idea of the Madras work. No work can be more important, and it must grow in importance from day to day. Moreover, by way of sentiment, Madras is the one place in India with which we have old connexions. . . . I have been in town all day, but I wish to send you a line of good wishes.—Your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

HUNSTANTON, *St. Mark's Day*, 1887.

. . . As to the second question, the Vaudois are doubtless interesting, and private members of our Church may feel

rightly a wish to help them. But you represent our Church, and cannot act as a private Churchman, and it does not seem to me that the Vaudois claim an ecclesiastical recognition. The position of the small Protestant bodies on the Continent is, no doubt, one of great difficulty. But our Church can, I think, only deal with churches growing to fuller life. I hope that I have not judged wrongly. I have just come here to gain a little strength.

To his second Daughter

Cambridge, *4th Sunday after Easter*, 1887.

My dear Katie—To my great regret I have nothing to send you as a birthday greeting. I had hoped that my new little book would have been ready. As it is, it will follow, I trust, in a week or two, and you will be content to wait. This perhaps will be as welcome as anything, though it deals with several subjects which do not fall within your natural range of interest; for words spoken by those we love have a full meaning. Their power is not limited to what they say directly. They have a kind of living friendliness, and bring many messages with them, and have a voice almost ever fresh. And this seems to me to be the secret of the power of Holy Scripture. That always addresses us with a new voice of love. It means just what we need when we wait patiently to listen. But we must wait. May the sunshine to-morrow be as bright as to-day, and the bright beginning of a very happy year!—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. Westcott.

To the Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.

Westminster, *30th April* 1887.

I have ascertained that Sir A. Aitchinson, late Governor of the Punjab, will be able to attend a Delhi Meeting on the 28th or 30th. There could be no more important witness to the work. Mr. Lefroy could, I believe, attend then. I have written to him. I have to go to Cambridge to-morrow evening, but I hope to return on Thursday, and shall stay here,

all being well, for a week. If you could see me on Thursday or Friday, I could come over to the House at any time. If we decide to have a meeting, we must endeavour to make it a success.

To his Wife

Durham, *9th June* 1887.

. . . Here the weather continues bright, but I am afraid that my sketch-book will not find employment. I have set my heart on the Sanctuary ring,[1] but—— The Dean is really delightful. I find that he expected that I should be an eminently dry, learned person, lost in books, with whom it would be impossible for him to get on; and he is rather amused to find that I care more for souls than syllables, and that I have a kind of belief in a Church. I have never had an opportunity before of coming face to face with the old Oxford Movement.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

M.R., *19th July* 1887.

My dear Archbishop—I was summoned to Birmingham to-day, but your note fortunately came just as I was starting. I am very glad that you have written the note, which seems to me to be wise and careful. It seems always well to press on men the use of the original term Theotokos, which naturally leads them to think of the truth. For myself, I will never use the term "Mother of God," which we owe, I fancy, to the imperfection of Latin. It might be well, especially in a Mohammedan neighbourhood, to keep to a word which is obviously technical and calls for explanation, and to avoid the use of a phrase which seems to be clearly intelligible, but then in a wrong sense. I often think of your cares. But I feel sure that strength is given according to the sense of them. ΟΕΝΑΡΞΑΜΕΝΟΣ . . .—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

In l. 9 I should prefer to say "firmly holds the doctrine

[1] See p. 144.

expressed by θεοτόκος." I do not like seeming to admit the possibility of contradicting the Truth on such a point. Perhaps the best translation may be, "Mother of Him Who in the unity of His Person was God."

To his eldest Daughter (Mrs. E. G. King)

West Malvern, *3rd August* 1887.

My dear Mary—Your letter yesterday had prepared me for that to-day.[1] You will fancy how much you have been in the minds of all of us lately. But what can I say? Perhaps I cannot even feel as sorry as many do when a little one receives an early discharge from the hard and sad battle of life. We can see very little, but we can be sure that "it is well with the child," and our longer and chequered lives bring sorrowful misgivings. Yet we must thankfully do our work and bear our loads, as it is given to us, sure with a certainty that nothing can shake that not one effort truly made can be lost, and not one pain, borne as from God, be unfruitful. Love and strength to all.—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. Westcott.

We wish that we could be with you, but perhaps the quiet is better.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

West Malvern, *4th August* 1887.

I have been working fiercely at the Notes on the Hebrews, which seem very much like what you say the Church in Africa was before Cyprian—chaos. In any case they must be made into a semblance of order this summer, or they will remain chaos always. I feel very sadly that I cannot work as in old time The Master of Balliol was here last week and I had some walks and talks with him, full of interest and instruction. His fear of the men of "science" almost amused me.

[1] Informing him of the death of his infant grandson Eric.

To Archdeacon Farrar

Westminster, *St. Michael's Day*, 1887.

My dear Farrar—Your most kind note welcomed me when I came back about 2 in good time for the afternoon service. It was a pleasure to Arthur, I think, to see us to the last. It is the first break in our family for life's work. His work will be of great difficulty and interest. I hope that he may have strength to do good service.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Westcott.

The above letter brings to mind how, just as he was leaving the ship in which I sailed, he took from his pocket a small Greek Testament and slipped it into my hand, saying, "It is one that I have sometimes used."

To the Dean of Westminster

19th November 1887.

My dear Dean—No notice of a Chapter Meeting has reached me. If it is next Monday I have, to my sorrow, a meeting at London House at 4, which I must attend.

I shall heartily agree with the judgment of the other Canons. If the Estates are surrendered for a money payment, it is important to reserve some right of revision. In the case of the Bishops the surrender is (is it not?) for the tenure of each occupant of the see. Would it be possible for the surrender to be capable of revision from time to time by the unanimous request of the Dean and Chapter, say on the coming of each Dean? My proper stipend fixed in money is £40 per annum, which no one, I fancy, would think adequate as it was in the time of Henry VIII. I will gladly come on to Westminster after my meeting if you will summon me. A message to London House would find me at 4. I shall be very glad when you are free from this worry.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. Westcott.

HASTINGS, 18*th December* 1887.

My dear Dean—I am very sorry that I have given you so much trouble only to save myself a journey. For I think that your kind explanation of the business does not offer me any hope of being of use. . . .

It would, I think, be in every way well for the Chapter to set up the tablet, and perhaps the Little Cloister might be marked as the place for such memorials. It is connected with the Music School, the Precentor, and the Master of the Choristers. As to the Fabric Fund, we must submit to the inevitable. We ought on no account to go into debt. The condition with the contractor has been satisfied, and the scaffolding will remain for the resumption of the work when there are means to continue it.

The sun refuses to shine, but at least one can be quiet here. If there should be any new business, a message will bring me up at once.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

WESTMINSTER, *St. Thomas' Day*, 1887.

I delayed answering your letter till I had seen the Dean. He enters most heartily into the plan, and will let the invitations go in his name. I will communicate with the Dean of Windsor. It would be natural and good in every way, I think, that there should be a service here before the Synod, and that you should preach. The Dean again heartily agrees. He is anxious that the Abbey should be made as serviceable as possible. . . .

TO HIS WIFE

WESTMINSTER,
2nd Sunday after Epiphany, 1888.

. . . I have done a little thinking, though I am afraid that it does not end in any very bright conclusions. But if the world ought to be a world of love, how can one look on it

and feel satisfied? Exactly in proportion as one feels failure one must feel sorrow, unless one can add the sure conviction that the failure is the way to final triumph. There cannot be rest, I think, in anything short of this. Yet how hard it is to wait without a sign. But none the less the Christian faith, if it is held in its simplicity, must be a Gospel. What we hear preached commonly is to my ears simply a sentence of despair. There you have the sum of my thinking. "Rebellious pride"? I do not think so.

WESTMINSTER, *8th April* 1888.

. . . To-day has been a good deal interrupted. The police found a visitor carrying off a piece of the Abbey. . . . I felt that the law ought to take its course. It is the first case ever detected. The man was fined 40s. The discussion kept the bell rather lively: not to speak of the "effigies." . . . Yesterday I was chiefly reading M. Arnold. I wish that he was not so vain: his poetry is free from this fault. . . .

It may be remarked in connexion with the above that my father had made Mr. Matthew Arnold's acquaintance in Harrow days. I remember being present on one occasion when they had a most animated conversation on the Harrow School cricket-ground.

That his feelings towards the poet were kindly is evident from the following words, also addressed to his wife:—

16th April 1888.

The evening papers are always startling. The first placard I saw was "Sudden Death of Mr. Matthew Arnold." Only yesterday we were smiling at his little peculiarities, and now . . . I tried to get a paper, but failed.

17th April 1888.

I am going out to see if I can get some small edition of M. Arnold's poems. I want the one on Rugby Chapel.

Will you see what the lines were which he wrote for me with his autograph? As yet I have not seen a paper.

To his Wife

G.N.R. [*no date*].

This morning I made up my mind to preach my Windsor sermon (*sc.* at St. James'). I thought that the other might be unintelligible, and as I had written it I had no scruple on the ground of idleness. It was a very wet morning and the congregation was rather less than usual, but Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone were there. I was much struck by the change in his look. He was singularly altered, weary, and sad, as it seemed. The Archbishop said that he and Mrs. Benson started for St. James', and were driven back by the rain. I promised to go to the Sons of the Clergy Bishops' dinner: so you see sparks of duty are still alive.

To Professor Hort

21st April 1888.

. . . If I had the command of ghosts just at present, I think that Bismarck's sleep would be a good deal disturbed. Perhaps it is well that I haven't.

To his Wife

Cambridge, *Trinity Sunday*, 1888.

. . . I am constantly thinking of "Rejoice always," but the prospect before St. Paul when he wrote was very different from our prospect and retrospect. He could say "The Lord is at hand," but we have not mastered the correlative truth. To me the wretchedness and apparent failure of the world is terrible. I know that it isn't all; but the comfort which many find would only add to my sorrow. The hopeless torture of the worst would bring no satisfaction. However, I hope that light will come. I tried at Hereford to show the few rays that have reached me.

To the Dean of Westminster

Cambridge, *9th October* 1888.

My dear Dean—It is pleasant to hear of Stanley. In many ways the earlier part of the Life will be the most instructive. A first visit to London! I hope that he came to Westminster. . . .

To the Rev. E. Price

(On the Old Testament)

Westminster, *12th November* 1888.

I know no book. No one, I think, who is fairly acquainted with the conditions of the problems will be hasty to write. We have much to learn, and the scantiest materials to teach us. Meanwhile we must be patient, and above all not pledge the Faith to a special decision on "critical" questions. For us the O.T. is that of the apostolic age. How it came to be we will reverently seek to know. I cannot see that any conceivable result affects spiritual truth.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

3rd January 1889.

. . . The sight of your cares makes me ashamed, but I am sure that there is strength provided for the work given to us. In my better moments I can even feel it. And it is with the greatest as with the least.

The old words came back to me at Addington: ΜΗΦΟΒΟΥ ΜΟΝΟΝ ΠΙΣΤΕΥΕ.[1] It is enough.

To Professor Hort

Moseley, *9th January* 1889.

. . . S. R.'s correction of his blunders was, I think, the worst point about him. It may be of interest to know on

[1] Fear not: only believe.

what critical basis he formed his judgment, but his later defence of it has, I think, no interest whatever.

As Lightfoot cannot remould his essays on the work, I feel sure that it is best—and good—simply to reprint, adding footnotes to indicate (1) changes in S. R.; (2) possible errors; (3) new sources, and a prefatory note pointing out the circumstances of the reprint. . . .

The above letter refers to the proposed republication of Bishop Lightfoot's Essays on the work entitled *Supernatural Religion*, concerning which work Bishop Lightfoot said, "I found that a cruel and unjustifiable assault was made on a very dear friend, to whom I was attached by the most sacred personal and theological ties." This very dear friend was, of course, my father.

To his third Daughter (Mrs. C. H. Prior)

Moseley, 12*th January* 1889.

My dear Daisy—Very many thanks for your good wishes and the translation of them into living form. Children and children's children are the best inheritance we can leave to the world. I should have been very glad to be at your party, for I think that I have some capacity for games yet; and it is an unusual honour to have a Festival in one's lifetime.

To his Wife

Moseley, 12*th January* 1889.

. . . I am tempted to use Confucius' words, "No one knows me"; but that is a happy thing in many ways. Life and truth grow more and more mysterious. I think that it is my superficial success which troubles me most. However, I sometimes try to do my best, and in great things I can keep hope fresh.

To Professor Hort

Cambridge, 25*th February* 1889.

I am confined to the house to-day, so that I must be absent from the Delhi Committee. I am very sorry, but there is no help for it.

I have looked through the printed slips and endeavoured to make the necessary corrections, and to suggest the way in which they can be made into a Report. I hope that the notes will be intelligible. As for the spelling, *e.g.* Delhi and Dehli, Brahmin and Brahman, I don't know that uniformity is necessary or desirable.

I assume that you will be able to go to the meeting. If unhappily you cannot go, can you send the papers to Edwards?

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Westminster, 6*th April* 1889.

My dear Davies—I rejoice to have an occasion for writing when I cannot doubt as to my feeling. I most heartily congratulate you on your third and crowning happiness in the Bell.[1] This year my residence made it impossible for me to examine, but I saw this morning that your son had fulfilled the confident hopes which I heard expressed before I left Cambridge. You are unique, I fancy, in your triple diadem.

I could not write about your leaving London. D. Vaughan told me the other day that you wrote very happily from Westmoreland. Still, it is very far away, and it is hard to live on oneself. I can understand the eager desire for rest; but I suppose that rest becomes impossible after a time. My chief hope is that you have stores of materials which only need arrangement. We have a son who is curate to our old tutor at Kendal. I hope that he may see you.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Westcott.

[1] Three sons of Dr. Llewellyn Davies successively won the Bell University Scholarship.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Easter Eve, 1889.

ΜΗΦΟΒΟΥ
ΕΓΩΕΙΜΙΟΠΡΩΤΟΣΚΑΙΟΕΣΧΑΤΟΣ
ΚΑΙΟΖΩΝ [1]

To his fourth Son

Westminster, 17*th April* 1889.

My dear George—My birthday greetings to you must be confined to words which become thanksgivings and prayers. The last days have been full of blessing and hope for you and Foss. Everything, as far as we can judge, points to a definite call which you have heard. The call comes when you have the fulness of life to give to work than which none can be nobler. We must not speculate on what you may be allowed to do, if the work is committed to you. It is enough that you have offered yourselves for service. What is seen is after all an imperfect sign of what is done. May God bless you in the coming year with all patience and courage and hope, and give you the joy of complete self-surrender!—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Westcott.

To the Rev. Meredith J. Hughes

(On the Body of our Risen Lord)

Westminster, 27*th April* 1889.

My dear Sir—You expose with perfect accuracy the complete misrepresentation of my words by Mr. Conder.[2] The

[1] Fear not; I am the first and the last, and the Living one (Rev. i. 18).

[2] Dr. Conder, in his *Outlines of the Life of Christ*, p. 196, quotes the following passage from Bishop Westcott's *Gospel of the Resurrection*, and adds the subjoined comment:—

"The body, which was recognised as essentially the same body, had yet undergone some marvellous change, of which we gain a faint idea by what is directly recorded of its manifestations. Under a physical image, that change is presented to us by our Lord Himself in the absence of blood, the symbol and seat of corruptible life" (St. Luke xxiv. 39;

whole force of my sentence lies in the phrase, "under a figure." Again and again, in the little book to which Mr. Conder refers, I have pointed out that we have no right to introduce anything material, anything which involves limitation of time and space, into conceptions of the unseen world, except as figures necessary for our minds. In Scripture "blood" has a distinct connotation; the significant omission of "blood" in the passage in St. Luke could not fail to suggest to a Jewish reader a peculiarity in the conditions of the life of the Risen Lord: to interpret "flesh and bones" physiologically appears to me to be essentially absurd. We can only see the truth, δι' ἐσόπτρου ἐν αἰνίγματι. That is enough. In this connexion I have often quoted Spenser's fine lines:

> Of the soul the body form doth take,
> For soul is form, and doth the body make.

Personally, I am inclined to think that this revelation of the Risen Lord points to a form of existence different in kind, and not only in conditions, from the present, in which nothing is lost, but all that we now see is indefinitely transfigured in a divine union.

But our powers fail us when we try to define such thoughts. So we wait in humble patience and confess our weakness.—Yours most faithfully, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE BISHOP OF DURHAM

CAMBRIDGE, 29*th May* 1889.

My dear Bishop—Words are not needed to assure you how we all join in your thanksgiving. It is, as the Arch-

Eph. v. 30; *The Gospel of the Resurrection*, p. 239). Dr. Conder comments thus: "In these two passages our Saviour's body is spoken of as having 'flesh and bones,' not flesh and blood. Hence Dr. Westcott infers that it was *bloodless*, the whole of the blood having been shed on the cross. But a body of bloodless flesh and bone would no more be a 'glorified body' than a body of flesh and blood: it would be a corpse."

(Dr. Abbott, too, in a suggestive article on the same subject in the *Contemporary Review*, illustrates a certain hypothesis by the "curious theory of Bishop Westcott, that the risen body of Christ had flesh and bones, but no blood, blood being with the Jews the symbol and seat of corruptible life.")—M. J. H.

bishop writes, "one of the Magnalia of God and a sign" that you are given to the Bishop's work again.—Ever your affectionately, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

HUNSTANTON, *17th June* 1889.

. . . Sometimes I seem to fear that we have lost faith altogether: that Christians have accepted the gods of Epicurus for the Living God. Those who represent the democracy of the future — how near? — have not ratified the exchange on their part. I see clearly how little can be done till men have had time to think, but it does seem to be of vital importance that Christian teachers should point out the end towards which we should work and pray. But I must not inflict on you my paper by anticipation.

To his eldest Son

WEST MALVERN, *8th July* 1889.

My dear Brooke—My conversation with the Bishop had not prepared me for the offer.[1] Of course our words were few except about others. The choice is beset by difficulties. I did say that I felt doubt as to your acceptance of such an office; and I should not dare to counsel you to accept it unless you felt that it gave you a fuller field for work. The needs of schools are very great and they are increasing, and I think that you are right in judging your prospect of success in a headmastership and a professorship. At the same time it is a joy to us that the Bishop thought you worthy. In the eyes of the world it will seem a sacrifice to keep to Rugby, but your work will gain in force from the new dedication.

Mamma thinks with me. I fancy indeed that we all think the same. The strength of life lies in its unity. In

[1] Bishop Lightfoot offered my brother, who was at the time an assistant-master at Rugby, the Greek Professorship in Durham University, with a Canonry in the Cathedral.

any case the Bishop's letter will be a great encouragement. May God bless you and guide you! Love to all.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

BÂLE, *3rd September* 1889.

We are so far on our homeward journey, and in the hour of waiting I must try to thank you for your letter. One by one our sons have left us, and now only Harry remains. It has been a very interesting and a very solemn time. Over all there was the feeling of a final "Good-bye." . . .

It is difficult to forecast the future. The Charge will be an important element, for of course it will be a manifesto of the party. They have learnt in a singular way the secret of Roman power: they yield absolutely nothing. During these four weeks I have had many sad thoughts. I can even see a place for the despair of the Plymouth Brethren. Yet surely we have a Gospel. But is this the sphere of its victory? One looks upon crowds and upon single men with an intense desire to see the mark of brotherhood, and yet how often to find only bewilderment.

I had not thought of saying all this. There is a glory in autumn woods. It must mean well. I hope that you all feel the freshness and the power of the summer.

TO HIS YOUNGEST SON

(In Mr. Whitelaw's House at Rugby)

CAMBRIDGE, *17th Sunday after Trinity*, 1889.

My dear Basil—Let me add my good wishes to all the other good wishes on your birthday. We were very much pleased to hear of the Divinity Prize. I had no idea that there was anything of the kind in prospect. It is a good omen for your work with Mr. Whitelaw, and now you will be able to make some returns to him for his boundless kindness.

I had hoped to send you the small selections from Brown-

ing, but you must take this as a promissory note. The book shall come in time. It is one of those which I commonly carry about with me. I will mark the titles of a few favourites. Mr. Whitelaw is as great an admirer of Browning as I am.

You will have heard that G. and F. started off happily. K. has had a Winchester cross made for mamma, with the hair of the four absent brothers and their initials. Love to Brooke and kindest remembrance to Mr. Whitelaw.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

All Saints' Eve, 1889.

. . . Do you not think that it would be well for —— to use (within some limits) the treasures of Lambeth? I was greatly impressed by the sight of Cranmer's commonplace book. Could he make some preliminary investigations for the terrible and most instructive history of the reign of Edward VI.? That the English Church escaped that period seems to me the most convincing proof of God's care for it. . . .

Your example will, I hope, lead clerical meetings to discuss social questions. At present we can hardly go further. There are few books, I fear, to recommend. But what is required is that we should feel that the Faith has something to say to Ethics—and to do . . .

My letters (in the old Trinity dialect) are "come for." Ἐπιφαύσει.[1]

To the Dean of Westminster

CAMBRIDGE, *St. Thomas' Day*, 1889.

My dear Dean — I am bewildered. It had not even occurred to me that the morning sermon on the 29th would touch on Browning, as I seem to gather from your letter. If the Precentor is able to preach, I feel that he is the right person to preach in any case. It would violate my deepest feelings in such a matter for any one else even to seem to

[1] (Christ) shall shine upon thee (Eph. v. 14).

say, "Let me do for you a very difficult task." Every member of our body ought to be held to be the best man for the work which falls to him. And as to Browning, I feel scarcely less strongly that you are the only person who ought to say the few words which require to be spoken in our name. You will understand, I am sure, what I mean; and I have spoken my whole mind. If the Precentor feels unable to preach, and asks you to find a deputy, and you can find no better, I will do my best; but I could not possibly write to the Precentor myself, because I believe in an office, and have seen in experience that he who has a work given him does it best, if he believes, not in himself, but in his work. Forgive all this, but it belongs to the very foundations of my life. How I grieve to add one slightest question to your cares.—Ever yours most sincerely, B. F. WESTCOTT.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

CAMBRIDGE, *4th February* 1890.

You will feel, I hope, in many ways how all hearts are with you to-day. It is the beginning of a decisive act in the history of our Church, and I cannot think that God will leave unvindicated His servants who trust in Him.

(On Old Testament Criticism)

CAMBRIDGE, *4th March* 1890.

The picture which you draw is sad, but I too, in my way, know that it is true. We want—and I know that I want, which is something—a living faith. When we are quite sure that God is speaking now—and He is speaking—we shall not grow wild in discussing how He once spoke.

I have purposely refrained from reading *Lux Mundi*, but I am quite sure that our Christian faith ought not to be perilled on any predetermined view of what the history and character of the documents contained in the O.T. must be. What we are bound to hold is that the O.T., substantially as we receive it, is the Divine record of the discipline of Israel. This it

remains, whatever criticism may determine or leave undetermined as to constituent parts. No one now, I suppose, holds that the first three chapters of Genesis, for example, give a literal history—I could never understand how any one reading them with open eyes could think they did—yet they disclose to us a Gospel. So it is probably elsewhere. Are we not going through a trial in regard to the use of popular language on literary subjects like that through which we went, not without sad losses, in regard to the use of popular language on physical subjects? If you feel now that it was, to speak humanly, necessary that the Lord should speak of the "sun rising," it was no less necessary that He should use the names "Moses" and "David" as His contemporaries used them. There was no critical question at issue. (Poetry is, I think, a thousand times more true than History: this is a private parenthesis for myself alone.) As far as I can judge, the young High Church party need patient discipline, and they are quite out of sympathy with the generation above. It will be most disastrous if for want of loving sympathy they are driven to revolt . . .

To his eldest Daughter (Mrs. E. G. King)

10th May 1890.

. . . I have already had a letter addressed: Mr. B. F. Dunelm (which is flattering to my caligraphy at least).

The following letters, written to the Hon. Victoria Lady Welby, cover a period of about twenty years, but it has seemed best to keep them in connected series. Lady Welby says by way of introduction:—

"My intercourse and correspondence with the Bishop originally arose from reading his *Commentary on St. John's Gospel* at Algiers in 1880. In this study it came home to me with special force that beyond the scholar, beyond the theologian, beyond even the saint,

there was revealed a thinker of spiritual insight in a deeper than mystical sense, as 'mystical' is usually understood and used.

"I was myself then engaged in revising and arranging the collection of notes and extracts from letters which were afterwards published as *Links and Clues*.

"As the letters abundantly show, my appeal to Dr. Westcott for help in what I felt to be a hazardous undertaking met with a most generous response, in a spirit of rare humility. No trouble seemed too great, no time too precious to be bestowed on work, however crude, that, in his eyes, touched on the deeper issues of life. No words of mine indeed could express the reverent thankfulness which I must always feel for the way in which he met a mode of thinking which must often have jarred upon the scholar's ear, and which even then included elements necessarily strange to any received system of religious interpretation.

"It can only here be added that the subjects on which our interviews and correspondence alike turned brought out with peculiar emphasis his deep sense of the difficulties inherent in giving, as it were, the thoughts of the morning after the darkness, in the language of the evening before it. He saw very clearly that many true things remained to be said which could not be rightly and safely said by responsible teachers so long as, from the present conditions of language and from the pressure of inherited usage, they must suggest misleading associations.

"Thus much that the Bishop actually said or wrote is inevitably for most of us somewhat hard to interpret by current or conventional standards. But to me at all events this seemed to be ultimately due not to failure, but to achievement: he saw more than it is yet possible

in any fully definite form to express. And those who are aware of this, and of what it implies, must feel that this really prophetic, this more than predictive element in the Bishop's thought may well become clearer in days to come, when we shall have learnt more perfectly to distinguish between that which is but passing form and that which is of living and enduring value."

16th October 1880.

The Bishop of Peterborough has informed me of your most interesting work, and of your opinion that I might perhaps be of some service in connexion with some details in it. I need hardly say that I shall be very glad to offer such an opinion as I may be able upon any points which you may be pleased to submit to me. . . .

27th October 1880.

I look forward with deep interest to the opportunity of reading your Essay. We need indeed no teachers, but the Bible and the Spirit of God, who is speaking to us in social and individual life. Our loss is that too often we cannot believe and act as believers that the Holy Spirit is actually speaking to us. . . .

6th November 1880.

The office of critic is a very light and a very agreeable one. I agree most heartily, I need not say so, with your great lines of thought, and do not doubt that the mode in which you present the different points will bring them out with power to very many. The end of writing is, I imagine, to help others to make truth their own.

One or two details seemed to me to be worth remark, which I may be allowed to notice:—

P. 1. "Resist not evil," Matt. v. 39. It is very likely that the word here is masculine: "the evil man." The thought is suggestive.

„ "Prayer." The Divine conception lies in John xv. 7.

P. 2. "The wrath to come." The primary meaning, the judgment on unbelieving Israel, is important for the universal sense.

„ "Which shall not be manifested." The exact language in St. Mark iv. 22 is most remarkable. There is a divine purpose of revelation even in the hiding.

P. 6. "Once by . . . always by . . . God." I do not feel sure that I understand these words, which are, I think, ambiguous. It is important to make it quite clear that all union of man with God is *in* the Son—the Son of Man.

P. 8. I should shrink from saying that "there *must* have been sin," as distinct from the possibility of sin, which is included in finiteness. I have endeavoured to give reasons why the discipline of finiteness was adequate, in my little book on the Resurrection.

P. 9. "Called him friend." It is important to distinguish the word used here, which expresses only companionship, from that used in St. John xv. 13. The difference is suggestive.

P. 14. "Thou hast the words of . . ." It is a slight point yet significant that the original only gives "words" without the definite article.

These are very small things, yet there is indeed nothing small in Scripture. Every syllable, as Origen said, has, I believe, its force, and the words are living words for us.

You will, I trust, be able to reach many who would regard with suspicion those whose work it is to study divine things. The full thought of God as Love and Fire on which you dwell is that which is able to bring hope and peace to us when we dare in faith to look at the world as it is. Again and again the marvellous succession rises: God is spirit—light—love: our God is a consuming fire.

12th November 1880.

I have the pleasure of sending a second fragment of the MS., which I have continued to read with deep interest and

pleasure. If I may select any section, perhaps I may say that the analysis of pure "childlikeness" seemed to me to be singularly complete and suggestive.

The section on "Faith" may, I hope, be reconsidered. The conception is one of great difficulty and importance, and our interpretation of common words varies. But it is scarcely right to put "pistis" and "pistos" (apistos) in direct parallelism. The word "faithfulness," as it would be understood by most English readers, would not, as far as I can judge, convey the idea of "pistis" in the cardinal phrases "justified by" or "through faith": still less in such connexions as Hebrews xi. Nor again does it seem to me to convey that notion of personal devotion and self-surrender to that which is recognised as higher and nobler which you rightly claim for "pistis."

November 1880.

Your last note expresses the essential thought of the difference between faith and faithfulness to which I wished to point. Faith when it becomes a power in a man must issue in faithfulness: faithfulness is the vital expression of faith, but it presupposes it. The man of faith (*pistos*) is necessarily faithful; and he (not *pistis*) forms the opposite to *apistos*. The great truth on which you insist will, I believe, be strengthened by the distinction between the power (faith) and the manifestation of the power (faithfulness) in relation to Him to whom faith is directed, and by whose life it lives. I feel that it is quite sufficient to have said so much. You will decide whether the way of presenting the teaching of Holy Scriptures which I try to mark is just.

With regard to the phrase the "two Mes," it may be enough to add the qualifying clause which you give. The passage of Augustine observes the universal rule of Catholic writers in distinguishing two natures in one "Me" (person). We very soon find ourselves lost in mysteries here; but remembering St. John's emphatic "I" as including both the divine and human natures of the Incarnate Lord, I always prefer to speak of "the two aspects of the Lord's divine-human Person," or to use some such phrase. By this mode of expression the most precious fact of the unity of the

Lord's Person is guarded, and yet we are enabled to regard Him as truly man and truly God.

11th December 1880.

I am extremly glad that the difficulty as to the rearrangement of the thoughts on Faith has been so happily removed. It would have been most undesirable to alter that which had been found of use, and yet I do not think that you did full justice to your ideas.

You speak with so much kindness of my little books that I venture to send one tiny one which is not likely to fall in your way. I am told that it has been found serviceable, and I am sure that you will sympathise with the thoughts which I have endeavoured to suggest.

20th March 1881.

I am very glad that your book is so near completion. May it find a hearty welcome, and, what you will value far more, may it bring light to many!

I have written to the Bishop of Durham, but I do not know his address at present. If you think that such a reference as you propose to make will be of the least service, I cannot but rejoice to express my sympathy with your work. I would only ask on my own account that the words "of almost priceless value" may be omitted. I cannot imagine any way in which the time which is given me could be better used than in the endeavour to make truth in the least degree clearer.

1st April 1881.

I have heard from the Bishop of Durham, who has been on a confirmation tour in Northumberland, and he instructs me to say that you are at full liberty to make the representation which you propose if you think it desirable, with the omission of the words (*of almost priceless value*) to which I ventured to call attention.

May I express my hearty thanks to you for your congratulations on our son's success. The kindness of friends on this occasion makes one feel more than ever how real the unity of life is in joy or in sorrow. This is what we most

require to feel commonly and not only in exceptional moments.

30th June 1881.

I have read with great interest, though only too hastily, the slips which you have kindly sent me. "But I say unto you" expresses exactly one of my deepest convictions as I should try to express it. There is only one short paragraph which is open to misunderstanding, I think, in "Suggestions," a paragraph in slip 120 beginning "Think of the hand as Good . . . ," and ending "Goodness is one."

It seems to me that the use of the abstract "Goodness," which answers to "Godhead" and not "God," is dangerous. I should be inclined to say that the conception of God as Love complete and self-sufficing includes a Trinity. We cannot, as far as I see, think of love without (so to speak) subject, object, and uniting power.

The thought is Augustine's. What you say of the "Monadic" conception of God is, I think, most just. You would be interested by what Martensen in his *Dogmatics* says on the Doctrine of the Holy Trinity.

I trust that your thoughts may stir many thoughts that will be to bring first patience and then peace.

30th July 1881.

When I came home late last night from the most anxious work of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission, I found the welcome of your most kind present. The form in which Mr. Macmillan has outwardly clothed it is not, I think, unworthy. May you know, with the deep sense of blessing, that the "links" help to bind many lives and many hearts together in truer harmony, and that the "clues" encourage many thoughtful minds to follow new tracks which lead to a larger apprehension of the Truth, in Whom, as in When, all that is practical finds completeness and reconciliation!

4th August 1881.

. . . The lessons of Ecclesiastes sound now day by day sadly in our ears, but there is something beyond that sad cry of despairing weariness.

8th August 1881.

. . . I confess that I was glad to read the call of Jeremiah this afternoon after Ecclesiastes. I can see only a very little way into the darkness of that book and of the book of Job. But for us darkness is a necessity.

10th August 1881.

Your note this morning was most welcome, for I could not but feel some anxiety lest you might suffer from the fatigue of a most hurried journey, and a conversation necessarily broken, in which many thoughts could hardly find expression.

It did not for a moment occur to me that what you said most truly of the infirmities and temporal accidents of human interpretations of the Truth could be extended to those who in Divine Providence have preserved the original records of it. As we are enabled we each hear them speak still in our own tongue; but their utterance—so it seems to me—never changes.

I was anxious to ask you not only to interpret the thoughts of spiritual things being independent in themselves of the limitations of time and space under which we necessarily embody them, but also to work out more fully the Scriptural view of the difference between the effects of the Death and of the Blood of Christ. There is, I believe, a very fine Jewish saying "that the foundation, the essence of sacrifice is the sprinkling of the blood." When this idea is made clear I fancy that many will find light on what seems dark.

It is indeed a perilous privilege to have one's work centred in Holy Scripture. Those to whom it is given need help on every side, and I cannot but thank you again for the help which you have given.

12th August 1881.

May I so far disobey your words as at least to thank you for the most interesting note which you enclosed? I had never before connected Joshua xxiv. 27 with Luke xix. 40. For the rest, is it not always, must it not be always, that thoughts are given to us to make our own or not? Of ourselves we cannot reach the unseen and eternal.

Of all the changes in the R.V. that in Luke xxi. 19 is the one to which perhaps I look with most hope. We think of our souls as something given to us complete, and not as something given to us to win.

26th September 1881.

Allow me to thank you for your kindness in sending me the extracts from the *Spectator* and the thoughts on Life and Death.

There is an ambiguity in the use of the words "hate," "sin," "sins" which causes misunderstanding, and has done so, I think, in the review. I hate or love what I apprehend to be the true indivisible person. I cannot hate and love the same person at the same time. I condemn, it may be, certain acts of his, certain elements in him, but I do not therefore hate him. I can however hate "the sin" of which he has admitted the influence, so far as I regard it as the manifestation of a power which is certainly not the man. Sin is separable from man because it is not of his essence, as he was made in the image of God.

There is very much in the thoughts on Life and Death which is true and precious, but the statements seem to me to require careful guarding. The line of thought for the most part requires "death" to be taken as coequal to "the mature close of a fulfilled life." This death in its actual circumstances is not for us. The fruit is gathered unripe, bruised, to our eyes wasted, nay, the fruit commonly is not allowed to form. The sadness of death is that it breaks into and breaks off work. From Genesis to the Apocalypse death, as it is, is always, I think, regarded as the issue of sin. The Resurrection seems to me to be the image of the transition of man unfallen to the higher life. And this is the Revelation of the Gospel. Death, terrible as it is in its actual circumstances, is transfigured. Meanwhile we must work under the conditions of the present. We dare not hasten death. Our New Year's greeting must not be that our friend is a year nearer to death. It is enough that we offer ourselves wholly to do and to suffer till the end. Being what we are, we can only be made perfect through sufferings, yet the suffering is grievous in proportion as we see its true

nature and necessity. The two sides of the Truth find their absolute expression in John xvii. and Mark xiv. 32, which *followed*, greatest of mysteries.

Our acceptance of your kind invitation must be delayed. My holiday time has just come to an end and Cambridge work is pressing now.

On a remarkable piece of Saxon sculpture the other day I saw a most significant arrangement of scenes from the Lord's Life. The Infant in the manger pointed to by human spectators was next to the Risen Lord borne aloft by angels. This expresses your thought in a symbol. In the same sculpture the Crucifixion was represented simply by a lamb laid unbound upon a cross. Surely the workman was more than a poet.

7th March 1882.

The one remark which I should venture to make in reference to your Exposition of the symbolism of fire is that, as far as I remember, fire describes the action of the Divine Nature not in itself but relatively to man as he is, that is, fallen.

"God is spirit, light, love," and then "*our* God is consuming fire." The difference of expression seems to me to be significant. I always think that the three other sentences include all that we ever know of God as He is. Light and love include all that is suggested by fire without the need of purification. Indeed, the more one reflects on the triad, the more full of depths of meaning does it become. In thinking over this first Epistle of St. John, it has necessarily come much before me. To pass from such thoughts to "Ecclesitical Courts" is a trial which must be borne: good may come from this labour. Those who love our Church will not forget the task of those who have to bear it.

19th July 1882.

I had the pleasure of some long conversations with Mr. and Mrs. Shorthouse last Easter. Mrs. Shorthouse, I fancy, inspired much of *John Inglesant:* her criticism would be scarcely less valuable than her husband's.

It is very encouraging that *Links and Clues* has found a universal welcome. I did not doubt that it would. We

are all feeling towards the same end. Unhappily we turn scaffolding into fences.

The future of women may well cause deep anxiety. Their power is incalculable. My seven boys teach me what a mother and sister mean.

I hope that you may have followed the old fashion of putting a motto over the door of your new home. Psalm cxxi. 8, interpreted by John x. 9, is a promise for work and for rest.

31st July 1882.

You must not thank me for any suggestions which I may be enabled to offer; still less think that I deserve praise for the spirit of patient waiting. The Truth seems to me to be so overwhelmingly vast and manifold that I shrink from drawing any outline except provisionally, lest I should exclude something or add something in opposition to Divine teaching. The womanly office is surely not the type of the Divine effluence itself, but of the reception of the Divine, and of the fitting it for action on the sphere of earth among men.

The other two notes are, I think, quite true. By dwelling on the formation of Christ in the believer I wished specially to point to the consecration and transfiguration of the individual man, not as if the whole Christ (so to speak) were realised in any one, but Christ according to the measure of each. Thus every believer in his degree may be understood to contribute to the realisation of "the fulness" of Him who finds fulfilment in all.

I do not think that I should be inclined to accept the estimate of the writings of the so-called "Hermes Trismegistus" given in the review. The writings which bear the name of Dionysius the Areopagite, of which I gave some account in the *Contemporary Review* for 1867, are far more important.

30th January 1883.

I must have failed to convey my meaning if I seemed to question in any way the universality of the Lord's Presence. It is the localising, *i.e.* of necessity the materialising, of His Presence which seems to me to be most perilous, and I should

shrink from any form of words and act of worship which countenances this localisation. "Clasp me not, for I am not yet ascended."

I do not think that I understand the meaning of "adoration of the consecrating *gift*." I shrink again from separating the Gift and the Giver. The Lord gives nothing apart from Himself. The famous mystical aphorism, "Thou needest me even as I need Thee," always seems to me to be full of danger.

The revelation of God as love seems to describe the internal fulness of infinite (Tripersonal) life to which the finite cannot add anything.

Perhaps your thought, if I rightly apprehend it, would be expressed by ". . . not to adoration of Him who offers Himself through that which He consecrates." The "for" in the address to Mary needs and will repay much pondering.

8th February 1883.

It does not seem to me that St. John iii. 16 touches the question at issue. The words there deal with the act of the Father's sacrifice, the one Gift which He made historically. Just as the Son is said to have given Himself. Once the manifestation has been made in time and space that men may realise it spiritually. Is not that the meaning of, "It is expedient for you that I go away"? It is the fashion now to deprecate Hooker, but I cannot go one line beyond his teaching on the Holy Communion. But I must not—or rather I need not—write more. You will see the point which I wish to guard, and I think that you wish to guard it too.

1st March 1884.

I have at length been able to read, though only hastily, your notes on St. John. This I have done with the greatest interest. They express admirably thoughts which I wished to suggest, and seem, as far as I can judge, to bring into prominence aspects of Truth which may be helpful.

My doubt as to a periodical made up of pregnant fragments comes from such experience as I have had of the general unwillingness of readers to pause for thought. If one or two

suggestive paragraphs could be separated by some space which should constrain the reader to linger over them, then it would be well. But this end can only be gained, I think, if at all, in a book to which we turn again and again. As you allow me, I will keep the notes on St. John; for Mrs. Westcott, who is away from home, will be glad to see them.

Pardon this most hasty and unworthy note. I did not wish to meet the full pressure of another work till I had thanked you in some way.

6th June 1884.

If I could fill the Crucifix with life as you do I would gladly look on it, but the fallen Head and the closed Eye exclude from my thought the idea of glorified humanity. The Christ to whom we are led is One who "hath been crucified," who hath passed through the trial victoriously and borne the fruits to Heaven. I dare not then rest on this side of the glory.

16th October 1885.

I have read the Questions which you kindly sent me with great interest. They suggest thoughts which cannot but be helpful. Can copies of them be obtained? I should like to place them in the hands of some of my more reflective hearers here.

What can I say as to your letters on St. John? As far as I have any voice in the matter, I cannot but be glad that teaching which I hold to be most true and needful should find an attractive interpreter. I have not, however, any right to use the notes except in a possible edition with the Greek text for which I have made preparation; but I feel sure that Mr. Murray would be glad to give you the fullest permission to use what you may want.

There are some points brought out in connexion with the Epistles which are required, I think, for a fairly complete exhibition of St. John's teaching for us. The Gospel of Creation is, it seems to me, the central foundation-stone of the structure of Truth for us.

I should shrink from writing anything in the way of preface. It would be wholly unnecessary and obtrusive. But if you

think that it would be of any use, I could in the Christmas vacation—I expect to be at Westminster in January—read the MS.

I grieve to hear of your continued suffering. But if we are true scholars we can learn however we are taught.

I am writing from an examination room, so you will pardon me.

2nd January 1886.

The letters have reached me quite safely, and I hope to make them part of my Sunday reading. Perhaps we may hope to realise some day that the five senses are not the measure of the universe, nor even of our universe. But the marvels which they can discern occupy us more and more.

5th February 1886.

I feel very guilty that I have kept your notes so long, but my month at Westminster was a time of absorbing engagements, and I could hardly give to them the time I wanted. However, I have very little to say in detail.

I know very little of the *Expositor*, but as far as I can judge it has a wide and healthy influence. When the editor asked for my last August Sermons I did not hesitate as to sending them, since one or two had been printed without authority. And I think that you would find an appreciative body of readers for detached thoughts. Indeed, I think that writing in fragments is perhaps the most effective way of writing, if the object is—as it surely must be—to stir others to quiet reflection. I have therefore no doubt as to my answer.

20th February 1886.

Your notes have been kept far too long, and I find that it is vain to keep them longer in the hope of reading parts of them again more carefully.

As far as I can judge, you have brought out and illustrated very effectively the thoughts which I was most anxious to suggest. I have therefore very little to offer in the way of criticism in addition to the grateful acknowledgment of the great pains which you have taken in enforcing lessons which I

had left often only as hints. One or two small points struck me:—

P. 8. The close of the "Curse of Kehama" itself might be quoted: again and again I have turned to the passage. As to the ἄνωθεν in St. John iii. 3, I still prefer the rendering "anew" to "from above." It seems to include and transcend the alternative rendering: others, I know, think differently.

P. 18. I should shrink from speaking directly of "the Son of Man" as in heaven before the Incarnation. He who became Incarnate in time was in heaven in His unchanged and unchangeable personality. That is enough for us. The Incarnation brought no modification to His Person.

P. 24, v. 28. I am not sure that I understand "animal organism."

P. 46. My most serious difficulty is as to the symbolism of fire. Fire seems to me always to have relation to something perishable which has to be removed. So it is that while in the other cases it is said "God is . . .," in this case it is said "Our God is . . .," *i.e.* in relation to us sinful, corrupted creatures in need of purification through chastening.

These are very tiny remarks. You will at least accept them as an expression of most hearty sympathy with the great lines of your thoughts.

22nd March 1886.

I have read with far more sorrow than surprise the letters of Mr. Jukes which you have kindly sent to me. Criticisms of the kind have been common in all ages. As hard things were said by good men of the labours of Jerome, Erasmus, and the Revisers of 1611 as have been said of their successors. The Spirit of God has hitherto answered them by the life of His Church, and I have not the least doubt He will answer them so still. Mr. Jukes has singular gifts of spiritual insight and spiritual sympathy. But he has not the scholar's instinct, and he has not had the scholar's training. The conception which he has of the work of textual criticism is amazing. There are

unquestionably variations of readings in Greek MSS., supported, too, by every possible variety of evidence. At some point or other every one must be in doubt as to the true text—unless we claim immediate inspiration—and when the principle is admitted all else is of degree. To speak of the two cases noticed, I do not know how to ascertain the judgments of the early Church as to the arrangement of the Sacred Books but by documentary evidence. This connects the Catholic Epistles with the Acts by simply overwhelming authority, and, with all respect to Mr. Jukes, as I believe, with true spiritual judgment. Again, the question as to words from the Cross is not whether they are spoken by the Lord—that I hold most certainly—but whether they formed part of the original Gospel of St. Luke—a very different question. I believe that the Lord said that "it is more blessed to give than to receive," but I am not tempted to introduce the words into a Gospel. No fulness of religious power can justify any one in saying what the record of Revelation shall be. The world is not what I should have expected, nor the Church, nor the Bible. But no disappointment leads me to distrust the process by which God has been pleased to enable me to study each manifestation of Himself honestly. It was my privilege to read for ten years with Dr. Scrivener, to learn his reasons as well as his conclusions. No one honours his single-minded devotion to Biblical study more than I do, but it would be positively ridiculous to compare the thought which he has spent on criticism with that which Dr. Hort has spent upon it. And here I must protest against any one endeavouring to separate my judgment from Dr. Hort's. Except when I have recorded dissent, I agree heartily and independently with every critical conclusion in the revised text. The repeated processes of over thirty-five years have more and more convinced me of their absolute general truth. I should be the last to rate highly textual criticism; but it is a little gift which from school days seemed to be committed to me. I have tried to put it to account, and certainly it has been my joy to find in almost every result which I have been forced to maintain as true, a new source of light. So it will be while the world lasts.

Our greatest danger now is—and I speak with knowledge which is unusually wide—from the tendency of devout believers to identify their own views with the Divine Truth as to the Written Word. I hear opinions maintained which I am sure cannot be maintained justly. I do in my heart believe that every syllable of Holy Scripture, as Origen said, has its work; but I hope I may be saved from the presumption of saying, "It is this, this only."

I am grieved that any of these critical questions should trouble you. It has been my duty to give a large part of my life to them as affecting the New Testament, and at least with the result that there I feel absolutely sure, having tried every word.

27th March 1886.

I am grieved that my writing should have caused you any difficulty. I remember well looking at the offending word, but I decided that it was legible. The word is "processes." I wished to say that during long and varied work I had been led to examine questions of text from many different points of sight and by many methods, now historically and now critically, from the side of usage and from the side of interpretation, and on the whole I have always been led to the same result, that the most ancient text is in every way the best. Again and again I have found a first disappointment changed into a gain. Here as elsewhere God deals with us as men, and requires us to use with absolute devotion every point of human discipline in His service. I have learnt some of my most precious lessons from those who would hold themselves to be bitter opponents.

I think that the notes might be made most useful papers. All I would suggest would be that my part should be placed in the background. If you called the paper "Some Thoughts from the Gospel of St. John," the title would be more true and in every way better. I have always heard *Good Words* spoken of most highly.

15th June 1886.

I do not expect to be at Westminster till the end of July for my residence in August. Just now I am so tired and

good-for-nothing that I must get some rest to prepare for the Abbey. The congregations there move me more than I can express, and I feel a corresponding desire to say some words which may guide those who are eager to learn the Holy Scripture and its message to us.

Your note came unaccompanied by any paper. You will sympathise at least with the title of the sermon which I venture to send. I am ashamed to trouble you with it.

17th June 1886.

Let me thank you most heartily for the papers. I do not see the *Spectator*, and so the parable is new to me. It is as if Anderson had brought his genius to theology. There is no lesson more needed than that our five senses do not measure being. And our senses, how different they are in power! What Butler heard, Secker could not hear.

27th December 1886.

I wish that I had a lecture here which I wrote on the subject, and then I could give you an answer in words not written to meet any question, but just the simple expression of independent conviction. But indeed you will anticipate all I can say. I am utterly unable to form a conception of "order" except as the expression (for me) of a Divine will. And Scripture teaches me that a miracle is essentially a "sign" of the Divine presence which I can recognise. It must then be in perfect harmony with the Divine will seen as "order," for that will is one, though we regard it in parts. Surely the very word "sign"—so long obscured—is a perfect answer to the question which you propose. The sign must agree with the character of Him whom it indicates. That it appears singular to us is simply a warning that we do not know all. Under this aspect Babbage's famous illustration from a mathematical series is, I think, as far as it goes, perfectly just.

22nd December 1887.

Let me thank you most heartily for remembering me at this Christmas time. I rejoice that your words find such

wide and varied welcome. They must bear fruit. As the years go on I seem to feel more and more that a revelation in life will alone meet our present questionings. We must show that our faith is powerful. I cannot tell whether the sight of East London or West London is to me more depressing. And still the message of Christmas can transfigure both. . . . We now hope, but when our hearts fail us the lesson of this morning comes with fresh strength. We in our thinking see no way, and God, who is greater than our hearts, says "My thoughts are not as your thoughts." So we can be still and wait.

21st July 1889.

Let me thank you for your note and the enclosed papers, which I have read with great interest. No one, as you know, can believe more firmly than I do that we are living in a time of revelation, and that the teachings of physical science are to be for us what Greek literature was in the twelfth century. But I think that we are in more real danger from impatience than from blindness. I do not think, as far as my experience has gone, that there is any unwillingness on the part of our responsible teachers to listen to new tidings, but there is serious peril lest in our haste we should take the signs for the truth itself. Does it seem to you that many appear to regard the phenomena of the outer world as the very type of reality, and the knowledge which we gain of these as the type of knowledge? To me, I confess, they are no more than shadows, witnessing to that which casts them—shadows which we must reach, but existing only in virtue of the substance which lies beyond. You will at once feel all I mean. So again with regard to the Bible, I cannot forget that the Old Testament substantially as we have it was the Bible of the Lord and the Apostles. That is a fact of momentous importance. How it came to be is a question of deep interest, but secondary. Dr. King—it greatly interested us to see that you know our son-in-law's book—puts the truth admirably: the Temple is that in which we worship; the stones of which it is built may have come from many quarries, and even from earlier buildings. Whatever we have to learn, and our lessons are limited only by our

powers, I see no likelihood that we shall have to change one syllable of our two Creeds. Whatever men have found to kindle hope lies all in the few syllables, "the Word became flesh," and I cannot conceive anything which can go beyond it. But it lies itself beyond the region of experiment, and yet for us, as it seems, it is necessarily true when we look out over life as it is made known to us. . . .

Mrs. Westcott desires most specially to thank you for the little poem. I like to recall the touching incident of the late Bishop of Lincoln seeking very shortly before his death the blessing of his infant grandchild, whose hands, at his request, were laid upon his head.

Shall you not gather up your scattered parables into a volume? They would speak to many anxious souls.

6th May 1890.

It was at the time a disappointment to us that you could not be seen to be with us on St. Philip's Day. But in the Service I think that every one felt that the departed and the absent, as we speak, were really nearest. The solemn calm which filled the Abbey touched every one deeply. I need not ask you to think of my work, which now must take new forms. This you will not fail to do; and may God bless more and more abundantly the gifts of insight and influence which He has given you for the fuller realisation of His counsels of wise and righteous love!

16th April 1892.

Let me wish you every blessing in your most interesting gathering. In Cambridge days I found by experience how good it was for men of different studies to speak freely together. Physicists are beginning, I think, to recognise that they deal only with abstractions, and that such a fact as the Incarnation is alone able to give reality to human knowledge. May the light of Easter be over all your communings!

3rd May 1893.

Your letter is most touching and full of hope. No one, I think, could possibly guide one who feels the need of the

childly mind more surely to its joy and peace than you can do. May you have the great privilege now! I have always felt a tender regard for Professor Tyndall. We met many, many years ago, I think at Harrow, and in later times not infrequently as members of the Governing Body of Harrow. I shall never forget a very simple remark of Professor Tyndall, which revealed the strange misunderstandings that often separate us. Some painful correspondence came before the Governors, and I quite casually expressed my sympathy with the sorrow of one who had put aside our faith. Professor Tyndall was surprised that I should so feel with one who had (as I thought) wandered far away—surprised, and yet greatly pleased. "I will tell him," he said, "what you say."

All that can be done you can do, and may God bless you in the doing!

7th November 1896.

Allow me to thank you for your most sympathetic note and the accompanying Essay. I hope to be able to read the Essay when I can secure a little leisure for quiet thought. The continual claims of necessary work at present fill all my time.

I am obliged to confess, as you know, that I hold that our power of grasping and expressing Truth is very limited. We must affirm at once if we are to suggest what we dimly see "through a mirror in a riddle," but, as things are, action is for us an adequate interpreter.

The published reports of the Charge which I have seen were more or less imperfect. Before long I hope to have the pleasure of sending you a fair copy of it.

18*th March* 1899.

You will understand how heartily I agree with the main thought which you illustrate and enforce. Perhaps I should place physical science on a lower level than you are inclined to assign to it. The validity which it has is due to abstractions which are suggested by phenomena and not expressed by them. And further, I suppose that we all feel that to every statement based on our observation we must add "plus infinity."

We thought much of your great sorrow. I have had twice in the last three months to face the prospect of a sorrow like it; but I cherish the faith, however unworthily, that even through the sorest losses, perhaps through the sorest most, the unchangeable and eternal is brought nearer to us.

I wish that I could linger over these lessons; but I have to prepare for a large gathering here this afternoon. . . .

15th February 1900.

Your work is of very great interest, but it raises very great difficulties of which account must be taken. It does not appear to me to be possible to combine parts of different Psalms into an apparent whole without great confusion of thought. An example at once presents itself in the combination of Psalms xxiii. and xxiv. The break of thought between verses 6 and 7, which are printed as if they were continuous, is startling. It appears to me to be essential that there should be a break between passages taken from different Psalms. Every Psalm has its "motive," and it is a great loss to run one into another.

The few words which you say in your letter would be a most sufficient and impressive preface without any words from another. Still, I will gladly say a few words if the Psalms are kept distinct. I should, however, in any case prefer your own words, which, if it must be, though I do not see why, may be anonymous.

5th June 1901.

The help of friends has been wonderful, and I value yours very greatly. The heading of your letter[1] brings back the first eighteen years of our married life, full of hopes and efforts which have been crowned beyond possible expectation. The "fragments which remain" here as elsewhere are more than the provision for the feast.

[1] Harrow.

CHAPTER X

DURHAM

1890–1893

AFTER the death of Bishop Lightfoot, the See of Durham remained unfilled for an unusually long period. Various explanations of this delay were current at the time, one of the more widely accepted being that the vacant See had been offered to my father and declined by him, the following months being spent in inducing him to reconsider his decision. This explanation is certainly not the true one, for he received no warning of the impending offer until 5th March, when he was filled with "conflicts of thought" by a letter from Archbishop Benson. To this he replied at once:

CAMBRIDGE, *5th March* 1890.

My dear Archbishop—I can say nothing, and I am utterly overwhelmed. If you knew my unutterable unfitness and weakness, you would not write as you do. For the present only pray μὴ εἰσενέγκῃς εἰς πειρασμόν.[1] If the trial comes, perhaps light will break. At present all is dark, utterly dark. May God guide you!—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. WESTCOTT.

[1] Lead us not into temptation (or trial).

It had been the Queen's wish from the first that he should succeed his dear friend and colleague Bishop Lightfoot, and in a letter to the Archbishop dated so early as 3rd January Her Majesty had said, "I have understood that you consider Canon Westcott as the fittest successor to Bishop Lightfoot?"[1]

On 6th March my father received a letter from Lord Salisbury saying—

I have the honour to inform you that Her Majesty has been pleased to signify her intention of nominating you to the vacant See of Durham, if you are disposed to accept the charge which will thus be placed upon you.

Hereupon my father wrote again to the Archbishop:

A note has come. Δεηθῶμεν ἐκτενέστερον.[2] B. F. W.

This offer was indeed a sore trial to him. For some days he wrestled in prayer, noting in his text-book on the 8th that "light is breaking." On the 11th his decision was made, and he enters "οὐκέτι ἐγώ,"[3] and doubly underlines his two texts for the day, which were these:

Jer. i. 8. Be not afraid of their faces: for I am with thee to deliver thee, saith the Lord.

2 Cor. xii. 9. My grace is sufficient for thee: for my strength is made perfect in weakness.

He then wrote to Lord Salisbury saying—

CAMBRIDGE, 11*th March* 1890.

After considering most carefully the subject of your Lordship's letter, and taking the counsel of those friends whose

[1] *Life of Archbishop Benson*, ii. 293.
[2] Let us pray more earnestly. [3] No longer I.

judgment I ought to obey,[1] I have the honour to inform your Lordship that I do not feel justified in declining the heavy charge which Her Majesty proposes to commit to me. I must therefore ask your Lordship to convey to Her Majesty my most dutiful acceptance of the office to which it is Her Majesty's gracious purpose to nominate me.

I can only hope that I may be enabled, if I enter on the work, to fulfil it according to the full measure of my power in the spirit of the late Bishop.

On the same day he wrote the following letters :—

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Cambridge, 11*th March* 1890.

You will help me henceforth with double grace. I have obeyed what seems to be a clear voice. A most helpful note came from Davidson this morning, and I have just written to Lord Salisbury.

The three verses which came in regular order to me this morning were Jer. xxix. 11, Jer. i. 8, and 2 Cor. xii. 9.

Could any promises meet the case more completely? Yes: ΗΔΥΝΑΜΙΣΕΝΑΣΘΕΝΕΙΑΤΕΛΕΙΟΥΤΑΙ.[2]

To his eldest Son

Cambridge, 11*th March* 1890.

My dear Brooke — After anxious thought I have this morning accepted the Bishopric of Durham. If I could tell you the way in which the offer came you would, I am sure, feel that I was bound to obey "a clear call," even in evening time. In the prospect of such a charge every thought of fitness vanishes. There can be no fitness or unfitness, but simply absolute surrender. I think that I can offer all; and God will use the offering. You and Basil will think of me

[1] In especial the late Archbishop of Canterbury (Benson), the Bishop of Winchester (Davidson), and Professor Hort.

[2] Power is made perfect in weakness.

in the prayer for the Clergy. You can tell Basil, but of course you will not speak to others of the nomination till it is announced.

But I must say no more, and I have just been interrupted.

May God give His blessing to His workers!—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

The appointment, which was announced on the 13th, was received with a general chorus of approval, although in some quarters it was regretted that the offer had come so late, and fears were expressed that the new Bishop might not in his few remaining years find strength for the performance of his arduous duties. He was now in his sixty-sixth year and was called to carry on the final labours of one who had been his pupil: but in a spirit of absolute self-surrender he devoted all that he was and had to this last work.

The following letters are an indication of the spirit in which he was prepared to face the hard future:—

TO HIS ELDEST SON

CAMBRIDGE, 12*th March* 1890.

One word only. I rejoice that you think it right that I should give myself to the work, and I rejoice that you should conceive the thought of helping in it. You will help it more perhaps than any by doing the work to which you have been already called. I hope that you may be one of my chaplains, and, if we dare look forward, come sometimes to breathe young faith into our new labourers. In any case I shall feel that the three Durham sons[1] bind me with living ties to the fulness of our Church's work—education, missions, pastoral charge, and in that order.

[1] See p. 5.

To the Right Hon. G. Cubitt, M.P.

Cambridge, 13*th March* 1890.

I do indeed need your prayers and not your congratulations. It was—of this I feel sure—a clear duty to face the work. The thoughts of friends will help me.

We had a Delhi meeting this afternoon, for which I wrote a short letter, which I enclose. . . .

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Cambridge, 14*th March* 1890.

I can only say that I had no choice. To have refused this burden, as things were, would have been simple faithlessness. What you say of Bishop Auckland gives a new sacredness to the place. We may, I hope, some day think over our vows together there. I need not say "pray for us."

To Archdeacon Watkins

Cambridge, 14*th March* 1890.

Let me thank you from my heart for your most kind welcome, the first, I think, which came from without. I know how much I shall need your counsel and help, and I feel sure that you will give me both most generously. My hope is that which comes from unreserved obedience, and my strength will be from the sympathy and prayers of those with whom I am called to serve. Mrs. Westcott, for her part, is looking anxiously for the help which Mrs. Watkins can give.

The one note of apprehension voiced in the matter of this appointment being the subject of the new Bishop's age, it is interesting to observe how that matter was regarded by an old friend. The testimony comes from the sick-bed of Dean Vaughan, who on 24th March 1894 dictated a most touching message to

the Bishop of Durham, "the idol of my later life." In forwarding the message Mr. F. G. Pelham says: "It was with some difficulty that I could take it down in the sick-room, and the voice was very often weak, but he chose his words with all his accustomed care." This is the message:—

I said at the time of his appointment that if God spared his life for three years it would not be in vain.

Again:

If that voice, that look, that elevation of thought were spared for three years to that Northern population, they would find in them a charm of persuasion and a force which, though I know he would not like me to say it, they had not found even in Bishop Lightfoot. May God grant that in extreme old age he may preserve them all!

After he had been duly elected, the Bishop-elect addressed the following letter to the Archdeacons of Durham and Auckland:—

CAMBRIDGE, 14*th April* 1890.

My dear Archdeacons—Having just received the official notice of my election to the Bishopric, I take the earliest opportunity of approaching through you the clergy of the diocese.

You have indeed already interpreted the wish which I could not but form as soon as I was nominated to the office by asking on my behalf the prayers of the people whom I have been called to serve; yet I feel that I ought now to acknowledge myself my own great needs.

A Bishop before his consecration—and I earnestly beg that all who are interested in the right discharge of the office, and who in the diocese is not? will carefully study the Service for Consecration—promises among other things, under circumstances of the most impressive solemnity, that he will "faithfully exercise himself in the Holy Scriptures, and call upon

God by prayer for the true understanding of the same"; that he will "drive away all erroneous and strange doctrine contrary to God's Word"; that he will "show himself in all things an example of good works unto others"; that he will "maintain and set forward, as much as lies in him, quietness, love, and peace among all men"; that he will "be merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people, and to all strangers destitute of help."

Such promises, which have been required in the Western Church for many centuries, necessarily receive new applications from age to age. In the present day they pledge him who makes them to face in the light of our Christian Faith some of the gravest problems of social and national life. They cannot be fulfilled, even so far as human frailty allows their fulfilment, except by the special help of God. In the exercise of spiritual oversight, temptations to restless activity, to haste, to self-will must constantly imperil the maintenance of wise, just, and sympathetic government. The unceasing pressure of small cares upon the attention of a Bishop tends to thrust out of his sight those larger duties of the Episcopate which require calm and sustained thought and study. In no other position are the impulses of unreflecting benevolence more likely to disturb the action of that quiet and patient self-devotion through which all stable reforms are accomplished.

In the prospect of these heavy obligations and of these peculiar trials, I therefore ask you to request the clergy of the diocese to solicit in my name the prayers of their parishioners that "strength and power" may be granted me to perform that which God "has given me a good will to do." The supplications of the diocese, however they may be answered, cannot be in vain.

Perhaps I may be allowed to suggest that, if the request is made at morning or evening prayer on the Sunday before the day fixed for my consecration, notice may be given that a silence will be "kept for a space" after the petition in the Litany for "Bishops, Priests, and Deacons," or, after the "Prayer for the Clergy and People," during which the congregation may offer together their special petitions.

In writing thus I know that I give expression to the feeling

which is uppermost in your own hearts. From the beginning of our common work we shall wish to acknowledge that our only hope of effective service, in things both great and small, lies in the open and practical confession of fellowship in the Word who became flesh, the Head from whom all the body increaseth with the increase of God.—Believe me to be, my dear Archdeacons, yours most faithfully,

B. F. WESTCOTT, *Bishop-elect.*

P.S.—The consecration has now been fixed for 1st May, the Festival of St. Philip and St. James, at Westminster Abbey, at 10.30 A.M.

The confirmation of the Bishop's election took place in York Minster on 30th April, when the Bishop of Beverley, as Commissioner of the Archbishop of York, declared that the election of Dr. Westcott by the Dean and Chapter of Durham was rightfully and lawfully made, and desired his admission into the real, actual, and corporate possession of the Bishopric.

On the same afternoon an interesting gathering of old Birmingham boys was held in the Chapel of Lambeth Palace, by the kind invitation of the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was thought fitting that former members of the school of which the Primate and Dr. Westcott (as also the late Bishop Lightfoot) were such distinguished pupils should meet together for the purpose of holding a service to pray for the wellbeing of the new Bishop of Durham. The service consisted of the Litany, Psalms cxxi. and cxxii., and a hymn, together with passages from the Consecration Service and the blessing by the Archbishop. The occasion was one which will long live in the memory of all those who were present.

My father had hoped to have been present at this gathering, as the following note to the Archbishop shows; but circumstances prevented his attendance:—

CAMBRIDGE, *17th April* 1890.

I have just heard that 1st May is definitely fixed for the Service. How the thought crushes out every lingering relic of self! Words are vain. ἀλλ' αὐτὸ τὸ $\overline{\pi\nu\alpha}$ συναντιλαμβάνεται τῇ ἀσθενείᾳ ἡμῶν . . . ὑπερεντυγχάνει στεναγμοῖς ἀλαλήτοις.[1] . . . How can I thank you enough for the thought of a gathering at Lambeth? It must be a strength both to Mrs. Westcott and to myself. We shall most gratefully accept your invitation. How Lambeth has been wrought into our lives!

On the following day, 1st May, the Feast of St. Philip and St. James, the Bishop-elect was consecrated in Westminster Abbey. An early train from Cambridge brought down hosts of University men, Trinity and King's being well represented. The Provost of Eton, the Headmaster of Harrow, and several heads of houses from Oxford occupied seats in the choir. Altogether it was a striking testimony to the unique popularity of Dr. Westcott among all sorts and conditions of men.

Long before the commencement of the service at half-past ten the reserved portions of the Abbey were filled with ticket-holders, whilst the part allotted to the general public was crowded to overflowing. The brilliant sunshine took away even the generally prevailing gloom of the Abbey. The Archbishop of Canterbury, simply wearing academical dress, and accompanied by his two domestic chaplains, took his seat in the choir in the stall next to the Dean's. In the meantime the Archbishop of York, the Assistant-Bishops, the Bishop-elect, and the Dean and Canons of Westminster assembled in the Jerusalem Chamber.

[1] But the Spirit Himself helpeth our infirmity . . . maketh intercession with groanings which cannot be uttered.—Adapted from Rom. viii. 26.

Sir John Hassard was also present, with the Archbishop of Canterbury's license under hand and seal welcoming his Grace of the Northern Province into the Southern Province to perform all Archiepiscopal and Episcopal acts, and the Dean of Westminster went through the usual formality of reading and signing his protest against the Archbishop of Canterbury having any jurisdiction whatever within Westminster Abbey. The procession, which started from the nave, was a long and imposing one. The eight Assistant-Bishops who accompanied the Archbishop of York were the Bishops of Winchester, Carlisle, Exeter, Oxford, Ripon, Truro, Wakefield, and Bishop Barry (Assistant-Bishop of Rochester). The procession also included the Dean of Durham and Archdeacon Watkins, who attended on behalf of the Durham Chapter; the Dean of Westminster and Canons Rowsell and Furse represented the body of which Dr. Westcott was a member; the Provost of King's College, Cambridge (the Rev. A. Austen-Leigh), of which college Dr. Westcott was a Fellow, was present; whilst the Master of Trinity (Dr. Butler), as Vice-Chancellor, walked in the procession as the representative of the University of Cambridge. All the Divinity professors were present, either in the procession or the congregation, which was also a very representative one. Lord Grimthorpe, in his scarlet gown, attended as Chancellor of York. The Archbishop of York at once commenced the office for Holy Communion, the responses and the Nicene Creed being sung to "Thorne" in E flat. The Bishop of Carlisle was the Epistoler, and he chose from the alternative selections Acts xx. 17. The Bishop of Winchester read the Gospel. At the conclusion of the Nicene Creed, Dr. Hort, Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity,

preached a very able sermon, which was listened to with the deepest attention. The text chosen was Eph. iv. 12, 13, and in the course of his sermon Dr. Hort said:

We are met together from north and from south, from the old Northumbrian diocese and the central capital of the realm and many a scattered parish, to join in the act of worship by which a Chief Pastor of the Church is to be hallowed for his office to-day—for the office which, more than any other, links past and present visibly together; the office which, varying in prerogatives and in sphere of action from age to age, is now more than ever before the organ of active unity, the chief power by which all scattered powers that make for building up are drawn forth and directed.

In commending him now to your prayers, I find my lips sealed by a sacred friendship of forty years from speaking as I might otherwise perhaps have desired to do. But in truth there can be little need that a single voice should attempt to utter what is already in the mind of thousands. Yet a few words must be ventured on for the sake of others. One who has laboured unceasingly to bring his countrymen face to face with the New Testament Scriptures; one for whom Christian truth is the realm of light from which alone the dwellers on earth receive whatever power they have to read the riddle of the world or choose their own steps; one to whom the Christian society is almost as a watchword, and who hears in every social distress of the times a cry for the help which only a social interpretation of the Gospel can give—such a one assuredly will not fail to find channels by which these and other like gifts from the ascended Giver may flow forth for the common good.

Under these auspices he goes forth to carry forward the enterprise which has dropped from the hands of the cherished friend, united with him as in a common work and purpose so as the object of reverent love and trustful hope. There must be many present here to-day whose recollections of the twin day eleven years ago are full of the echoes of some of the words then spoken from this pulpit. What

other last words could speak to us now with so grateful a sacredness?[1]

At the close of the sermon Dr. Westcott proceeded to the Islip Chapel to put on his rochet, the choir singing meanwhile the quartette from Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, "Cast thy burden on the Lord." The anthem was Dr. Westcott's own choice, and it is certain that nothing could have better expressed the humble and trustful spirit manifested by him during his consecration than the sweet and restful strains of this well-known composition. Upon his return he was presented by the Bishops of Carlisle and Winchester. Lord Grimthorpe read the Queen's mandate, and after the oath of canonical obedience had been repeated by Dr. Westcott, Precentor Flood Jones proceeded with the Litany. The Archbishop of York took up his part at the versicle before the Lord's Prayer, and continued the proper intonation throughout. Upon the questions of examination being put, Dr. Westcott's answers were given most impressively, each reply being repeated with such earnestness as to impart into it the devotion of a prayer. During his absence to complete the episcopal habit, Goss's anthem, "O pray for the peace of Jerusalem," was sung. Upon returning, the "Veni Creator" was rendered by the Archbishop of York and the choir conjointly, as arranged by Dr. Monk, late organist of York Minster, the alternate lines being taken by his Grace. The Assistant-Bishops formed in the following order on each side: on the right of the Archbishop, the Bishops of Winchester and Exeter, Bishop Barry, and the Bishop of Ripon; on the left the Bishops of Carlisle, Truro, Wakefield, and Oxford.

[1] This sermon was very costly to Dr. Hort. See his *Life*, ii. 372 ff.

All assisted in the consecration, and the service for Holy Communion was proceeded with. The offertory, which realised over £51, was devoted to Home and Foreign Missions—the S.P.G., C.M.S., A.C.S., and C.P.A. During an interval after the prayer for the Church militant a portion of the congregation left, but the number of communicants was very large—about 300—the administration occupying a considerable time. The first communicants after the Bishops and clergy within the sacrarium were the Archbishop of Canterbury and his two domestic chaplains. The Dean of Westminster read the invitation, and Minor Canon Price (sacrist) said the confession. At the close of the service the newly-consecrated Bishop returned with his brother prelates to the Jerusalem Chamber, where he received many congratulations from his numerous friends. The Bishop of Durham's chaplains were the Hon. and Rev. John Grey, who had acted in the same capacity to the late Bishop at his consecration eleven years before, and his eldest son, the Rev. F. B. Westcott, late Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge.

On the day of his consecration the new Bishop wrote to his second daughter:—

WESTMINSTER,
SS. Philip and James [*May* 1], 1890.

The service is over, and it was, I think, very solemn, and the sun shone brightly. My texts again were full of hope: Is. xxvi. 3, 4; John xiv. 27. Could any words speak more encouragement?

The Cuthbert's Cross is exactly what I shall treasure all my life, and when I lie at rest I trust that it may be laid upon my breast. So Cuthbert's was found. But I must not try to write more.

The cross mentioned above was an exact facsimile

(but not in gold, of which the Bishop would have none) of the cross buried with St. Cuthbert.[1]

On the next day he wrote to each of his sons abroad to the following effect :—

The service yesterday was full of sunshine without and, I hope, within.

In this crowded morning I can only steal time while some are waiting to see me to use the privilege of my new office and send you the fulness of blessing from one new called to be a Father in God.

May God bless you in your work, which is His work !

On 13th May the Bishop went to Windsor to do homage to the Queen. This was successfully accomplished, although on arrival at the Castle it was discovered that neither he nor Lord Knutsford, who accompanied him, had a copy of the oath. The position was rather serious, but the wires were set in motion, and the Bishop was enabled to read his oath from the telegraph forms supplied by the local post-office.

Next day the Bishop entered his diocese, being welcomed at Darlington Station by the Mayor and Corporation of Darlington, who presented him with an address, and by the local clergy. The same evening he drove through the gaily-decorated streets of Bishop Auckland to receive an address at the Town Hall from the townsfolk and clergy, and so to the Castle.

It may here be remarked that on the day when my father first visited Bishop Auckland, after his nomination to the See of Durham, one of his texts for the day had been the words addressed to him by his old

[1] This Cross was presented to the Bishop by his daughters, having been made with scrupulous exactitude under the supervision of the present Bishop of Bristol.

schoolmaster at their last interview, "Fear not: only believe." These words, with a new sacredness from that association, he had carefully underlined as he pondered them anew.

Already welcomed to his diocese, the Bishop had yet to be enthroned. The day appointed for this ceremony was Ascension Day, the same Festival day on which his predecessor eleven years before had been enthroned. In his sermon on this occasion, preached from the words, "Brethren, pray for us" (1 Thess. v. 25), he said :—

We cannot but look back to the 15th of May eleven years ago, when, speaking in this place, my predecessor laid open the secret of his life and work, the reverent fixing of his soul's eye upon the vision of the eternal presence, a vision of righteousness and grace and glory, which is for the believer a vision of purification and strength. And now, as we humbly hope, for him the vision of faith has become the vision of experience, and he "sees the face" of Him on whom he trusted. We cannot but look back again to last Ascension Day, when the thanksgiving of the whole Diocese, as of one heart, found expression here, because he whom all loved was given for a time from death to life. And now his elder friend has been charged to take up, as strength may be given, his interrupted work—interrupted, indeed, yet crowned by the last wonderful summer of great words and great deeds, and not incomplete if the fulness of service is in the perfection of devotion acknowledged by universal reverence and affection. We cannot but look back, and if at first we are touched with natural sorrow in the retrospect, sorrow is soon turned into hope. We perceive, even with our feeble powers, that beneath all these vicissitudes one unchanging counsel of love goes forward to its accomplishment, that work and rest, effort and self-surrender, the stress of conflict and the silence of the grave, are facts of the one life whereby alone we live. What is lost to the eye rises transfigured in the soul, and we come to know that when the Lord said, "It is expedient for

you that I go away," He revealed a divine law, by which each bereavement, each apparent loss, becomes through His grace the source of new spiritual blessings. We cannot but look back, and we cannot but look forward. Looking back, then, in the spirit of devout gratitude to the example of him whom God has taken to Himself, and looking forward in the spirit of simplest obedience to the call which he has uttered, I say now with a full heart, "Brethren, pray for us."[1]

Previous to his enthronement the Bishop had visited Durham School and received a Latin address, which, as he said, reminded him of the Latin address which as a schoolboy he had fruitlessly read to the Prince Consort; and he subsequently received an address from the students of Durham University, of which learned body he was, in virtue of his office, Visitor. This address was the outcome of a spontaneous feeling of admiration on the part of the undergraduates for their new Visitor, and much pleased the Bishop, who made an inspiring reply thereto. After this proceeding the Bishop shook hands with as many as he could reach, and, picking up his bag, hurried off to the Cathedral, where he was to hold his first Confirmation. This little incident of the Bishop and his bag recalled the remark of the old verger, who lamented the degeneracy of the days, exclaiming, "Things are comin' to a fine pass noo, when the Bishop of Dor'm comes heor wi' his aan carpet bag."

One of the Bishop's first public speeches was on the subject of the great national evil of Gambling. His views on this matter are concisely stated in a letter which he wrote about this time to the National Anti-Gambling League, wherein he says:—

[1] The whole sermon, of which the above is the opening passage, is published in my father's *The Incarnation and Common Life.*

Allow me to express a most earnest hope that your meeting will be a success. The evil of gambling is powerful everywhere, but in the North it is grievously widespread. The questions involved in the subject are complicated and far-reaching, and some of the utterances which I have seen appear to me to have been unguarded. I trust, therefore, that one result of the meeting will be to secure that action shall be prepared by a careful discussion and determination of the essential character of the evil. When the inherent waste and selfishness and cruelty of gambling—the hope of gaining through another's loss—in all its forms are once clearly apprehended, such an intelligent and strong public opinion will be formed as will make legislation possible and effective. And many who at present feel that the mental relaxation obtained by games of chance is an ample return for the stake which is involved in them will, I believe, be led to give up, for the sake of others, a form of amusement which is liable to serious misunderstanding and grave abuses.

On another occasion he said :—

A great Italian politician, whose name has almost become synonymous with cynical wisdom, recommended that the government which wished to obtain success for a State should encourage gambling among its enemies and put it down by military force at home, and thought—thought rightly—that a nation of gamblers was condemned to fatal ruin.

In June 1890 the Bishop received from Durham University the degree of D.D. by Diploma, Dr. Hort receiving the honorary degree of D.D. on the same occasion.

In the same month my father went up to London and took his seat in the House of Lords, and attended the International Peace Parliamentary Congress. He thus describes his experiences in letters to his wife :—

22nd July.

Yesterday I went to the House, but was not much edified except by the splendour of the building, and of the Library

in especial, which I visited for the first time. I saw Lord Powis. He told me something of the ways of the place. This morning I went to the Peace Parliamentary Congress. It was not very impressive. All foreigners have a tendency to speak at once, and there was little business or thought, but a good deal of zeal. Mr. Bradlaugh moved the adoption of the Report. What should you have said if I had seconded it? I am not sure whether I shall go to-morrow. There are very few Englishmen present.

23rd July.

I went to the House again yesterday. It is a strange sight—sight to me more than sound, for every one generally talks to himself, without caring in the least degree (so it seems) whether he is heard or not. I saw two or three of my old friends, including Lord Spencer and Lord Cross. . . .

This morning I went to the Peace Congress again, and as I was asked to say a few words, I did. It seemed right that the Christian view should find expression, and the audience, chiefly French and Germans, listened kindly. I tried to read the parable of Durham.

Now I have engagements at 2, 3, 4, and 5, and then I shall give myself a holiday.

This is his reading of the Durham parable:—

A Bishop of Durham could not look upon the two great buildings immemorially connected with his office—the Castle and the Cathedral, rising side by side, parts of one whole—without knowing that, for him at least, ecclesiastical and civil duties were inseparably combined. He could not look back upon the history of his See without knowing that he must face, with whatever skill and courage he could command, all the problems which arose from time to time affecting the wellbeing of man; and he was sure they would respect the frank expression of his own convictions if he said that his deep interest in this holy subject of their deliberations rested upon his Christian faith. When St. Paul, eighteen centuries ago, used that memorable expression, writing to the Galatians, "We are all one man in Christ," he announced the

principle which, during the eighteen centuries that followed, the nations were slowly endeavouring to interpret and embody.

The Bishop's great interest in the Co-operative Movement is well known, and inasmuch as his published works contain his most weighty utterances on this subject, it seems hardly requisite to reproduce any fragments of such speeches here; but the following simple words, forming part of a response to a vote of thanks, have a special interest:—

The work is one in which, as I said, I have taken the keenest interest, even from my schoolboy days. I can remember what very few here can remember—a great placard on a house in Birmingham indicating Robert Owen's first movement, "Labour Exchange." I asked then, as a little boy, the meaning of it. I got some vague and, perhaps, not very complete explanation, but an interest was excited then which has never ceased. When I was at Cambridge, the movement begun by Professor Maurice, Canon Kingsley, and Mr. Hughes, who still remains to see its triumph, took shape. I was deeply interested in it then, and the success which it has achieved in one field is, I feel sure, a pledge of the success which it now must seek in another field. I do trust that this meeting may have some practical results. Though I myself have spoken of what appear to be somewhat distant and, perhaps, transcendental objects, I wish you to bear them in mind. Other speakers have addressed themselves to objects more definitely within reach. I trust that one result of this meeting will be that those who have the administration of the stores will provide that their administration shall present a model of what retail trade could be; that they will lead the way in fixing hours; that they will provide, in some way, for pensions for those who have served them faithfully; that they will secure that the workman shall feel that he has a deep interest in the work, and that he shares the full pleasure of its success, for that is the soul of co-operation. Man must trust man. He must enter into the pleasures and feel the

sorrows of his fellows; and as he gives the whole of his life to the work, he knows that he will enter on the fulness of the lives of all with whom he is united in the living bond of human union. That is what co-operation means. That is an end which, I trust, this meeting will bring a little nearer to accomplishment. I again thank you. I feel that a Bishop's work is well fulfilled in being present at a meeting like this.

Owing to the indisposition of the Archbishop of York, the Bishop of Durham was required, at very short notice, to preside at the Church Congress held at Hull in October 1890. To many the Bishop's conduct on this occasion was quite a revelation. The "recluse" showed himself to be a man of affairs. His opening address came "as a surprise to every one, except perhaps those who knew him best. It was expected that he would, as he reasonably might have done, claim exemption from the task, and confine his remarks to a few pleasantries; but what he really did was to deliver an address which will rank with the ablest productions of his predecessors in the presidential chair." As this address was drawing to a close a sudden blaze of sunlight lit up the crowded platform. "How the frail form quivers, and how the thin, penetrating voice gathers earnestness and vigour as he draws to an eloquent close, whilst he declares that God is in our midst as surely as He has been before, and that in such a Presence all petty differences must shrivel up as in a great furnace. And then a great stillness, and then the multitude breaks into a tumult of applause, as he sinks back into his seat, and buries his trembling head between his prayerful hands. A really sublime moment was this, the sublimity of which was intensified by the rising to its feet of all that vast assemblage, and by the

singing in splendid unity of the magnificent hymn of antiquity, 'Veni Creator Spiritus.'"

The Bishop's paper on Socialism, which is said to have "fluttered the ecclesiastical dovecots" at this Congress, was republished by him in his *The Incarnation and Common Life.*

The Church Congress of 1890 was generally regarded as a success, but what my father thought of it does not appear. He wrote one letter thence to his wife:—

CHURCH CONGRESS, HULL,
HENGLER'S CIRCUS, *30th September* 1890.

You will see, my dearest Mary, that I am performing "Presidential functions"—by writing to you! The first meeting is nearly over. The question has not been a burning one, and all things have so far gone well; but perhaps the report which you get will give you fuller accounts. Mr. Boutflower is a very careful guardian, and my hosts are most kind. I think that I see Mr. Alder, but I have altogether failed to elicit an answering smile. I must say no more. Love to all. —Ever your most affectionate, B. F. DUNELM.

In December 1890 the Bishop notes one day in his text-book that he was able to do a little work at *The Gospel of Life*, being the "first non-episcopal work" that he had been able to do since he had come to Durham. Besides his numerous diocesan engagements, the Bishop felt it to be his duty from time to time to attend important meetings in London, and deliver speeches on such matters as University Extension, Peace, and Church Defence. Besides this, he promoted private conferences at Auckland Castle on social questions, the subjects considered during 1891 being National Insurance and Co-operation. In addition to his own cares, too, he sympathised in many anxieties with Archbishop Benson, to whose

appeals he never turned a deaf ear. In the midst of all this work it is little short of marvellous that he was able by laborious use of his brief autumn holidays to prepare for the press *The Gospel of Life*. This work, so sadly incomplete, is the last of his Essays. All that he published thereafter were collections of sermons and speeches, to the preparation of which all his thoughts were now perforce directed.

In connexion with this work a reviewer said :[1]—

Bishop Westcott is a great Christian philosopher as well as expositor. He has had given to him one of the keenest minds of the nineteenth century—keen in analysis, in insight, in far-reaching vision, sweeping sometimes to the very borderlands. He has a quick apprehension of analogies and general laws, and sees at once the significance and bearing of new facts. We repeat, he is in every way one of the greatest intellectual forces of the day. Now no reader can put down this, or any one of his volumes, without saying, whether he agrees with him or not—"This man believes with all his heart and soul and mind and strength." He has the surest possible confidence in the future of the Christian faith. Others may see a peradventure, like a worm i' th' bud; he sees nothing but a new earth, the morning star, and the seventh heaven. When one of our greatest has this so boundless hope, we may take courage. For our part, in reading what he writes, we are always thankful most of all for the contagious warmth and glow of the Saviour's living touch. It gleams on every living page. Too many who discuss these things do it with the formal spirit of the mere searcher after truth. Their cold steel pierces to the dividing asunder, and they do manage to show us the true and the false, but in the process they chill our very joints and marrow. The great northern Bishop never sins this sin. Long may he live, and his light shine bright and yet brighter unto the perfect day!

This book is properly connected with my father's

[1] In the *Review of the Churches*.

work at Cambridge, and has been already mentioned; but it is a Durham work too, for it is a silent witness to the sacrifice involved in his acceptance of the See.

In January 1892 the Bishop gave four addresses at a Quiet Day for Schoolmasters held at Harrow. These addresses were privately printed under the title of ΘΕΟΥ ΣΥΝΕΡΓΟΙ.[1]

The two following letters are concerned with that undertaking:—

To his eldest Son

Lollards' Tower, *12th May* 1891.

I have been pondering at stray moments for nearly a week as to whether I ought to undertake the next Masters' Quiet Day. It is at Wellington, which is far off, and has no special claim, and I cannot feel sure that I ought to give up the time and strength to this work. You will know better than I do, from experience, whether I ought to make the effort. So give me your counsel. One can only do a certain amount of work.

To Professor Hort

Bishop Auckland, *20th January* 1892.

. . . The meeting at Harrow was most touching. Influenza kept away a third of our company, but I felt no want of numbers. A remark in *The Guardian* which spoke of "a loose view of ordination"—or something of the kind—as justifying or excusing the ordination of masters, made me burn with indignation.

Archbishop Benson consulted my father in April as to a subject for the devotional meeting of the Church Congress of 1892. In reply (12th April) to the Archbishop's letter he says, "Would not your subject be 'Christian Doctrine and Christian Life?' I find it hard

[1] God's fellow-workers. 1 Cor. iii. 9.

enough to fit the two together as things are." To a further suggestion that he should himself speak or write on this subject, he replied :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 16*th May* 1892.

My dear Archbishop—Alas! it is absolutely impossible. All being well, I must give a Charge in October, and every spare hour and all stray thoughts must be turned to this. You cannot imagine how work grows and strength and heart fail; yet there is nothing to be done but to continue to offer what one has.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

The third year of the Bishop's episcopate was destined to be eventful. In the following letters to his wife he comments on its advent :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 30*th April* 1892.

The eve of my last birthday.[1] How many thoughts it raises! Perhaps I have done as much as I ever hoped to do, and yet how little it is, how fragmentary, and how imperfect! The work has been very exhausting, but I think that I have borne it very fairly well, and next week will, with the exception of two meetings, be comparatively quiet.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *SS. Philip and James*, 1892.

And so, my dearest Mary, I have really entered on my third year. May whatever is given of it to use be made more fruitful! It has been a most bright day, but with a cold wind.

I have just been to see our stable-boy. He seems to have had a kick about a fortnight ago, and it has taken a bad turn.[2]

[1] My father's "last birthday" was, of course, the day of his consecration. The dates of his installations at Peterborough and Westminster were also "birthdays."

[2] The boy died. The Bishop himself conducted the service by the grave's side, while his chaplain read the lesson.

When my father was appointed to the See of Durham a paper remarked : " We shall not be surprised to hear of his acting as arbitrator in some great mining quarrel between masters and men, and whatever he does he will do so well as to ensure respect for his decision." This prophecy was remarkably verified, and his episcopate will, I suppose, continue to be memorable on account of his successful mediation in the great struggle in the coalfields of Durham in 1892.

So early as April 1891 the Coal-owners' Association had intimated that, in view of the recent considerable fall in the prices of coal and coke, a reduction in wages could not be long deferred. Hereupon anxious communications were exchanged between the Mining Federation and the Owners' Association, until it became evident that there could be no issue but a general Strike. On 3rd March 1892 the Bishop addressed a letter to his clergy in which he says :—

> You will, I think, agree with me in thinking that it is our duty, in the present time of great anxiety, when our chief industry is threatened by serious dangers, to request the prayers of our congregations that it may please God to grant to all on whom rests the responsibility of counsel or action in regard to the matters now in dispute such a spirit of forbearance and considerate wisdom as may avert the national calamity which hangs over us.

On 9th March work at the pits ceased, and was not resumed until 3rd June. The immediate effect of the Strike was to put between 80,000 and 90,000 men out of work. But the other industries of the county were also affected. In the Cleveland district distress and poverty soon ensued. The shipping interest was partially paralysed. The railway mineral traffic was

suspended, and about two hundred trains belonging to the North-Eastern Railway were brought to a standstill. In the engineering industry men were put on short time, and business among tradesmen gradually declined. Both sides, in view of the widespread distress, were anxious to justify their conduct in the eyes of the general public by means of letters to the press. But into the details of this terrible struggle, which inflicted a loss on the country which can hardly be estimated[1] (in wages alone about £1,100,000), it is unnecessary here to enter. The Bishop's action is what concerns us. The following letters to the Rev. E. Price, Rural Dean of Bishop Auckland, illustrate this point :—

To Rev. E. Price

Grange, 14*th April* 1892.

At the very beginning I wrote to the Federation, but had no encouragement whatever to attempt any service. A few days ago I wrote to the wisest leader of the men, but as yet I have had no answer. I was not sure of his address. But I am more than half afraid that the warning in the last Federation circular, that "the men wanted no outside interference," might perhaps have a personal meaning. If the first ballot places the settlement, as I hope it will, in the hands of the Board—this I suppose will be known to-morrow—I could not, I imagine, be of use. If the ballot is unfavourable to a settlement, I will write at once. It is doubtful whether we can hear the result here. If it is against leaving the matter in the hands of the Board, will you let Basil know, and ask him to telegraph to me, that I may not lose a post?

I think that I have not lost any opportunity so far, though there is indeed little to show. It has been to me a time of the deepest anxiety.

[1] Generally computed at about £3,000,000.

GRANGE, *Easter Eve* [16*th April*], 1892.

My friend, in whose judgment I think all would rely, tells me that in his opinion outside interference would do harm, and that there is no opening for me. What I can learn at present of the result of the last ballot makes me feel very unhappy. The men seem to distrust their Board. I shall consult my friend again on this new issue. I met by accident a leading statesman to-day, and he thought that I could not do anything as yet. Alas!

But may Easter bring light to you and to all!

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 30*th April* 1892.

I have written to my authoritative counsellor on the Strike question, and asked him to telegraph to me if he thinks that I can do any good by writing. Every one, I believe, knows quite well that I am most anxious to do anything which will really be of service.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 2*nd May*.

I have had a message that such a letter "will not do harm, and may do good." So I have written a few lines to you, which I leave in your hands.

The following open letter to Mr. Price was published in the *Times*:—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
2*nd May* 1892.

My dear Mr. Price — You know well with what deep anxiety and sorrow I have watched the course of the Strike which has brought widespread loss and distress on Durham and the neighbouring districts. If I have refrained from offering open counsel, it has been because, in the judgment of those who were best able to advise me, I was more likely to do harm than good by such interference. Yet it is difficult for me to remain silent when I have received the charge to set forward, as far as lies in me, peace among all men. It is not, indeed, for me to offer any opinion on the question in

dispute. It would be well, I think, if we all remembered that these can only be dealt with satisfactorily by a few representative men who are able to investigate in conference every fact and statement which is alleged, frankly, fully, and patiently, with adequate and comprehensive knowledge. It has been for the holding of such a conference, invested with full powers, that I have pleaded in private whenever I have had an opportunity of speaking.

The owners and miners have several Boards, to whose experience, knowledge, and sagacity the decision might, as far as I am able to judge, be unreservedly entrusted. If, however, under the peculiar circumstances of this dispute, it should seem well to obtain an independent opinion, I cannot but believe that a Board composed of three representatives of the owners and three representatives of the miners and three business men unconnected with this special industry would command universal confidence.

No argument could fail to receive due weight in the deliberations of such a body. The grounds of their verdict would, I imagine, be laid before the world, and masters and men would alike be gainers by the loyal acceptance of a policy of just conciliation.

It seems to me that far more is now at stake than the fair adjustment of a local difference. We are required to consider, under the stress of sharp trial, our true relations to one another and the wider effect of our action both in the present and the future.

In our quiet moments we all recognise that the right conduct of life depends upon mutual trust and upon the endeavour to fulfil duties rather than to maintain rights. The wellbeing of labour cannot be independent of the wellbeing of trade. Experience proves that in the long run all classes in a nation rejoice and suffer together. This consciousness of our fellowship as men is coming more and more to influence the character of our ordinary intercourse. It includes, as I hold, the solution of some of the problems which most perplex us, and I cannot therefore but hope that all with whom the settlement or continuance of the present struggle rests will take account of the larger number of

sufferers outside who have no voice in the matter, in determining the course which they will adopt, and be enabled to set aside, if need be, the exclusive maintenance of what they hold to be their special interests for the sake of the common good.

Would that I could do anything to further the meeting of such a conference as I have sketched! It would be truly a Bishop's work.—Yours most sincerely, B. F. DUNELM.

This last letter prepared the way for more direct action, so that before the end of the month the Bishop was enabled to approach the conflicting bodies. Accordingly, on 25th May, he forwarded the following letter to the Chairman of the Owners' Association and to the Secretary of the Federation Board:—

My dear Sir—The time seems to have come when one who has necessarily watched the course of the present disastrous Strike with deep and dispassionate anxiety should express an opinion on the facts, which do not require any technical knowledge for their interpretation.

There appears to be an agreement between both parties as to the substantial reduction in wages which is required, and as to the method to be employed for the settlement of future differences as to wages. I plead most earnestly that this general agreement should at once be carried into effect.

In accordance with this view, the last resolution adopted by the Owners on Saturday suggests a just and honourable arrangement, which would, I believe, be of lasting benefit to the great industries of the county.

I would therefore propose that the pits should be opened with the least possible delay on two conditions:

1. That there should be an immediate reduction of wages of 10 per cent.

2. That the question of any further reduction should be referred to a Wages Board, to be established with full powers to deal with this and with all future differences as to the increase or reduction of wages.

Such a Board would, I feel confident, call out and deepen,

by frank conference, that feeling of trust and sympathy between masters and men through which alone stable concord can be maintained in the face of an apparent (though not real) conflict of material interests.

Even a day's delay at the present time is of serious moment, and I venture to add that if the main principle of this arrangement is acceptable, I shall be glad to welcome the representatives of the Owners' Association and of the Federation Board at Auckland, on Saturday morning, to discuss details.—Believe me to be yours most faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
25th May 1892.

The Owners, through their Chairman, Sir Lindsay Wood, replied on 28th May :—

My Lord Bishop—I have had the opportunity to-day of submitting your Lordship's letter to me of the 25th inst., to the Durham Coal-owners' Wages Committee, who authorise me to express their appreciation of your proposal that a meeting between the Owners' representatives and the Men's representatives should be held at Auckland Castle, under your Lordship's presidentship, in the hope that some terms of settlement may thereby be arrived at.

The Owners' Committee feels that it is due not merely to your Lordship's position, but to the care and thought you have given to the unfortunate dispute now existing in the Durham Coal Trade, that the Owners should avail themselves of your invitation. This they would do with every desire to bring about a settlement, but without committing themselves to the particular lines on which it might be found possible to rest it. It will be regarded as the object of such a conference to discover what line of settlement is possible.—I am, my Lord Bishop, yours obediently,

LINDSAY WOOD, *Chairman.*

On the same day the following reply was forwarded on behalf of the Federation Board :—

DURHAM, 28*th May.*

Your Lordship—In pursuance of the promise made by the Secretary of the Federation Board in acknowledging the receipt of your favour of the 26th inst., your communication was to-day considered by the United Committees of the Federated Associations, when we were directed by the members to convey their sincere thanks to your Lordship for the kindly interest shown, and the laudable desire manifested towards bringing to a termination the unhappy and unfortunate wages dispute between the Coal-owners and the workmen of the county. We would further desire to state that, whilst the workmen have decided to concede "a substantial reduction in wages," it is not because they deem that the Owners are entitled to such amount, namely, 10 per cent (seeing that they would have continued work at a $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent reduction), but rather owing to the circumstances attending the protracted lock-out as affecting the workmen directly connected therewith and also those of other allied industries, a condition which, as yet, the Owners have apparently not recognised, except as an instrument of exaction. We observe that your Lordship grounds a hope for "a just and honourable arrangement" being effected upon the basis of the last resolution given by the Owners to the workmen at the meeting of the 21st inst. The workmen, however, fail to see a similar probability so far as the present dispute is concerned. The resolution in question has but reference to an arrangement "for the settlement of any future county wages question," the unwritten portion thereof being that, before such arrangement would become operative (even if arranged "before" the resumption of work), a reduction of $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent must be conceded by the workmen, and, considering that we have already exceeded the demand of the Owners upon which the stoppage of work took place by $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, but which we had offered in the hope of reconciliation, and having been met by refusals on every occasion, we deem it right that in the interests of trade and the good of the people at large, the Owners should act in a manner that would indicate a similar spirit. We would further desire to point out to your Lord-

ship that the formation of a Wages Board was not a portion of the original question in dispute, but was introduced by the Owners after the lapse of four weeks from the commencement of the lock-out, and even then not as a means for the settlement of the present dispute; and by the introduction of this subject, and the raising of their claims to 13½ per cent, they have complicated and aggravated the situation. Inasmuch as the letter of your Lordship has appeared in the press, and as the public may not have the facility of reference to the Owners' resolution, we therefore consider it advisable to give similar publicity to this, together with the resolution upon which you base your suggestions for a conference. Whilst we are thankful to your Lordship for this further manifestation of sympathy and willingness to help, we would be ready to accept your offer to meet the Owners in your presence as soon as they intimate their desire to do so, for we cannot forget, and it would be unjust to our membership were we not to state, that we have hitherto made every effort to settle this dispute, and are of opinion that the blame for the prolongation rests solely with the employers.—Believing that your Lordship will concur in this, we are, on behalf of the workmen, yours respectfully,

W. H. LAMBTON. L. TROTTER.
ERNEST FOSTER. JOHN WILSON.

On 30th May the Bishop was in London, having to attend the annual meeting of the International Arbitration Association, when he received the final telegram :—

The Federation Board and Owners' Wages Committee are prepared to meet your Lordship at Auckland at 12.30 o'clock to-morrow (Tuesday). Hope this convenient. Please reply.

The Bishop was able to catch an evening train to Durham, and sleep there, arriving at Bishop Auckland on the following morning. But before he left London an interesting incident occurred. He was presiding at the International Arbitration meeting above mentioned,

and "towards the close of the proceedings he mentioned his intended effort to bring about a settlement of the great Colliery Strike, and then with simple, unaffected earnestness he invited the prayers of his hearers for the success of his undertaking, and for the Divine blessing upon its issue. Very instructive, as well as very appropriate, was this public confession of the power and efficacy of prayer. Neither in London nor elsewhere are mixed audiences habituated to such an acknowledgment, though they greatly need to be reminded of this truth. And it required some boldness, even in a Bishop, thus, from a metropolitan platform, to prove his fidelity to his God."

On the next day the Representatives of Capital and Labour met at Auckland Castle, where together they partook of luncheon with the Bishop. Then the Conference on wages commenced.[1]

The Bishop, in opening the proceedings, said that when he was appointed to the See he was asked whether he would, according to his power, set forward love and peace among all men. It was in this spirit that he had offered his services to-day. They all wanted to arrive at a just and honourable settlement, and he appealed to each side to subordinate their own immediate interests for the common good. He put forward three considerations:

1. That all the disturbing influences of the past few weeks should be put aside, and the problem be faced with a sincere desire to achieve a settlement.

2. Not to look alone upon the immediate result of to-day's meeting, but to consider the judgment

[1] Sir David Dale has kindly forwarded what is, he says, an almost verbatim account of the proceedings at this Conference, of which I gladly avail myself in part.

which would be passed upon that result a few months or a year hence.

3. That what they were striving for finally should not merely be the settlement of the present difficulty, but, what was far more important, the establishment of real fellowship between capital and labour.

In conclusion, he urged that, as the Durham coal trade had been noted for its conciliation in the past, it should be conciliatory now.

The leaders of either party having thanked the Bishop for his assistance, then conferred together under his chairmanship. After considerable discussion, the two parties separated and considered the matter apart, the Bishop passing to and fro between them. Eventually the Bishop, addressing the Owners' Committee, appealed for a mitigation of terms; what they all wanted to arrive at was an endurable arrangement. Let him be allowed to plead for what, in the present distress, was generous—a present reduction of 10 per cent. He knew a little of the feelings of the men; he had passed in and out among them, and during this sore time of trial he had certainly been (let him say it) proud of their endurance. They had shown manliness and power in courageously adhering to what they considered their solemn obligation, and therefore he thought they could be trusted. Then again the Owners must consider—if they would pardon him for saying so—they had to deal with a body of men who had, he supposed, exhausted their earnings to the uttermost. He should think now that most of them, at any rate, were not only destitute but in debt. And there was the further consideration, which the Owners could estimate far better than he could, what was likely to be the effect of this nearly three months' idleness on

those who are engaged in this occupation—were they likely to be able to exercise their skill to their own greatest profit? Therefore, not in the least degree challenging the perfect equity of the uttermost claim the Owners made (he was not competent to do that), but simply, he would use a very strong word, imploring them to consider the future, to regard the judgment which would be passed upon their action to-day a year hence, he implored them to be generous to the utmost. He believed in his heart that they would reap an ample return; he believed that if the men saw that, after an explanation given and received, the Owners conceded what they (the men) had no doubt very reluctantly offered, there would be at least the beginning of that cordial trust which might be the foundation of better things. He might say that what had pained him most during the whole of this disastrous strike had been that the men had neither trusted one another nor their Owners; neither their leaders nor their employers. He felt at least that if the Owners were to press as they could—he did not question that—as they could press (he could only call it a solution) a solution by starvation, that the outlook of the whole industry of England was likely to be very serious. He therefore with whatever—he did not like to use such a word as influence—but with whatever weight the experience of his office, and his knowledge of men, and the sense of his responsibility (as he had said, to set forward love and peace among all men), could give him, asked them at any rate to consider with favour whether they could not accept such an arrangement as was contemplated—he meant to accept it until the trade had regained its normal state and they were able to lay the whole case before a Board

competent to deal with it in its totality. He knew the difficulties ; he knew they pressed ; he had inquired enough to know that they were unequal in different quarters ; but still he believed that those who for the moment might possibly lose would, in the end, gain.

At a later stage of the meeting, the Bishop informed the Owners that the men had an alternative offer :

First, An immediate reduction of $7\frac{1}{2}$, and all above that (whatever it might be in addition) to be referred to arbitration, with the recommendation for the establishment of the Wages Board—which he (the Bishop) imagined would not deal with this claim.

Or *Second*, A present reduction of 10 per cent and a similar undertaking to the best of their ability to establish a complete Conciliation Board.

He then stated that he had not the shadow of a doubt about the Federation Board's conviction of the necessity for a Conciliation Board, and they also expressed the opinion that "leaders must be leaders."

The Committee, after deliberating in private, adopted the following resolution :—

The Federation Board having offered explanations as to the establishment of a system of conciliation in the future, which the Bishop of Durham recommends the Owners to accept as satisfactory, and the Bishop having strongly appealed to the Owners—not on the ground of any judgment on his part of the reasonableness or otherwise of the Owners' claim of $13\frac{1}{2}$ per cent, but solely on the ground of consideration for the impoverished condition of the men and of the generally prevailing distress—to reopen the pits at a present reduction of 10 per cent (that is, from 35 to 25 per cent above standard) with the full expectation that wages will be hereafter amicably settled by the system of conciliation contemplated, the Owners yield to the Bishop's appeal on these grounds and assent thereto.

This was afterwards read to the men in the presence of the Bishop, who expressed his satisfaction, stating that this was the happiest five minutes of his life.

Meanwhile an anxious crowd of several thousands was waiting without. One of them thus describes his experiences :—

I formed one of a crowd of several thousands who yesterday waited more or less patiently outside the episcopal palace at Auckland for five mortal hours to receive the earliest possible intelligence of the issue of the negotiations proceeding within. Although we were scattered over a wide area, there was no mistake we did form a big crowd. Filling the spacious Market-place, standing uneasily in groups on its uncomfortable coble stone pavement, or sitting perilously on the rickety wooden stalls placed ready for next day's market; squatting pitman fashion on our "hunkers," back to the wall, we formed a long line down the whole length of the great gates to the Castle entrance; and most of all, crowded on the carriage drive inside the park, and pressing up against the iron gates of the handsome stone screen which divides off the private gardens of the Castle from the beautiful park so generously thrown open to the public. We are already waiting when the accredited representatives of capital and labour, in whose hands rest the issues of peace or a prolongation of the disastrous war, arrive. The coal-owners drive up in a big lumbering omnibus of the pattern so familiar in the Lake district, and we accord them a very frigid sort of welcome. We cannot forget their refusal of the 10 per cent the other week, and it would take a centrifugal pump to force a cheer from us for them as they pass. A very different reception awaits the members of the Federation Board as they trudge up, headed by Secretary Patterson, looking a dozen years older and greyer for the strain and stress of the past twelve weeks, for we cheer them heartily, and then settle down to wait as patiently as we can for the result. Some of us seek the nearest house of refreshment within the meaning of the Act, but most of us wait quietly about the Castle entrance, going out into the Market-place for a draw of the

cutty now and then, for smoking is forbidden in the park. At two o'clock the stragglers are all back, for the reporters, who went in at the opening of the Conference, said they had been told to return at two. A couple of them pass the big gate and enter the Castle, only to return with no news, and in this case no news is bad news, for every additional half-hour seems to render a settlement less likely. We can see the heads of the negotiators ever and anon at one of the windows. There seems some hitch, for whilst the Federation leaders—Wilson, Galbraith, and Palmer, of Silksworth fame—are conversing eagerly in the big bow window of the conference room, the coal-owners are seen debating in another apartment. The two sides appear to reunite and again to separate, and still no word or sign of a settlement. The suspense is terrible, no word is spoken, yet each reads in his neighbour's face the reflection of his own fears that the negotiations have failed. Even the news of Sir Hugo's victory at Epsom fails to arouse more than the faintest ripple of interest on the outskirts of the crowd. The two reporters again make their way through our midst, and cross the grounds into the Castle. So long do they remain that we are assured there must be some news this time, but no—they have only been inspecting the chapel — the conference is likely to last at least another hour. Our gloom deepens, for the chances of settlement now seem very remote. A cab which has been waiting inside the grounds draws off, but it is empty. The big omnibus drives up again, and surely, we think, the meeting will be over now. Vain hope. The cab, we learn, has gone to the station to delay the special train by which the Bishop is to travel south. A footman hurries down from the Castle to the gate at which we wait, and we are on the tiptoe of expectation, but he is only charged with a request that we will keep off the grass. As the minutes slowly pass the excitement becomes intense. The reporters get to the front again as the police sergeant comes down to the gate, and force their way inside. The man in blue expostulates—he has orders to admit no one, but the men of letters are inside and inside they stick, arguing the matter out, but budging not an inch. Presently—at ten minutes to five

precisely—there is quite a buzz of excitement amongst us, for the Conference is evidently breaking up. Genial Billy Golightly, the confidential secretary of the Miners' Union, appears in the bow window and signals "victory," holding up his ten fingers to indicate the terms. "That's good enough," says a *Gazette* reporter, and he's off like a shot before the rest of his confrères are aware of the signal. We hardly dare believe the news, however: it seems too good to be true. The big omnibus rolls out laden with coal-owners, who vouchsafe to us the information that "it's settled," but are silent as to terms. Another reporter who has been up in the Castle now returns with confirmation of the glad tidings: "Strike settled, 10 per cent." The news spreads like wildfire. Scores rush off to carry it into the town or wire it to waiting friends. The Bishop—all smiles, and evidently, as he told a *Gazette* reporter, well satisfied with the result of his day's work—drives out in a cab, with Mr. David Dale and Mr. Patterson as his companions, for the station. We raise a mighty cheer for the Bishop, which is taken up and re-echoed through the Market-place, but we wait for confirmation of the news. John Wilson, "Lance" Trotter, Lambton, Sam Galbraith, and the rest of the men's leaders follow on foot, and we literally mob them as they pass through the gates. They confirm our tidings, with the added information that a meeting is to be held on Friday at Newcastle to settle details. Another and a mightier cheer goes up. Wilson and his colleagues are caught and fairly hugged by some of the more enthusiastic, whilst others of us seize and waltz one another round on the carriage-drive as madly as ever we danced at a flower-show ball. Hats and caps are thrown into the air, and we cheer ourselves hoarse. Our slow advance up Great Gates and through the Market-place is like a triumphal procession, the cheers ringing out without cessation, whilst the Federation Board have to undergo an ordeal of hand-shaking which would unnerve an American President. The Strike is over, and the masters have accepted our offer.

This Conference took place on 1st June. Work at the pits was resumed on 3rd June.

Next day the Bishop addressed the following letter to the incumbents of the diocese :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, *2nd June* 1892.

Reverend and dear Brother—I shall, I am sure, give expression to your own desire in requesting you to ask your parishioners to offer their humble and hearty thanks to God for our happy deliverance from the strife by which the diocese has been long afflicted ; and to pray that we may all hereafter be enabled through His help to set forward more effectually than before the cause of brotherhood and love, by which we are taught that Christians should be known.—Yours most faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

The same day the papers at home and abroad were full of the Bishop's praises. This circumstance, however, would not contribute much to his thankfulness and joy at the conclusion of the strife. Nor yet would he have derived much satisfaction from some of the abuse which was at the same time heaped upon him ; for it was so palpably unmerited. There will always be people, I suppose, incapable of believing in disinterested action, so persons were not wanting on this occasion who declared that the Bishop was merely acting in the interests of his own income, which was popularly supposed to depend on royalties on coal.[1]

One person, seized with the divine afflatus, bursts into song :—

> The Bishop of Durham is useful at last,
> He has settled the strike, all trouble is past,
> For this he, I think, is entitled to thanks,
> His royalties should now rise at once on the banks.

[1] Such sentiments as those quoted above were not very generally entertained ; but it is painful to reflect that they were publicly expressed by a candidate for Parliament.

The Bishop with his ten thousand a year
Wrung out of labour, brings many a tear,
Has he assisted in all the distress?
Yes, he has helped them to ten per cent less.

The poet concludes by apostrophising the Bishop thus: "Filthy with lucre, most reverend divine."

Another indignant miner, in a very lengthy prose document, asserts, "A ten per cent reduction from your vast income or sumptuous living would make a great change in your larder or wine-cellar." And yet the good Bishop regularly gave away twenty-five per cent of his income in charity; was a teetotaller for others' sake, although from his boyhood up to about his fiftieth year he had been accustomed to alcoholic beverages; and would, if left to himself, have subsisted entirely on dry toast and weak tea.

The Bishop always felt that it was a degradation to be dragged about by horses, and although in his old age he was compelled to submit to the indignity, he would always sit miserably huddled up in a corner of the carriage with his back to the horses, as a sort of protest against the horrid necessity. Such was the reality. But the indignant miner in a grand flight of fancy exclaims, "When you are taking your pleasant driving out, driven along by your postilion and other retinue in your splendid equipage and richly-caparisoned and well-fed steeds . . ."

Two letters written by the Bishop after his successful mediation may be here given:—

To Archdeacon Watkins

G.N.R., *2nd June* [1892].

Very many thanks for your most kind sympathy. We ought, as we have before asked the help of God, to thank Him for the mercy which He has shown us.

To Professor Hort

Bishop Auckland, *3rd June* 1892.

My dear Hort—Your thought of me in this heavy strain is very welcome. It was worth doing at any cost; and I have just received a telegram from the Secretaries of the two bodies saying that the arrangements for recommencing work are so far completed that they will not require to trouble me again. I was appointed to settle any difference that might arise as to the reinstatement of the old men. The men have shown great powers of obedience, endurance, and self-control, and I completely trust their loyalty.

It will be some time before I shall be quiet again. The last half-hour of waiting on Wednesday was terrible. I dare not think what failure would have meant. At the end the owners were glad, I believe, that they had made the concession, but I had to speak as my office enabled me to speak. —Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

Most of the world was content to echo "Blessed are the peacemakers," and that is surely comment enough on this incident in the Bishop's life. Yet to mitigate the horrors of the pitman's poetry quoted above I venture to reproduce another little piece which has a truer ring:—

THE PIT WIFE'S ADDRESS TO THE SAFETY LAMP[1]

My canny wee lamp has come back to wor hoose,
After th' pit has been three months loose;
A' sure I's as pleased as when Sall wes born,
For Geordie gans back te work in th' morn.

[1] At the commencement of the Strike, all the miners handed over their lamps to the colliery officials. When work is resumed, the miners invariably carry home their own lamps, which are looked upon by the wives as part of the furniture. The presence of the lamp again in the house is supposed to call forth the above lines.

My canny wee lamp hangs up in its place,
An' I've polish'd its bonny wee face ;
I've missed it sair, an' been lonely an' lorn,
But Geordie gans back te work in th' morn.

My canny wee lamp luiks se pleasant an' bright,
As it hangs on the wall both by day and by night,
That I knaw there's no fear of trouble or sorrowin',
For Geordie gans back te work in th' morn.

My canny wee lamp's th' best friend I've got,
For like me it's a share in wor Geordie's lot,
An' for poonds I wouldn't noo from it be torn,
For Geordie gans back te work in th' morn.

My canny wee lamp in the pit thy light shed,
So that Geordie may earn for th' bairns thor bread,
An' to hunger an' care keep all of us foreign,
As Geordie gans back te work in th' morn.

J. R.

Immediately after the conclusion of the Conference in the Castle the Bishop took train for Peterborough, to take part in a solemn service of dedication of the new work in the Cathedral. Once more he there occupied the pulpit from which he had so often preached. His text on this occasion was, "Not unto themselves, but unto you," and in the course of his sermon he said :—

The occasion for which we are gathered together constrains us to recall these far-reaching thoughts of inspiring obligation and active gratitude. Every work of loving faith is a spring of inspiration for those to whose care it is entrusted. We know what this Minster has been to many in the past. We know how it has borne for centuries an intelligible message to waiting hearts by the peculiar features of its structure: how it has symbolised the wide welcome of the faith by the amplitude of its unique portal; how it has expressed the self-devotion of service in the unity of the long nave, guarded through changing styles; how it has shown in the western porch that an urgent peril may be made the

occasion of a fresh beauty; how it speaks to us in the southern spire of a loyal skill with which a master crowns the unfinished design of another with a work of matchless grace.

Thus the mediæval builders wrote their thoughts in their temples for our learning; and the lesson has not been unheeded here or unfruitful. Among the memories of this Minster none is dearer, I think, to those who love it, than that in troublous times, when in the judgment of sober men we seemed to be on the verge of a revolution, its guardians accomplished on a noble scale the work of restoration, which as a sign and a call has since quickened corporate Church life throughout our land. That work trained on the spot a school of artists and craftsmen of whom the city may be proud. To-day children complete the work of their fathers, and hand on the great tradition which they have received, showing in new forms that faithfulness, life, hope are the unchangeable attributes of true art.

So it is that everything about us speaks of tender reverence for the work of our fathers and of confident trust in the work of our children. Here, in a peculiar sense, old and new meet together. And it is as shrines guarding the offerings of every generation that our great churches do their work, and bind age to age with natural piety, sacraments to us in a most true sense "of the grace of life," active in many parts and in many fashions. If we forget the past in the most generous and thankful enthusiasm for that which God has shown to us, we shall not wisely serve the future. But in this Minster such forgetfulness is impossible. Change follows change, but all changes are harmonised by one unchanging life. The legend of Oswald, which connects Peterborough with my northern home, tells us in a noble parable how simplicity of devotion clothes the corruptible with incorruption. The arm hallowed by deeds of love can never decay. The fashion of this world passeth away, but he who doeth the will of God—who strives only to express His glory by thought and work—abideth for ever.

Such thoughts carry us forward. When it was my happy privilege to minister here, I was glad to speak once and again of our debt to the past. Now I wish to speak of our debt to

the future. It is but another aspect of the same truth. For, as we contemplate our gathered treasures, we cannot but ask to what use we shall put them, and so we pass on to the wider question of the office which we are called to fulfil for our children.

The dedication ceremony was performed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, who said afterwards in a speech delivered at the public luncheon in the Corn Exchange :—

Our cathedrals are in themselves a great lesson of the unity of the Church during the past ages, and I attribute the spread of the desire for their restoration largely to the publication some thirty years ago of a series of articles by Canon Westcott, when he first came to Peterborough from Harrow, in *Macmillan's Magazine*. The determination which has expressed itself since then to see that every cathedral in the land is properly restored has been very marked.

On the following day my father returned to Bishop Auckland, and notes in his text-book that he saw "some smiling faces in the park." A few days later he gathered together a private Conference at the Castle to consider the question of profit-sharing.

The Bishop's brief holiday this year was devoted to work on the Epistle to the Ephesians, and to the Charge which he delivered at his Primary Visitation in the following November. This Charge was entitled "The Incarnation—a Revelation of Human Duties," and attracted general and serious attention. From it I will quote but one brief paragraph which one has described as "a nugget of gold" :—

Men cannot, even with a show of reason, press their "rights" to the uttermost. They ask for forgiveness as they have forgiven—forgiven, that is, real wrongs—forgone just

claims. We have indeed "no rights but duties"; and these can never be discharged in full. In strictness of account we must remain debtors to the end; and through the obligations of our Faith we are debtors to all who need us.

In October 1892 the Bishop was present at the opening of the winter session of the Durham College of Medicine at Newcastle. He says of this function in a letter to his wife:—

NEWCASTLE, *4th October* 1892.

The meeting is over. It was a wild scene, but the men really listened very patiently to me. As a rule, they sprang rattles and blew trumpets and shouted and sang "For he's a jolly good fellow" and the like. There was not the faintest attempt at discipline, and the poor men were at the extreme end of a long crowded room. However, I spoke over all the rest to them and they seemed to follow. . . .

The following are some of the words that he spoke:—

Our work, let us remember, is our life, and not simply the means for our living. It is our work which makes us what we are and what we shall be. You are justly proud of your profession. You are called to a work which opens for you a field of inexhaustible research. You are called to render direct service to men, and a service of which the good is recognised gratefully and at once. And sometimes, perhaps, in my own work, I have been almost tempted to envy the physician the speed and the certainty of his own return. But then we know that each profession has its dangers exactly in proportion as it is engrossing. I know the dangers of your profession because I know the dangers of my own. Both studies, the study of theology and the study of medicine, are engrossing, and therefore they tend to be one-sided. We theologians are tempted to regard only moral forces and moral results. The physician, on the other hand, is tempted only to regard physical forces and physical results. But if the two studies stand, as it were, at the opposite extremes of the one great study of life, here also the proverb is true that extremes

meet. In old times, you will remember, priest and physician were one, and now when the area of knowledge has so indefinitely increased, when now, therefore, this is no longer possible, it seems to me to be of positively vital importance that the priest and the physician should be mutually conversant with each other's principles and with each other's methods.

The close of this eventful year in my father's life was shadowed by the death of his "more than a brother" Professor Hort. The following letters reveal in part his loss:—

To Mrs. Hort

(The day on which Professor Hort died)

Bishop Auckland, *St. Andrew's Day*, 1892.

Dear Mrs. Hort—What can I say? A note which I had yesterday from Dr. Moulton, enclosing one from you, caused me fresh anxiety, but yet I cannot feel that an end has come. You know what Dr. Hort has been to me for more than forty years—far more than a brother, a constant strength and inspiration. His life has passed into many lives. Thus we cannot wholly lose him. That he should have exhausted his last resource of strength in devotion to a friend made the close of work like the whole course. We were last together here. We two felt the presence of a third; and now I must strive to do what remains to be done unguided by the two voices which, as long as I could appeal to them, never failed me.

God will support and comfort you all.—Ever, in affectionate sympathy, yours most sincerely, B. F. Dunelm.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

(The day of Professor Hort's funeral)

Lollards' Tower, *7th December* 1892.

My dear Archbishop—"Stet": yes indeed, and may it always be so.[1] I hardly know my true self otherwise.

[1] The Archbishop had addressed him as "My dear Westcott," and had decided to let it so stand.

We knew that you would be with us *as* you could. The end was as calm and, now we know all, as happy as it could have been. If it had been deferred organic disease might have caused great distress. No doubt the effort to complete the article on Lightfoot, in which he was keenly and joyously interested, hastened the crisis, and this very devotion, as we believe, averted suffering. "Do not wake me," he said (for the usual refreshment), and the words were fulfilled. I never saw death more beautiful; but indeed there was no trace of death, only quiet waiting for the call.

He can have no successor as far as I can see. How have we failed? But God will work in other ways.

I hope that you keep well. Your cares are constantly present to me.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

On the same day he wrote to his eldest son saying:—

The last service is over, and I have had the last sight. Nothing could be less like death. It was perfect peace.

It is strange—very strange—to stand now alone, the survivor of younger friends. Yet while it is day we must work still. My heart is sad for Cambridge. But God fulfils His will.

TO HIS SIXTH SON

AUCKLAND, *2nd Sunday in Advent*, 1892.

You will perhaps already have heard of the great sorrow which has befallen us this week. Dr. Hort passed away in sleep in the early morning of St. Andrew's Day. He had been long ill, but when Brooke was at Cambridge he saw him, and found him better than he expected. I am very glad that he had that last talk. He was, you know, his godson and Dr. Lightfoot's. And now both are gone, and I, the eldest of the three, remain still to do what work I can. So the last link with the Cambridge which I knew is gone. The loss will be very heavy, and there is no one to occupy the vacant place. How hard to look back twenty years, when we three worked together, and could guide the teaching in our own

subject, and now all has passed into other hands, and to other forms of thought. May it all be for good! Yet I had hoped that Dr. Hort would have worked on with me to the end.

I expect to go on from Cambridge to London. On Tuesday evening I have promised to speak in Exeter Hall—a great undertaking. This I have only done once before; but I did not think it right to decline, as I had arranged to be in town.

The Exeter Hall speech mentioned above was delivered by the Bishop at a meeting of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. He then said:—

It cannot be too often insisted on that to cope with prevailing evils is not alone the work of the clergy and the ordinary lay worker. The help of *every Christian man or woman* is needed, and should be called forth to use all influence for the spread of God's kingdom. Leakage and loss would be unknown if every one recognised his or her responsibility in seeking to bring others to Christ. Above all, let us show the power of example by a Christian life. That life lived is of infinitely more value than words. Let it be evidenced in the home and family life. Some say it is a hard thing. And so it is a hard thing. But *do we believe in the Holy Ghost as a living Worker* who takes of the things of Christ and shows them unto us? If we do so believe in Him, all things are possible; but if not, we can do nothing.

In January 1893 the Bishop visited his native town, Birmingham, to be present at the opening of the Grammar School for Girls at Camp Hill. On his way thither he wrote to his wife:—

YORK, *24th January* 1893.

. . . The first crossing of the Tees[1] was as yesterday. I hope that things have not gone backward, and yet how little

[1] The river Tees is the southern boundary of the county and diocese of Durham.

the mass of the people is touched. Yet I hardly see what more can be done. We don't believe enough. Sometimes I think that we are too weary to believe. Well, I will try to look at some notes now. . . .

The address which he delivered at Camp Hill contained, besides his splendid tribute to his old master, Bishop Prince Lee,[1] a plea for "distinctive womanhood." He said :—

Humanity would be impoverished if women were to set themselves to do all that men do, as their rivals and not their helpmates. I do not attempt to adjust in any balance the gifts and graces of men and women. I only contend that they are different, and precious because they are different. I cannot compare their relative value, nor can I compare the relative value of the services which great poets and great artists render to their countrymen. But I know this : that the world is richer through the services of poet and artist alike, far richer than it would be if one were lost in the other. And even if it may seem to be an old man's prejudice, I can form no loftier wish for woman than the poet formed forty years ago, that

> at the last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words.

The Bishop stayed on this occasion with his only sister, Mrs. Sabin, who resided at Moseley. From her house he wrote to his wife :—

MOSELEY, 5.45 [*26th January* 1893].

. . . All has gone off well, I think. Every one was most kind. Dr. Dale was singularly cordial, and even spoke of the "Lord Bishop" once or twice ; but he rightly preferred "Dr. W." I saw Dr. Watson[2] also. The afternoon was very wet, but there was a good gathering. . . .

[1] See vol. i. pp. 25-28.

[2] See vol. i. p. 174.

On the last day of April 1893 the first three years of my father's episcopate were completed. On that day he wrote to a son :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
4th Sunday after Easter, 1893.

To-morrow, as you may remember, is the anniversary of my consecration. I have completed three years of service here. It is very hard to believe. Very little seems to have been done, and yet I have tried to do all that lay in my power. As yet I have not seen all the parishes in the diocese, but I am coming gradually to know them. It is at least a satisfaction that many good men have come to work here. The change which has been made in the last twenty years is, every one says, very wonderful. But there are troublous times before us, and things move quickly.

Several of the Sermons and Addresses delivered by the Bishop in these first years of his episcopate were published by him in a volume entitled *The Incarnation and Common Life*. In the preface to this book he says :—

It can very rarely happen that one who has spent long and busy years as student and teacher should be suddenly called at the close of life to the oversight of a diocese in which the problems of modern life are presented in the most urgent and impressive form. Such a transition brings with it of necessity many strange experiences. It gives by its very unexpectedness a singular reality to earlier thoughts. The Faith which has been pondered in quiet must without preparation be brought into the market-place and vindicated as a power of action. In the following pages I have endeavoured to express what I have felt from time to time when I have been called upon to consider some particular phase of our present life, and to mark, however imperfectly, the application of the Gospel to our own difficulties and sorrows and duties. The highest conceivable attestation of a

Divine revelation lies in its power to meet each new want of man as it arises, and to gain fresh force from the growth of human knowledge. The message of the Incarnation satisfies this criterion in unexpected ways, and our distresses enable us to feel its wider applications.

In concluding a review of this volume, a writer in the *Cambridge Review* says :—

In this, as in all Dr. Westcott's writings, the grace of his thought finds fit expression in beautiful language. As regards the tone of this book, perhaps the most marked feature is its never-failing brightness and hope. The writer fully realises that these are days of trial, but to him "days of trial are days of insight." In the second of two sermons which are added as an appendix to the volume he deals with a subject which he has made in a special sense his own—the Conditions of a Progressive Revelation. He shows how many a time gain has come to Christian faith through apparent loss, and then touches on the questions about the Bible which are to many the special trial of the present day. I cannot refrain from one last quotation on this subject :—"It is not surprising that those who have not been specially led to study the problems of Biblical inquiry should be startled when they are told abruptly how many points of contact in form or substance our Scriptures have with other writings, how fragmentary they are, how intensely human in their structure and characteristics, how we can see them, as it were, built up out of different parts, witnessing to different sources, reflecting natural influences. It is not surprising that many devout believers should by admitting such conclusions seem to lose a Divine Presence in the light of which they have lived. Yet here also the Power, which they have clothed for themselves in a vesture of man's device, says with a voice of tender warning, *It is expedient for you that I go away;* and already we are coming to know the blessing which the withdrawal of old opinions discloses; to know, as we have never known before, that the Bible is a living Book, one in many parts springing directly in external form out of

the manifold fulness of that human life to which it still speaks; to know that it offers the past to us not as a dead thing but as a clear mirror of eternal Truth; to know that in that record of the Divine, marked in some sense with the traces of our infirmities, we can find the interpretation of God's present dealings with the world."

Another work published during these first years at Durham was *Religious Thought in the West.* The Essays contained in this volume were written earlier, very much earlier in some cases, in my father's life, and mention has already been made of them. The work was planned "very early in life," but unhappily was never finished as designed.

The completed book was to demonstrate of Western civilisation that "it is true in every realm of man's activity, true in action, true in literature, true in art, that the works which receive the most lasting homage of the soul are those which are most Christian, and that it is in each the Christian element, the element which answers to the fact of the Incarnation, to the fellowship of God with man as an accomplished reality of the present order, which attracts and holds our reverence."

This clear statement of the scope and aim of the writer is made still clearer by the denial that it can be shown that "the vital force of any other great religion is alien from Christianity," and by the insistence that "we are, we must be, as believers in Christ, in the presence of a living, that is, of a speaking God." To show what is meant by this last sentence, the paper on Browning's Teaching is inserted; and to enable us to comprehend quite fully the spirit in which the whole scheme was to have been carried out, Dr. Westcott gives us the charming sketch of Benjamin Whichcote, which might almost be called the soul of the volume. The elaborate essay on Christian Art atones for the absence in the earlier essays of any attempt to prove that in great art Christ must be found making it great.

The sentences we have quoted above contain indeed a splendid and a sufficient creed; a creed which gives a real and glorious content to the phrase so easily spoken—the divinity of Christ. But it is so far from the creed of orthodox Christianity that to recite it saddens us rather than cheers. Most Christians do not dare to allow any inspiration to "profane" writers, as they profanely call them, lest the authors

SANCTUARY KNOCKER OF DURHAM CATHEDRAL.
From a Sketch by Bishop Westcott (see p. 54).

of the New Testament should be jealous. . . . Against this blindness, this indifference to Christ's honour, Dr. Westcott's book was to have protested. He would prove the Incarnation by demonstrating that poets and painters and philosophers have achieved greatness when they have expressed with conviction some part of the truth of Christianity—when they have agreed with Christ. We find it hard to reconcile ourselves to the loss of the completed work.[1]

[1] Quoted from *The Academy*.

The following letters belong to the first two years of my father's episcopate (1890-92):—

To his fourth and fifth Sons

Cambridge, 14*th March* 1890.

My dear George and Foss—I must economise, you see, and I rejoice too to think of you as one in two forms. Mamma will have told you of the work which I have dared to accept. Happily I was only called to obey. There was practically no choice. That is a comfort to me. But the chief comfort is that I know that from our household, and from many friends and strangers, will come streams of silent help. The piles of letters which have reached us already tell this; and I trust that I may be enabled to do something to make the reality of the one life more evident. My first text will be, I think, "Brethren, pray for us"—"Brethren and children, pray for us." To hear of your work is a great encouragement. May God bless you in it!—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. Westcott.

To Archdeacon Farrar

Cambridge, 24*th March* 1890.

I cannot wonder that you need some change and rest. The perpetual strain which you are able to bear amazes me. But the joy of the work in reaching so many thousand hearts must be a great support.

The lessons of the last few months have taught me as I never knew it before the reality of the One Life in which we live, and which shows itself in many ways through us. Nothing is ours, and there can be no separation.

If the day of Consecration comes we shall greatly miss you, and still we shall feel you to be very near.

I have never been further than Milan. You will, I hope, go to Assisi. It is one of the shrines which I should gladly have visited. The town, I fancy, retains its old character.

To Archdeacon Watkins

Cambridge, *2nd April* 1890.

It is a great relief to me to have Mr. Lee's letter which you have kindly enclosed, but these anxious delays are a piece of salutary discipline.

If I may give counsel, I should charge you earnestly to avoid all risk. You have assured me—and this assurance I value—that you would concur in the nomination which will be submitted to the Chapter, and I imagine that provision can be made for their legal action.

Our visit to Auckland was most satisfactory. It opened out indeed fresh and even bewildering prospects of work, but the charge which has been received in loyal obedience can be borne. . . .

To Archdeacon Farrar

Cambridge, *5th April* 1890.

First of all, let me ask most earnestly that to you I may always be "Westcott." What have I done to lose my personality and become an office? For the present, financial reasons give an answer to the proposal which you most kindly make. The expenses of entering on the office are so considerable that I shall be obliged to borrow largely from my bankers for necessary things, and I should not feel it right to do so for what is at least unnecessary. At present, indeed, I am not technically eligible, and I hope that whatever claims a bishop may seem to have for the honour will not be injured by delay. It would indeed be an honour and a pleasure to meet face to face the most distinguished men who are found at the Athenæum, but I feel that my working time must now be very short, and I must confine myself more closely than heretofore, if possible, to my proper work. The Archbishop has most kindly offered me rooms at Lollards' Tower, so that I shall have a home in London. To belong to the Athenæum was a dream of early days, but I remember consulting Lightfoot about it, and he said decidedly, "It is not worth while," and

my dream was scattered. I do hope that you will have real rest and find new life in Italy.

One word more. I am too old to change my name: please let me be "Westcott" to the end, or you will rob me of myself.

To his eldest Son

(In reply to congratulations on his appointment as Hon. Fellow of Trinity)

Westminster, 9*th May* 1890.

Yes, I was pleased, for the honour was unexpected. There was, however, an opinion, I believe, that as long as I was on the foundation as Professor I was ineligible. In any case, the appointment was very gracefully made now.

I have not thanked you for mostly kindly taking care of poor Mep.[1] The dog is far more than a dog to me. He is a symbol. . . . Your cats will, I trust, teach him forbearance. Anyhow, thank you very much for caring for the creature.

To Professor Hort

Westminster, 12*th May* 1890.

The pressure of necessary work at present would make it impossible for me to touch the question of which you write. . . . Gore is perfectly able to take care of himself, and it is significant that he has been elected Bampton Lecturer. My fear is that the reaction will go too far.

I spoke to the Archbishop last night, and he completely agreed with me. . . . I strongly object to the word *inscitia*. The idea of knowledge does not come in at such a stage. The position as to critical details is purely neutral and indeterminate. This is, I think, a vital point. David is not a chronological, but a spiritual person in relation, *e.g.*, to Ps. cx. I write hastily and crudely after more than three hours' letters.

Bishop Auckland, 26*th May* 1890.

Will you offer to the Council of the Clergy Training School my warm thanks for their most generous words. Nothing in

[1] See vol. i. p. 317.

which I have been allowed to take part at Cambridge offers more full assurance of becoming a permanent source of blessing to the University and the Church. The School has slowly and naturally grown, and it will grow.

To Archdeacon Watkins

Bishop Auckland, *14th June* 1890.

The question of stained windows requires careful consideration, and I think that it must be considered without delay and rules laid down; but I have not felt it well in the one case which has come before me to depart from the precedent which I found. I only required that the Incumbent at whose request the permission for the insertion of the windows was granted should state that in his opinion the design was suited to the Church, to the particular position, and to any other windows which the Church contained. You will agree, I am sure, with the necessity of the queries.

To his Wife

Stockton, *3rd Sunday after Trinity* [*1st July*], 1890.

One word only to say that I preached my sermon without MS., was welcomed by two Mayors, marched between two lines of scarlet volunteers—Tambour-Major at the head—and this afternoon I shook hands with about four hundred church workers, and said to each group the most appropriate words I could muster; visited a home of G.F.S.; and now after service have met the Churchwardens. The day has been fine, and I hope that some good may have been done.

Lollards' Tower, *21st July* 1890.

. . . On Saturday I heard of Dr. Vaughan's attack, and walked to the Temple. I had a long talk with Mrs. Vaughan —for two hours, I should think. Dr. Vaughan was sleeping then, but I promised to go after the afternoon service on Sunday. So I went to the Abbey—Dr. Farrar preached—

and after service I necessarily had a few words with the Dean and Dr. Farrar. Both seemed to be very well. Then I went to the Temple, talking all the way with an American, who said that that was the way busy men did business in the States (alas!), and then I found Dr. Vaughan. He was as kind and sympathetic as usual, and interested in the work of the North, which he curiously watches. He seemed to be weak, but the tea was forthcoming. "I think nothing," he added, "of a house in which tea is not laid on to every storey." So we talked a little, and then I hastened back to Lambeth, having originally promised to have tea there, and stayed till after ten, talking of many things. Mrs. Vaughan gave me the occasion for a merry laugh. Two American literary ladies strolled along a road from Boston till they came to the first milestone, which bore the inscription, "1 m. from Boston." They took it for a sepulchral monument, and in enthusiasm exclaimed, "How touching! How simple! How human! 'I'm from Boston.' So the dead speak!" I hope there are milestones in America, and if not the incident may be transferred to Lincolnshire. She said likewise that the following appeared in an Indian paper: "A new god has appeared on the frontier, but the police are after him." You have the two occasions of my laughter, and I hope you will use them.

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *24th July* 1890.

. . . Yesterday I went by penny boat to St. Paul's. It was really enjoyable. The river and trees were bright and sunny. My neighbour looked at me for a time, and concluding, I hope, that I was a "conversable" person, said, "I wish my wife were here. I'm trying to describe the scene to her in a letter; but who can do it?" So he put away paper and pencil. Then after a pause he said, "Now, who are you?" I told him, and after a few more words he said, "Well, it does me good: it makes my heart warm. You're the Bishop of Durham! I had the Bishop's hand laid on me, you know—the good old Bishop of St. David's; but I never had a word from a Bishop since." So he shook hands and went with kind wishes, having made the edifying discovery that even bishops are men.

To the Bishop of Minnesota

Auckland Castle,
Bishop Auckland, *23rd August* [1890].

My dear Brother—What can I say that does not altogether fall short of what I feel? Even in a very humble way I feel here how those whom we do not see are chief powers in our life. In the few weeks in which I have been allowed to work I can feel how to me and to others Bishop Lightfoot is the great present power. We all recognise him, and hear his voice, and perceive his guidance, and know that now the influence is freed from every earthly admixture. The truth was forced upon me last week when it was my duty to consecrate the Church of St. Columba—a duty which he was eagerly looking foward to, so that on his last journey to Bournemouth he took with him all the literature to prepare his sermon—and it fell to me to preach as at the twin Church of St. Ignatius, not quite a year ago, when we were full of thanksgiving for his restoration. . . . You will be constantly in our thoughts, and we are glad that you know the home that is lent to us. Perhaps you may even see us in it. It is a great thing that every one must feel that the Chapel is the heart of it. Such memories are a marvellous inheritance to be used for the whole Church, and I think that they can be used. . . .—With most grateful and affectionate remembrances, ever yours, B. F. Dunelm.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

9th September 1890.

It seems to be a clear duty to be present (all being well) at Eden's consecration, yet I hardly know how I can spare the time; and I must obey you, though I cannot be of use. My heart often fails me. Things seem to be so utterly wrong. Perhaps God will give us the grace of self-surrender. The confidence and self-assertion of men terrify me.

To the Rev. E. Price

(On his acceptance of the Vicarage of Bishop Auckland)

Bishop Auckland, *7th October* 1890.

My dear Mr. Price—It is a cause of very great thankfulness to me that you see your way clearly to undertake what is a heavy charge and yet, I believe, a noble opportunity for work, and that Mrs. Price feels the call no less deeply. May God give you both the joy of service to the fulness of every gift! There will be room for all. I have written to the Churchwardens to announce the appointment.

For every reason it will be desirable that you should come among us with as little delay as possible, and if you can formally enter on your work on St. Andrew's Day it will be a most happy omen.

You will forgive a short note. Just now I hardly know how to do my necessary work in any way. Again, may God bless you!—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Bishop Auckland, *7th October* 1890.

The general spirit of the Congress was excellent. Lord Halifax was most affecting. I think that his extremest opponents would feel his intense devoutness. I must not try to write more. It seems to be true of our Church, ΜΕΘ ΗΜΩΝΟΘ$\overline{\Sigma}$.[1]

(On receipt of proof of the Lambeth Judgment)

G.N.R., *21st October* 1890.

. . . The corrections seem to be all improvements. I have made a few notes on my way to Newcastle (not an invasion of my brother's Diocese). The last page you do not give, I see. It seems very hard to criticise that in writing. Something should be said, but the manner of saying is in-

[1] God is with us.

finitely difficult. The Court needs to be majestic and yet fatherly in its counsels. Is not power given with work done as God's work? ΧΑΡΙΣΤΩΘΩ.[1]

I cannot but be very thankful for the Judgment, and believe with fresh confidence that it will prove to have been a great opportunity greatly used.

ΟΕΝΑΡΞΑΜΕΝΟΣΕΠΙΤΕΛΕΣΕΙ.[2]

The above note is written in pencil. On it Archbishop Benson has endorsed "See final note of approval. Deo gratias."

To Archdeacon Farrar

(On his appointment as Chaplain to the House of Commons)

Bishop Auckland, *27th October* 1890.

My dear Farrar—Day after day I have wished to write one line to say with what pleasure I heard of your appointment to the House of Commons. It is an office of singular interest and dignity, and binds together with a natural fitness St. Margaret's, St. Peter's, and St. Stephen's. Happily it will not perceptibly add to your labours.

The work here seems to grow. Reading is absolutely impossible; yet there are some things to encourage, but sorrows which startle. So it must be in parish work.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To his Wife

Bishop Auckland, *27th October* 1890.

. . . I have found "Cherry Ripe"[3] and brought it to the study, so that now I hope that I may like the room better.

[1] Thanks be to God.

[2] He who began . . . will perfect. Phil. i. 6.

[3] My father was very pleased with the coloured print of this picture. It had hung for years in his room in the Divinity School at Cambridge.

To Archdeacon Watkins

Bishop Auckland, *St. Stephen's Day*, 1890.

My dear Archdeacon—If we are strong, and I believe that we are, by the sympathy and help of our fellow-workers, I certainly ought to be able to face my overwhelming work. At least I feel how much I owe to you and other counsellors. May God enable us to do His work, and give us the joy of knowing that we strive to serve Him in the fulness of our life!

Mrs. Westcott joins me in heartiest good wishes to Mrs. Watkins.—Ever yours most sincerely and gratefully,

B. F. Dunelm.

To the Rev. E. Price

Bishop Auckland, 31*st January* 1891.

My dear Mr. Price—After very careful consideration, I think that I shall best consult the interests of the Rural Deanery by inviting you to undertake the office of Rural Dean. The only senior clergyman who might naturally have been asked to undertake this office would not, I have reason to believe, do so. I am, as you know, very anxious to put the greatest energy possible into the organisation, and it will be an advantage to me to have a Dean near at hand to whom I can show unreservedly what is in my mind; and I think that you would be ready to consider independently and sympathetically what suggestions I might make.

To Professor Hort

Bishop Auckland, 16*th March* 1891.

If the "," in Luke xxiv. 45 was deliberately adopted—I don't know how I agreed to it without margin—it must remain; but I think that we shall do well to use the first opportunity to settle some reserved points (when?). All these things are rapidly going out of my mind, and the pressure of work increases as rapidly as strength fails.

I rejoice that you are going to West Malvern. No place except Norway has done me so much good. We were even dreaming of getting there for a few days soon, but it is quite hopeless.

The Extension Meeting was in some ways the most impressive meeting, except one or two at Hull, that I ever attended. The number of young men was very large.

There must be no change in my name on the title-page. All is true and as it should be.

I have to preach about St. Patrick to-morrow, all being well. What a striking figure he is!

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Bishop Auckland, *2nd April* 1891.

My dear Archbishop—Not in courtly Spanish phrase, but most simply and truly, what I may seem to have is yours. If you can use any or all of things which bear my name I shall be delighted.

How fascinating the Visions must be: half pictorial and half symbolic—are they not?—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Dunelm.

To Professor Hort

Bishop Auckland, *St. Mark's Day*, 1891.

. . . I must speak in the same sense as to the suggestion of my name for a statue. I am quite sure that it is best for me to express no opinion on any matter connected with my old work. It might easily be perplexing. That volume is quite closed.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *6th May* 1891.

My dear Davies—It was a very great pleasure to welcome your *Hulsean Lectures* this morning. No subject is more hopeful, and I can divine in some way how you will give it force. At present I cannot read, and I can hardly think;

yet there are a few things which can be done of which the doing seems to give pleasure wholly beyond their worth.

Now that spring seems to be coming I venture to ask whether you and Mrs. Davies could not promise us a little visit, say next month. You know that the place is worth seeing, and it would be a very great pleasure to us to see you.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *15th May* 1891.

To my dismay I see that the C.M.S. meeting is in June. I fancied it was in July. When shall we be quiet? I rejoice that you have a day or two of change. If your work did not bring the needed strength I should be afraid. But happily work that is offered as a sacrifice always does.

Every refreshment and joy of peace to you all in the fulness of Pentecost.

To his Wife

HOUSE OF LORDS, *19th June* 1891.

You see, my dearest Mary, I have come to fulfil my duties by appearing. Our meeting is over. It was full of interest. Mr. Gladstone, who bore traces of illness, spoke vigorously and well. It was delightful to watch his eye catch fire as he went on, and at the end he spoke touchingly of Cardinal Manning as the one other survivor of those who had taken part in the first meeting. Cardinal Manning, who occupied relatively the place which I had, was one of my points. I said something of what I had intended to say.

I am rather tired, but still I get on very fairly well. It is very close still. Love to all.—Ever your most affectionate

B. F. DUNELM.

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *23rd June* 1891.

We had a very fair Delhi Meeting, but our statesmen could not come. There was a great Indian debate in the

House. The Bishop of Calcutta came, but at 4 J. Wright had not appeared. We waited some minutes; still he did not come, and Mr. Cubitt said we ought to begin. So after a few words I began. In ten minutes or so Wright came in. I finished and he began. Then after a time he paused, hesitated, paused longer, and was obliged to sit down, almost fainting. The Bishop of Calcutta most kindly rose, and I took out Wright for a little quiet. He soon recovered, and promised to come to tea here; and then I went to the House, for I felt that a Bishop ought not to be absent at an Indian debate. It was fairly interesting. The Government were well defended. The Duke of Argyle spoke very brightly. I could not stay to the end, for I asked J. Wright to come at 8. Love to all. I am just expecting Mr. Tupper.[1]—Ever your most affectionate B. F. DUNELM.

JARROW, 3*rd July* 1891.

So far I have done my work, and am just now preparing for my evening sermon. I spent an hour or more this afternoon in looking over the great shipyard. I could only get a glimpse, yet it was full of interest. At one end ironstone came in, and at the other end it had passed out an ironclad. I saw several of the men and the managers, and learnt something and hope to learn more.

TO HIS FOURTH AND FIFTH SONS

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 30*th July* 1891.

My dear George and Foss—May God continue to bless and keep you in your work! I do not know when I have felt deeper joy than in reading your last letters, or greater thankfulness. The quiet confidence was a sure sign of Divine help. The work, as far as I can judge, which has been given you to do is full of encouragement.

The work here grows and grows, and I have always to be

[1] A favourite Harrow pupil of my father's, now holding a distinguished position in the Indian Civil Service.

talking. Yet I hope to move some to action, and now I am looking forward to a brief space for thinking.

Again and again may God bless you!—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. WESTCOTT.

To his Wife

NEWCASTLE, 17*th October* 1891.

I am living a vagrant life, and to-day have not been able to write a single letter. It has been the day of the formal opening of the Bensham Schools, for which I secured Lord Londonderry. . . . The function, to which I had looked forward with some anxiety, passed off very well, and I think that Lord L. was satisfied that it was worth attending. It was his first visit to Gateshead. He asked kindly after you. On Monday I go to Darlington for S.P.G., and I find that it is a magic-lantern lecture. I have mildly remonstrated. I hardly think that it was worth my while going. The Bishop is, I find, very rightly under the circumstances, in smaller letters than the lecturer.

Mr. Tupper left this morning. We had some quiet talks. . . . Mr. B. was very much impressed by him. He learnt more, he said, from him in one talk than from both our Indian visitors. . . . I caught the charwoman kneeling on the stones without a mat, and duly scolded her, but she was deaf! So much for well-meaning efforts.

The Bishop, though "in smaller letters," went with becoming humility to the lecture, and remarks, "My lecture, *i.e.* the lecture to which I partly listened, went off well last night. . . . As soon as the room was darkened I escaped, and did a little fair work before returning."

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 21*st October* 1891.

Our Conference is over, and it has been most hopeful. The spirit of every one was beautiful, and if nothing comes but a better understanding of great employers and the leaders of labour, the work is a true bishop's work.

To Archdeacon Farrar

Bishop Auckland, 31*st October* 1891.

My dear Farrar—It is difficult to know how to thank you for your new work. I can only marvel at the magnitude and variety of the services which you are enabled to render by bringing to every type of reader the most noble truths. The power is a gift for which we must all be thankful. May it bring to you more and more the joy of fruitful service!

The experience of constant action and constant speaking is new to me. Books are practically inaccessible. My heart often fails me, yet I try not to look backward.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To his Wife

G.N.R., 8*th February* 1892.

. . . My "opium literature" has been far from cheering. It is extremely difficult to tell what the truth is. The violence and contradiction of authorities is bewildering. I wonder whether Lord Cross will be able to throw any light upon the subject. He wishes, I am sure, to do right.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

G.N.R., 18*th February* 1892.

. . . The best hope for our Church, whatever the future may be, lies, I feel sure, in the clear affirmation of the final responsibility of Bishops. I have, you know, a private longing for a pope, but that is a development. It is hard, indeed, to accept the burden of government, but when accepted it must be borne, and we must wholly forget ourselves, and think only of what is done through us and Who works. . . .

Mrs. Benson will admire (?) my openness of mind if she hears that I have spent sixpence to learn what "Mrs. Josephine Butler, Mrs. Sheldon Amos, and Mrs. Bramwell Booth" think of "Woman's Place in Church Work."

To his Wife

Bishopthorpe, 23*rd February* 1892.

. . . I got to the Minster in excellent time, and, after finishing a letter or two, was able to robe for the service. All the Bishops of the Northern Province were there. The Bishop of Liverpool looked remarkably well. The general effect of the Minster was singularly beautiful. It has a wonderful power of space, of grandeur, of far-reaching amplitude, and then the stained glass in the bright light was radiant. The Bishops' scarlet too gave colour to the scene. After the service the two Houses met in full Synod. The Archbishop proposed very quietly and well an address to the Queen, and a letter of condolence to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Then—but all this will be in the papers—the Bishop of Liverpool proposed a resolution about the late Archbishop, and I proposed a resolution about the Bishop of Carlisle. I said, as far as I can remember, pretty nearly all that I intended to say. . . .

After lunch the Upper House went to their deliberations alone. To my great surprise, the Bishop of Wakefield's resolution about the R.V. came on. The Bishops of Manchester and Liverpool spoke, and then I was obliged to speak on the moment. I said some things, I hope, which were worth saying. In any case, I felt what I did say, and I think that I made that at least clear. . . .

Perhaps it may be worth while for me to have a few notes which I made on a Report on the Prayer Book. Mr. Boutflower will find them in my little packet of engagements, and perhaps he will send them. There is a printed paper on "Variations in the Modern Editions of the Prayer Book," and inside it are two sheets of note-paper with some facts recorded on them. I should like to have the Report and the notes, but it is of no consequence if they are not easily found.

Bishop Auckland, 3*rd March* 1892.

. . . Mr. Magee's letter was touching. I was very fond of the Archbishop, and I think that he knew it.

To his third Daughter

Bishop Auckland, *17th March* 1892.

My dear Daisy—The three subjects which you give are all good. I don't know that I could write a paper on any one of them. Perhaps I should try the third: "The Danger of making Children's Lives too Pleasant." "It is good for a man (and for a woman) to bear the yoke in his youth." There is a good lecture by Professor Maurice on the different theories of education in his *Lectures on Education*. I read it before speaking at Harrow. Next, I should take the first subject. Here, again, you would find help in one of my very few favourite books, Maurice's *Social Morality* — not directly indeed, but suggestively as to what the family is, and how it leads onward and is not complete in itself. Either of these subjects would repay thought, I am sure. As I have to speak about everything, it may be that I shall have to speak about these matters before long. Then I must ask for your paper. Sometimes I should be glad to be silent and not have to listen—a vain effort, alas! too often. Love to all.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Dunelm.

To Mrs. Watkins

Bishop Auckland, *8th April* 1892.

My dear Mrs. Watkins — The ready worker is always burdened. The enclosed comprehensive request, I confess, made me angry. I shrink with my whole nature from the Chicago Show; yet Baroness Burdett-Coutts claims respect. Would it be possible for you to put on a sheet of paper for me the names of the societies in the Diocese which come within her scope? You can do this more easily and more completely, I think, than any one. I can add a few notes—most unwillingly and grudgingly for such a purpose.—Yours most sincerely, B. F. Dunelm.

To his eldest Son

Bishop Auckland, 11*th May* 1892.

My dear Brooke—May God bless your work and you in the doing of it! The old words are true, καλὸν τὸ ἄθλον καὶ ἡ ἐλπὶς μεγάλη.[1] May the prize be won and the hope fulfilled! —Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Dunelm.

To his Wife

South Shields, 12*th May* 1892.

. . . I duly went to Sunderland yesterday. We had a good meeting, and tea, and I hope that some results may follow from it. Canon Scott Moncrieff told us that he had met an excellent old-fashioned Churchman who thought that "the Bishop ought not to come so frequently to the town or take part in a Parish Tea. 'In old times,' he said, 'we saw the Bishop once in two or three years, and *we thought a great deal of him.*'"

Lollards' Tower, 21*st June* 1892.

Five years ago—how short the time—and that great service! It seems yesterday.

My journey was accomplished well. I had tea at Grantham, and again when I reached here. The Bishops of Chichester and Oxford are in residence. I hope that the Bishop of Salisbury may come up to-day. The quiet of this place is soothing and disturbing. It reveals such a spectacle of things undone and unattempted and miserably done and overwhelmingly rewarded. What will be the end?

Lollards' Tower, 22*nd June* 1892.

. . . I saw Mrs. Benson this morning, and hope to go with them to the Queen's Concert: so I shall be well cared for. Now my "few words" this afternoon are heavily on my mind. There is very little time to think. I saw Mr. Richmond yesterday. He was driving, and got out to tell me of his work at St. Paul's.

[1] Fair is the prize and the hope great.

To his eldest Son

Bishop Auckland, 1*st July* 1892.

. . . Mr. Welldon was very cordial when I saw him at Governor's Speech Day, to which I was happily able to go. The Concio spoken by a son of Mr. Bosworth Smith had a touching reference to the Durham strike. It was just forty years since I went to Harrow. Things have, I think, improved in the interval. Mr. Tom Mann, I hear, says that Mr. Drage's tale *Cyril* expresses better than anything the views of his party. When I asked for the book at King's Cross, the keeper of the stall, with a magnificent air of offended superiority, said, "I never keep the book." Who is Messrs. Smith's censor?

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

(On the Confirmation of a Romanist)

Robin Hood's Bay, 4*th August* 1892.

. . . The question raised in the letter is one on which I have had occasion to act. A similar case occurred in Durham and the clergyman consulted me. I directed him to inquire whether the candidate was clear that he had received no imposition of hands—a blow is essentially different in idea, and so is the application of chrism—for I have been told that some Roman bishops, following the old ritual, use the imposition. And when he replied quite definitely that he had not, I said that he ought not to be received to Holy Communion in our Church till the imposition of hands had been given. I offer no opinion as to what is Confirmation elsewhere or in the abstract, but there can be no doubt that our Church requires the laying on of hands. In like manner I could imagine that if I joined the Greek Church I might reasonably—yet on far less strong grounds, as I think—be required to accept chrism, and I should gladly obey. The fulness of the conception of Confirmation—the open confession and the laying on of hands—seems to me to have been providentially committed to our keeping, and we are bound to guard the trust jealously. . . .

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, *1st September* 1892.

It will be delightful if you can spare us a day or two at Auckland. . . . Could you say some quiet words about the perils of statistical religion? It is alarming how the energies of the clergy are taken up in tabulating results. I have boldly cut out all figures from the Visitation questions.

TO HIS SECOND SON

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, *September* 1892.

It is a great pleasure to us to read your bright, hopeful letters week by week. Life and work have evidently gained by your great change.

May the gain grow in blessing! You answered quite truly. I am obliged to decline every invitation to write or speak out of the range of my own proper duties. It grows harder and harder to write. Since I have been here I have been working uninterruptedly at my Charge, and shall barely finish it. What you say of missionary policy is most true. You know how earnestly I have always pleaded for strong centres. These ought to be amply provided for and left with the responsibility for aided work in their districts. The general idea is now finding acceptance. Delhi is recognised as a thoroughly good type, and I hope that Cawnpore may be organised on the same model. Unfortunately I cannot attend the S.P.G. meetings, for I am very rarely in town. If you could send a memorandum I would make a point of going to the discussion. It would, I think, be perfectly proper for you in your new office to offer suggestions.

This is the finest day we have had, and I hope that we may have an expedition in the afternoon.

With love to you and your wife included in you.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. DUNELM.

TO THE REV. J. LL. DAVIES

ROBIN HOOD'S BAY, *12th September* 1892.

My dear Davies—We are delighted to hear that you will be able to come to us. Month after month now for more

than two years I have been longing for the occasion, but there has been no quiet space. Now I have been obliged to give up the purpose of going abroad for a fortnight, so that I can look for comparative freedom till the Ordination. How much there is that I should like to talk over. It is the rapidity and irreversibility of movement that most alarms me. Every time we read Jeremiah—the most tragic book in the Old Testament—thoughts of the future must grow sad. Yet there is time.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

To Professor Hort

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 27*th September* 1892.

My dear Hort—It is at least satisfactory to have so full an account of your summer, though I would not willingly have given you the trouble of writing so long a letter. I feel able to interpret the whole not unfavourably, and I could not but feel very anxious about the return journey. Of our summer I have little to say. The thought of my Charge and the draft of it occupied me while I was at Robin Hood's Bay. . . .

These Ordination times always bring hope; but it is impossible not to feel here that things are moving with alarming rapidity, and that power is going to those who have not learnt to use it.

Ll. Davies and his wife were to have come to us last week, but at the last moment they were hindered by the death of Professor Robertson, his wife's brother-in-law. It was a great disappointment, for I had waited for two years for a leisure time to see him. He still seems to be very happy. How many things one would have gladly heard from him. . . .

You will be glad to know that Brooke is in very good spirits and happy at Sherborne.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

To his Wife

30*th September* 1892.

. . . I actually drove into Durham. I had a complication of engagements and I shrank from the walking to and from the station, etc.

To his youngest Son

Bishop Auckland,
21st Sunday after Trinity, 1892.

My dear Basil—I am very glad to hear that your work goes on so happily. I should like to go to Professor Marshall's lectures.

Remembering the south-west spire and the inserted porch, I will send for the picture of the West Front these words:

> Love crowns a broken purpose with the grace
> Of loyal duty;
> And finds in fault acknowledged a new place
> For strength and beauty.

Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Dunelm.

The West Front spoken of in the above letter is that of Peterborough Cathedral. My father loved to gaze on it, especially in the sunset glow. He greatly admired the south-west spire, which is far superior to the north-west one. It is, I believe, the work of a later architect, who, loyally following out the designs of a predecessor, crowned the work with a spire of exquisite grace. He would often point out how the porch inserted at a later date into the central arch of the grand portico as a supporting wedge, really gave new beauty as well as strength to the Front.

To his Wife

South Shields, *15th November* 1892.

. . . I have just been looking at the Schools under inspection. The children are of the poorest: bare feet and rags, with sad sickness-stamped faces in many cases. It is hard, very hard, to look to their future. Would it have been better for them not to have been? Yet that cannot be. We can and must hope still. . . .

To his eldest Son

Bishop Auckland, *29th November* 1892.

I was really glad to have an opportunity of seeing the work. A graduate . . . translated γνοὺς ἀπὸ τοῦ κεντ. ἐδωρήσατο τὸ πτῶμα,[1] "he purchased the sepulchre from the centurion." It is hard to trace the connexion in letters or thought. There certainly is a wonderful disregard of grammar in these latter days.

To a Clergyman

November 1892.

Since I am called upon to impose a burden, I dare not shrink from laying it on him who will, I believe, by God's help, bear it best; and in doing this I think that I follow the guidance of the Spirit. God grant that you too may see your own duty plainly! To His counsel and love I commit you.

Bishop Auckland, *2nd December* 1892.

May God bless the sacrifice which you have made! The decision is, I believe, for the good of our whole work. Nothing shall be said of the change till you announce it. I will enclose a few words for your people. Just now I cannot write more.

The following are some of the "few words" enclosed:—

My dear Friends — You know well what deep interest I have taken in the work which —— has most happily done among you. I feel, therefore, that I ought to tell you myself that I have felt it my duty, having regard to the wellbeing of our diocese, to place on him a heavy burden, in bearing which he will have, I am sure, your sympathy and prayers. . . .

[1] When he learned it of the centurion, he granted the corpse.

I need not tell you how great is the sacrifice which he makes. But he has himself learnt, and he has taught you, that it is by willing and glad sacrifice that we show our life. You then in giving him to others share in the joy of wider service, and know that you contribute, as I believe, to the good of our Church. . . .

May God in His great love make your loss a gain to you! —Believe me to be your faithful Father in God,

B. F. Dunelm.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Bishop Auckland, *Innocents' Day*, 1892.

Every good wish from all our household to all yours. How thoughts press in the "changes of life"! To stand survivor!

. . . It would be a very serious thing if the Archbishop were to decorate men of the older Universities who can seek from their own University whatever degrees their work fairly claims. I have never been able to assent to the degree of D.D. *honoris causa* apart from special work. If Dr. Hort joined in the request I will heartily support it.

I shrink from testimonials and memorials, except such as are purely personal. A portrait is almost the only thing that I care for. There ought to be a portrait of Dr. Hort at Rugby. . . .

I am trying to prepare for the Visitation of the Cathedral —a very hard task. There has not been—so I find to my amazement—a regular Visitation since 1725. What a wonderful power of life there is in great societies! . . .

To the Rev. C. H. Prior and Family

Bishop Auckland, 12*th January* 1893.

1. My dear Charlie—I must endeavour to write six letters on a sheet; which even my daily experiences in efforts for brevity leaves difficult. At least I must begin by thanking you for the very beautiful night clock. I feel as if I should

hope to wake (at least at first) a dozen times in the dark to read its message; but then

2. My dear Daisy—You will warn me of the perils of curiosity, and bid me take all things quietly, and if need be wait to be called. Still, even years don't take away the desire to do all one can, and my skating was quite heroic (in its way); yet

3. My dear little Daisy—I am not sure that I should be as nimble at Blindman's Buff as I used to be, or at Turn the Trencher, when your mother and uncles and aunts thought it excellent fun to call "Shoe-strings" every moment, and laugh at my struggles to catch the ill-spun plate; but at least

4. My dear Herman—You will think that it is very bold of me not to be afraid to tumble on the ice, even when Mep, who was my constant companion, ran across me and jumped up with ill-timed attention; for you know

5. My dear Foss—That old men can't be wound up like trains, and I almost think that they like to sit quietly over their desk better than have dinner-parties; and now

6. My dear Lallie—You must have the last line, which shall be thanks and love and kisses to all, that you shall give for me.—Ever your affectionate B. F. DUNELM.

To Archdeacon Watkins

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *20th January* 1893.

My dear Archdeacon—It seems best to send the enclosed to you. I have told Mr. Macmillan (1) that I do not know whether anything fuller is designed; (2) that you know more than any one of the Bishop's Durham life; and (3) that Mr. R. Burn knows perhaps most of his active Cambridge life. He withdrew from University business in a great degree after I returned—most characteristically, I think, to leave me a free field.—Ever yours, B. F. DUNELM.

To Mrs. Hort

Bishop Auckland, *13th February* 1893.

Your most precious present has just reached me. Apart from the general reasons which make the books a most welcome treasure, each one has a peculiar value. The Greek Testament, because it is a Greek Testament, and has been used. I have also one which belonged to Dr. Tregelles. The Primasius, because it belonged to Bleek, and seems to have been used by him in preparing his edition of the Epistle to the Hebrews, which is a very familiar work. The Rupert of Deutz, because Rupert attracted me more perhaps than any mediæval writer, and I remember talking in old days of writing a lecture on him. I must then feel very grateful to Professor Ryle for interpreting your most kind wish most perfectly.

To Archdeacon Watkins

Bishop Auckland, *4th March* 1893.

My dear Archdeacon—Wherever you are absent you will be sorely missed: wherever you are present your help will be valued. Having uttered this oracle, I must leave you to compare the claims of the Province and the Diocese. The Prolocutor writes to me rather sadly as to the prospects of the Sustentation scheme.

To his second Son

York, *9th March* 1893.

The great event in the family, the carrying on of the name to a new generation, requires me also to send you all congratulations and good wishes. It is a strange and happy coincidence that the fresh link should be added at Madras, and the names which you have chosen bind the past to the present.[1] May the grandson have the joy of good service when his time for work comes!

[1] The birth of George Foss Westcott, who was named after the eldest son of his great-great-great-grandfather, Foss Westcott. The child was baptized in the same church, St. Mary's in Fort St. George, in which Foss Westcott was first married and his eldest son christened.

I have come here for a meeting of Convocation. The main work, I imagine, is the Church Patronage Bill, and perhaps the Distress of the Clergy, which in agricultural dioceses is very serious. . . .

The Indian letters are a weekly delight to us. G. and F. seem to be happy and doing a good work, and laying the foundations for the work to come. At least they know what the difficulties are.

As yet there is no light on the Tinnevelly Bishopric. . . . But I am still an optimist. Your work seems to be full of hope. Love to the little one, however you may be able to convey it, and to his mother.

To his Wife

Gateshead, 21*st March* 1893.

. . . The Confirmation was perfectly ordered and most reverent. There were about 150 candidates. What pleased me most perhaps was a line of bright, dirty little children and mothers with babies sitting on each side of the path to the church on the raised kerb. They looked as happy as could be, and replied to my few questions most merrily. There is a good deal of unlooked-for power of getting pleasure in the world.

To Archdeacon Watkins

Bishop Auckland, 18*th April* 1893.

I left my blue rug in Cosin's Library this afternoon. What such a portent of forgetfulness can mean I dare not ask; but will you kindly shelter the neglected comforter till I can claim it. Fortunately I have another.

CHAPTER XI

DURHAM (*continued*)

1893–1897

THE year 1893 will be memorable in Church History for the determined attack made upon the Church of England by means of the Welsh Church Suspensory Bill. In opposition to this measure the Bishop made several speeches and wrote sundry letters. His own very decided view was that the nation must have its spiritual organ, and his great speech made at the Church's demonstration in the Albert Hall was expressive of that belief. A few days previous to the Albert Hall meeting he had addressed a vast concourse at Sunderland and had been cheered to the echo, but such a crisis as that which then threatened demanded of him service beyond his own Diocese, so that he ventured to speak in a building wherein in younger days he would have been totally inaudible. The effort was most exhausting and only partially successful, but even so he "made a profound impression on his hearers, who cheered again and again whilst his lordship was speaking." No doubt oratorically the feature of the meeting was the speech of the Duke of Argyll, who, being a Presbyterian, stood on an Anglican

platform and "won the heartfelt sympathy of the ten thousand listeners when, in a manly apologia, he admitted the mistake which was made in disestablishing the Church of Ireland." However, it was generally admitted that the Bishop of Durham's speech was the one that really went to the root of the matter. His subject, as already indicated, was "The Idea of a Spiritual Organ of the Nation." In the course of his speech he said:—

> The English nation has had from the first a spiritual organ in the National Church. It has proved on the largest scale the truth of that noble line of Spenser—
>
> For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

Shall we then disown that which is the peculiar glory of our inheritance? Shall we mutilate the body of our common life? Shall we cast away for ever that which openly proclaims that the life of the nation is Divine? Is such a change, is such a sacrifice, in view of the general direction of human growth, an advance or a fall? Is it a generous reaching forth to a nobler ideal or a disastrous national retrogression? And why is the sacrifice to be made? It is said that the National Church has failed as a spiritual organ of the nation. Has it failed more than any other organ through which the nation exerts its vital forces? The confession of the national faith through the National Church may be imperfect, but it is increasingly powerful as a witness and rich in promise for the future. The National Church, I say, is powerful as a witness. It witnesses that religion is not an accident of human nature, but an essential element in every true human body. It brings all the great crises of national life into direct connexion with the unseen and the eternal; and this continual, unforced, natural exhibition of the sacred destiny of things exercises silently a subtle, penetrating influence far and wide. It is different in kind from the acknowledgment of the spiritual by an assembly of individual citizens. The fulness of the truth may not yet be apprehended, but the idea is with us; and,

for statesmen, ideas are the support of resolute patience, and for the people they guard political enterprise from the irony of selfishness. At the same time the National Church is, as I said, rich in promise. It is progressive, because it is living. It has proved from age to age that it can embody the spirit of the people. It has taken up and interpreted new thoughts according to the proportion of the faith at the Reformation, at the Caroline reaction, at the Evangelical revival, at the Oxford movement, and now, again, amidst the social aspirations of the present day. The National Church is no exotic. It is not the representative of a particular school, or a small group of men. Guarding treasures new and old, it assures to its members a healthy freedom. It is in constant touch with every class of society, and draws from the contact sober wisdom. It cannot, as long as it is national, become, like the Roman Church in France, a power antagonistic to the State. It is sustained and stimulated by the sense of a universal obligation—an obligation to bring all the beneficent activities of the faith to the poorest as their birthright, and to offer the solaces of religion to those who need them, and not only to those who seek them. We have, then, in England (to say all briefly) that which gives unique completeness to our national life, a truly National Church; a Church which has shaped popular aspirations and welcomed popular influences; a Church which has again and again proved its power to assimilate new truths and to awaken dormant forces; a Church which in great crises has been able to reconcile order with progress; a Church which has used in the past, and with quickened energy is striving to use better now, for the good of the whole people, its great possessions and great place, and to bring together all classes in the unity of one life, and to offer, in all its freedom and grace, the Gospel to the poor. Shall we, then—this is the question proposed to this vast and representative gathering—shall we take the first step, I do not say to destroy the English Church —that is impossible!—but to deprive the English nation of its spiritual organ? "By nothing," it has been said most truly, "is England so glorious as by her poetry"—glorious, that is, by the "noble and profound application of ideas to

life." The National Church is, I believe, the most conspicuous sign and the richest source of this characteristic glory, for it maintains through every failure the application of the divinest idea to every fragment of a people's life.

On 1st August 1893 the Bishop preached a sermon[1] in Newcastle Cathedral before the British Medical Association. The sermon was entitled "The Manifold Revelation of Truth." Another specially interesting sermon[2] of this year was that which he preached before the Church Congress at Birmingham. On this latter occasion he spoke from the pulpit of St. Philip's Church, which stirred in him the memory of his baptism. The Bishop's text was Ephes. ii. 19, and his subject "Citizenship, Human and Divine." In the course of his sermon he said:

> Such thoughts are natural to me here and to-day, when I recall how England and Birmingham have grown since I was christened in this church. Every great building which represents the social life of the city—a city, alas! still without a cathedral—schools, libraries, art galleries, halls, council-chambers, courts of justice, have arisen since then. Taken together this splendid array of municipal institutions is an impressive witness to the fulness of life. Each one ought to be, each one may be, a sanctuary in which fellow-citizens of the saints meet to prepare for their work and to fulfil it. Each one—whatever occasions may seem to have been lost—is still a sign and a call to men who are citizens of heaven and earth.

The Bishop was obliged to leave Birmingham in haste and proceed to Stockton, to be present at the opening of the Ropner Park by H.R.H. the Duke of

[1] Published in his *The Incarnation and Common Life.*
[2] Published in his *Christian Aspects of Life.*

York. In a speech delivered there after the luncheon he said :—

> The chief magistrate of this ancient Corporation, which was in old times so closely connected with the Bishops of Durham, has made a noble provision for his own people, and has handed down, as we trust, his name as an example to those who will come after him; and the head of our Royal house in the third generation has been graciously pleased to share in the joy of the town, and, by sharing in it, to increase it a hundredfold. I say that such munificence and such sympathy must greatly help and encourage all those who, like the ministers of Christ, have devoted their lives to the service of the people.

In December 1893 my father attended a Conference at St. Paul's on "Commercial Morality." I mention this fact not because it was the only, or even the most important, conference that he attended in the course of the year, but because in connexion with this meeting he has noted in his text-book that he conversed with some one unnamed on the matter of "laughter" and "the clown." Many a time have I heard him remark that he could not fit the clown into his scheme of the universe, and have often wondered whether the very funniest of funny men could, if allowed a chance, have induced him to smile. Never during the whole course of his life, I suppose, had he any leisure or inclination for amusement, and he deeply lamented what he considered to be the overdoing of amusements in these latter days.

In the course of the year 1893 my father wrote a Prefatory Note to the late Professor Hort's Hulsean Lectures entitled *The Way, the Truth, the Life;* and one also to the brief Memoir of the late Bishop Lightfoot, which was reprinted from the *Quarterly Review.* The

following two letters to Mrs. Hort are concerned with this labour of love, and the former of them mentions the window in Great St. Mary's Church in Cambridge, in which my father's features are depicted in the representation of St. Thomas, Bishop Lightfoot as St. Matthew being on his right and Professor Hort as St. James on his left. It may here be remarked that Bishop Lightfoot portrayed my father to illustrate Benedict Biscop in a window of the Chapel at Auckland.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 28*th September* 1893.

The very beautiful photographs[1] reached us safely yesterday, but I delayed my thanks till to-day in the hope that I might be able to send the little Prefatory Note for your consideration. This I am able to do. You will feel how hard it was to write anything: how very hard not to write too much or too little. I have tried to say just the few things which general readers ought to know and no more. You cannot feel as strongly as I do how utterly inadequate the words are.

The treatment of the figures in the windows is very striking, as far as I am able to judge, and Mrs. Westcott is greatly pleased with all. Till I covered up Dean Stanley's beard I could not recognise him. The idealisation of Dr. Arnold is very fine, and it was an impressive thought to make him the young man of the whole group. The look of Dr. Lightfoot is also most beautifully rendered. How solemn to stand in the company of the unseen!

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 21*st November* 1893.

My dear Mrs. Hort—It was a great pleasure to receive the long-expected volume. Its appearance is most attractive. The colour is a relief from our habitual brown livery, and the whole form of the book seems to be worthy. Thank you

[1] The photographs of the window. Dean Stanley's features serve for St. Matthias, Professor Maurice's for St. Simon, and Dr. Arnold's for St. Jude.

for connecting this copy with happy memories of the past. Almost at the same time I was called upon to write a few lines in introduction to a reprint of the article on Dr. Lightfoot from the *Quarterly*. I do not suppose that any one ever had such friends as have been given to me, and I feel them to be my friends still.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

An interesting event of this year was the Bishop's Visitation of the Cathedral. He approached this enterprise in the regular discharge of his duties, and was much surprised, as he commenced his arrangements, to discover that the Cathedral body had apparently not been visited since the days of Bishop Cosin (1660-1674), his amazement being but slightly mitigated by a subsequent discovery of a Visitation in 1725. These discoveries, however, did not deter him from performing what he considered to be an obvious duty, and the Visitation was held accordingly.

My father was a frequent advocate of the cause of the Church of England Temperance Society both on public platforms and otherwise, but he was, of course, temperate in his speeches on this subject, and would not condemn the moderate use of pure beer. In fact, his zeal in the cause of pure beer involved him in a correspondence which was published in the newspapers in the latter part of 1893, and his picture, together with some of the following words spoken by him, was utilised for the adornment of the advertisement of a brewer of pure beer :—

> My idea is that they might have a public-house in which good beers alone would be sold. . . . If they were to establish what I would call a temperance public-house, it should be limited to the sale of good beer together with non-intoxicants. I would rigidly exclude wine and spirits.

The Bishop proceeded to define pure beer as "the product of barley malt and hops only, no chemical or other injurious substitute for malt being used."

The Bishop was himself a teetotaller because of the present necessity, and although he sometimes with seeming seriousness professed to be much drawn towards beer, I never saw him taste any of the seductive fluid.

My father's last visit to the Continent was paid in 1894. He then went to the south of France, having his youngest son for a companion. The following letters to his wife narrate some of their experiences:—

AVIGNON, 11*th April* 1894.

. . . Avignon is, I think, the most impressive city I have ever seen. There is scarcely any trace of the industries of to-day. All except one straight street to a modern Place and the Place itself is of the Middle Ages, or at least of the old world. Even our hotel has an old tower included in it, with some illustrious shield carved on its walls. There is, too, a most beautiful public garden on the edge of a cliff over the Rhone which commands a view of the city and the country round. The view is magnificent, with walls of distant mountains on all sides, and in front, opposite to the Castle of the Popes, the Castle of the King. After breakfast we started to see the Cathedral and the Papal Palace. The Palace is a barrack for 1500 soldiers. They sleep in what was once Chapel and Council-Chamber. The sight of the military arrangements was not the least interesting part of the visit. The Cathedral has a good bit of Roman work built into it. After an early lunch, we went to see the King's Castle across the river, in which is a wonderful little Byzantine chapel, utterly unlike anything Western, just as if it had come from Greece. We then visited the fragment of the great twelfth-century bridge, which has on it another chapel of great interest. Then we went to the public gardens for another survey of the place, and I was filled to the brim with sight-seeing. This morning we start for the Pont du Gard and

Nismes and go on to Arles; to-morrow night we intend to return here.

ARLES, 11*th April*, 10 P.M.

We have accomplished our day far more easily than I expected. We had a splendid time at the Pont du Gard. I could not but think that perhaps every block had cost the life of a captive Gaul. It was laid assuredly in men. We saw Nismes also very well. The old amphitheatre was being arranged for a bull-fight next Sunday. The ages meet.

ARLES, 12*th April* 1894.

Having seen Avignon, Nismes, and Arles, we have changed —or rather I have changed—our plans, and we propose to go to Paris and on to-night so as to reach London on Friday evening instead of Saturday. Three days' sight-seeing is as much as I can accomplish. It is most exciting work, and I have accumulated more experiences than ever before, I think, in so short a time: Rome, early Christianity, and the Middle Ages have in some way lived before us. Still, I shall be glad to be quiet (?) at home again. We have seen no paper, heard no news, and had no letter since we left, but we hope to find a letter at Avignon before we start. . . .

P.L.M.R., 14*th April.*

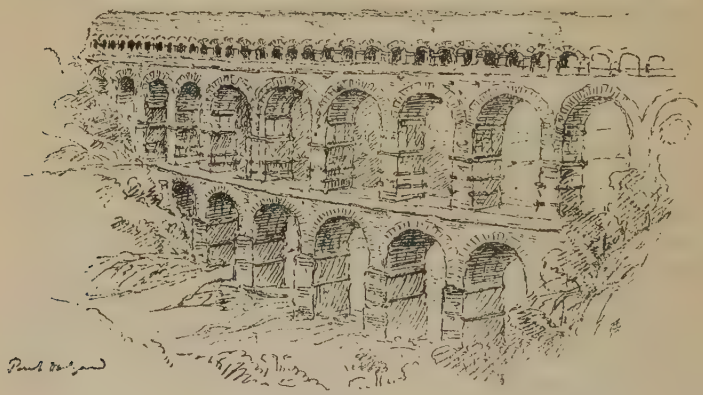
We have nearly accomplished our journey to Paris, so that we are almost in sight of home. We (*i.e.* Basil) chose the second train for our journey. When it reached Avignon, it appeared that it was quite full. We (*i.e.* I) went all along the carriages and found no place. . . . At last I saw a carriage in which there were only three people, one reposing at length, and I boldly entered; Basil lingered, but I bade him mount, and all proved well. . . . The journey was fairly comfortable. A wash and coffee restored us, and I had provided a bottle of milk for my own satisfaction. B. will have none of it.

This shall be posted at Paris. We had no letter before we left last night, but I asked the landlord to forward it.

Subsequently, in a letter to his youngest son, he recalls the memories of this brief excursion :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *27th May* 1894.

I often think of the basement of the Roman wall at Arles: that and the Pont du Gard impressed me most of all the special things we saw. All the spirit of Rome was in them. Perhaps the spirit of Faith was in the cloisters of St. Trophimus,



PONT DU GARD.
From a Sketch by Bishop Westcott.

or even more in the West front, and in one or two of the sarcophagus' (I cannot write a plural); the spirit of war in Avignon; and the spirit of the world in the Amphitheatre. Patience, sympathy, co-operation as yet were not. I never learnt so much in three days.

In May 1894 a Missionary Conference of the Anglican Communion was held in London. My father preached the inaugural sermon of this Conference in St. Paul's. He also presided at some of the meetings, which were held in St. James's Hall. The following letter to his wife tells of these events :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 29*th May* 1894.

A. told me this morning that he had written to you about the service.[1] I think that he enjoyed it, and I was very glad that he was able to be there. It was a strange experience. I am glad, on the whole, to have had it, but I certainly don't want to have it again. It was rather like a great party. After the service was over I saw Bishop Smyth. He said, "Do you remember Miss Saunders? She is waiting to speak to you." And to my amazement by Miss Heaton's side Aggie[2] was standing. She had come home unexpectedly: for health's sake, I think. I contrived to get to the meeting this morning. Of course, the first person whom I saw was Precentor Venables. But I saw many other old friends. The second person I saw was Canon Young. He spoke kindly. The last person I saw was Miss Patteson. Then in the midway I saw Bishop Hicks. He seemed to be very well. He said that he tried to catch Basil.[3] Then the Bishop of North Dakota and other Americans. . . .

Will you send me the pair of black cloth gloves which is in my right-hand top drawer (I think); or, failing this, a right-hand glove, of which you will find several on the hall table. At present I feel inadequately clothed with one glove. The other was sacrificed to St. Paul's.

On 17th June the Bishop was at Cambridge, where he preached a sermon before the University, and spoke at a meeting of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge on the following evening. He thus describes his Cambridge visit in a letter to his wife:—

[1] I happened to be home from India on furlough at this time, and was engaged to take a modest part in this Conference, so my father invited me to be his chaplain on this occasion. Similarly, in the following year, when he preached the annual sermon before the Church Missionary Society at St. Bride's, he invited another missionary son, George, to be his chaplain. Both sermons are published in his *Christian Aspects of Life*.

[2] Miss Agnes Saunders, daughter of the late Dean Saunders, engaged in mission work in Natal.

[3] His youngest son, for work in Bloemfontein Diocese.

CAMBRIDGE, 18*th June* 1894.

Well, my Sunday is over. It was a very hard day, but full of interest. It was more pleasant to see old faces and old places than I had expected it would be. Every one was very cordial. . . . After the sermon I walked with the V.C. (and the Bedells) to King's Lodge. Then I went to Chapel (in surplice and M.A. hood, to claim my membership), and sat in my old stall next to Canon Churton, and looked again upon the Angel of the Baptism. The music seemed to me interminable and unintelligible. Really, one must try to think what Church music means. I could not fit this in anywhere; but then I was tired.

After service I went to the Lodge to tea, and invited myself to Hall to-night. The Provost took me over the new buildings. In one most beautiful set of rooms I found to my surprise the author of *Dodo*.[1] I returned home by the Backs, rested a little, and then C.[2] and I went (by invitation) to Hall at Trinity. The Master was most kind. I met a good many old friends; and after leaving the Combination Room we saw all the inmost recesses of the Lodge. . . . The Lodge was never in such order.

This morning I am keeping in to write letters. I go to lunch with the Master of Clare in order to prepare for the meeting; then to tea with Basil;[3] then, as I said, with C. to Hall at King's.

In December of the same year he was again in Cambridge, whither he had gone to deliver his Presidential Address at the annual meeting of the Christian Social Union. At the opening of the address he said:—

It is impossible for me not to express my thankfulness that I am allowed now, at the close of life, to welcome here, in Cambridge, the representatives of a great and vigorous

[1] Known to my father as the son of Archbishop Benson.
[2] His son-in-law, Charles H. Prior, Tutor of Pembroke.
[3] His youngest son, an undergraduate of Trinity.

society of the young, which embodies the desire of my undergraduate days fifty years ago, that we who believe should seriously endeavour to make our Christian Faith the direct rule of our whole life—of our social and civic and national life—keeping our ideal steadily in view while we face the perplexing details of conduct.

In July of this year the Bishop had addressed some thousand members of a great and vigorous society of the still younger, called the Dicky Bird Society. It was at Newcastle that he spoke to these. He said:—

My dear Children—for it is to you I must speak now—it would be quite impossible to put into words the one-hundredth part of the thoughts that are naturally stirred in one by the sight of such a gathering as this; for Uncle Toby, with the most perfect wisdom, has strictly limited me to five or six minutes, and therefore I will only offer to you three thoughts —first, one which you have learned long ago; one which I hope you are practising now; and one which I trust you will fulfil in future time. You have all learned at home one lesson—a lesson which is for all life. I mean, that we can all understand man and bird and beast by loving. It is true that not only "he prayeth best," but he knoweth best "who loveth best all things both great and small." And is it not true that when you have watched tenderly, patiently, reverently anything that falls under your notice, you have found in it something to marvel at? And wonder is the beginning of wisdom. That is our first thought—we learn by loving. And then our own lives grow richer as we love more. Our Father has committed to our care the world which He has made, and every insect, every leaf has a message to us from Him. And we can understand what each says. We can read it with the eyes of our heart if we will. And yet is it not true that many children, and many men, go about in this most wonderful world as if they were blind and deaf outcasts for whom the sky has no glory and the air has no music, because they have no love and are poor in the midst of boundless wealth? Do you ask what the birds say—what

do the sparrow, the dove, the linnet, the thrush say? "I love; I love." The cruel must always be solitary. Some one asked long ago in Rome, "Who is with the Emperor?" and the answer was "Not even a fly"; for he amused himself by killing them. How very different from the Uncle Toby from whom your Uncle Toby is named. "Go, poor fly," he said to the insect that teased him—"get thee gone. Why should I hurt thee! The world is surely wide enough for both thee and me." You remember that you have promised, members of the Dicky Bird Society, that you will be kind to all living things. Will you think it very strange if I ask you to reckon flowers among living things? I never see a handful of golden buttercups or purple spikes of foxgloves thrown upon the road to be trodden under foot without being very deeply grieved. Every petal is a miracle of beauty and ought to be lingered over very lovingly. There may be a dull, coarse, selfish man—

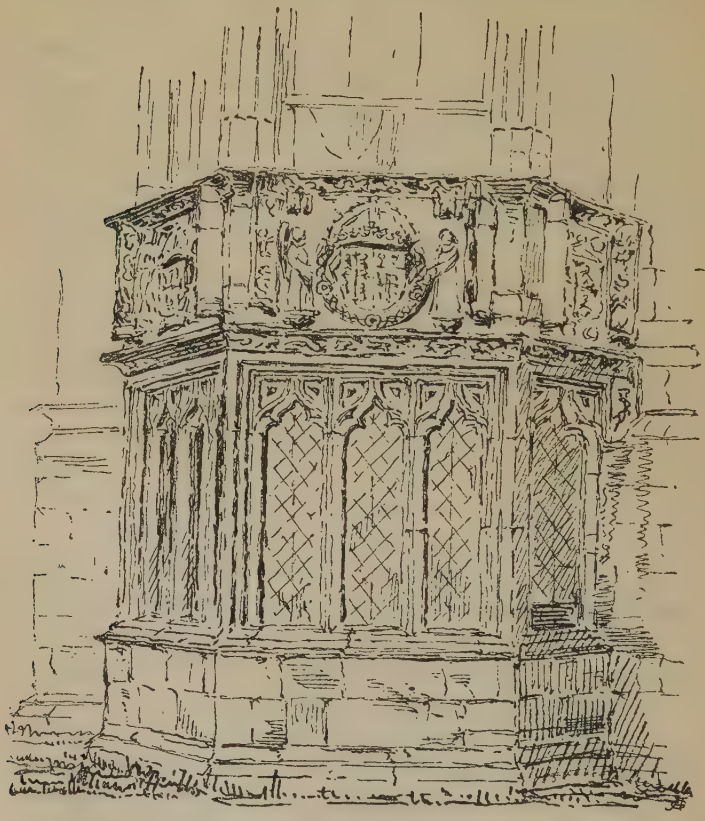
> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose is to him,
> And it is nothing more—

but for the kindly soul, which can recognise its Father's works, "the meanest flower that blows can give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." That is our second thought. Our whole lives grow richer as we love more. And here is the third thought—that love grows stronger; that the gentle, kindly love of children will, if it is duly cherished, grow in time to the strong, courageous love of men and women. No true member of the Dicky Bird Society, when grown up, will ever take share in cruel sports or will ever use ornaments which mean the destruction, the death of some of the most beautiful of God's creatures. My dear children, lay this to your heart, and resolve now, here, together in this grand assembly, that you will never "blend with pleasure or with pride the sorrow of the meanest thing that feels." We learn by loving; we grow richer as we love more. Love grows by use; and, my young friends, when the time comes for you, by your conduct, to shape custom, dare great things through love and for the sake of love.

One of the chief events of 1894 as concerning my father was his attendance and speech at the Northumberland miners annual Gala at Blyth. This will be described on another page. My father notes in his text-book that it was a "thoughtful, impressive gathering." In the same book he notes the birth of a new granddaughter in the Castle, and her christening by himself in the Castle Chapel on All Saints' Day. Other items of domestic interest are chronicled there, one of which tempts me to say a word. On Christmas Day he enters: "Evening reading: Andersen: Goblin Market." The meaning of this is that after we had, in family conclave assembled, exchanged Christmas gifts, receiving them with appropriate words from my father's hands, he read to us, according to ancient custom, a fairy tale. This was always a great treat, reserved exclusively for Christmas Day. Some of these tales so read have left a lasting remembrance. I can hear him now reading of the dog with "eyes as big as saucers," every tone of his voice adding to the marvels of the story. But the dog with eyes as big as saucers was, I remember, eclipsed by one "with eyes as big as towers," after mention of whom an impressive pause was made that we might summon up the vision of this awesome animal.

The Bishop took the greatest pleasure in sharing the moving associations of his official residence, and especially the Chapel, with as many as he could receive. It would be a long task to chronicle all such gatherings, but one of the most interesting was held in July 1894, when the Bishop entertained at Auckland Castle the members of the University Extension Committee of the Seaton Delaval Colliery. These Northumberland miners were particularly keen in the matter of in-

tellectual pursuits, and had on previous occasions availed themselves of the counsel of their learned



WINDOW IN AUCKLAND CASTLE.
From a Sketch by Bishop Westcott.

neighbour, who had once by their invitation addressed their University Extension class. This, therefore, was their return visit. The Bishop's son met the party at

the station, and on their arrival at the Castle the Bishop greeted each one, and showed them the interesting features of the house. After luncheon the Bishop took his guests round the garden, pointing out his favourite views, and his collection of Alpine and other plants, which were a special feature of the garden. The afternoon was enlivened by the music of the Pelton Fell Colliery Band, who had come over to express their general goodwill towards the Bishop, and to "show him that there was a Brass Band at Pelton Fell." The Bishop subsequently conducted both parties of his guests round the Chapel, and gave them tea in the big drawing-room. After tea the Bishop held a short service in the Chapel, and gave his blessing to his guests. The Seaton Delaval miners, feeling that a mere verbal expression of their thanks was inadequate, sent the Bishop an illuminated address of gratitude handsomely framed, which for want of wall space was placed on a chair in the Bishop's study, and so situated, faced the Bishop for the remainder of his life.

On 12th January 1895 my father notes in his text-book: "Full term of years completed. *χάρις τῷ θεῷ.*" On the same day he wrote to his youngest daughter, Mrs. Prior, in the matter of his birthday cake, which she purposed to adorn with the number of candles appropriate to his age.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 12*th January* 1895.

. . . Ah! the seventy candles! The only way to deal with them which occurs to me is to abolish the cake: which could not find room for them. The necessity is a parable.

It is strange to feel that the working time that comes now is a clear gift over and above the allotted span. In some ways I feel as strong as ever.

So, his years notwithstanding, he entered on the

duties of the new year with wonderful vigour, and performed numerous diocesan engagements, not the least important of which was the opening of the Lightfoot Memorial Chapter-house at Durham. Having been installed in the Episcopal chair therein, he said :—

This seat shows most plainly what is the relation of the Bishop to the Dean and Chapter. It shows most plainly that the Dean and Chapter are the appointed Council of the Bishop. It shows most plainly that the Mother Church of the Diocese is the centre of all diocesan work. Friends, if that great truth had been recognised during the last four centuries, we should have been spared, I believe, many of those unhappy divisions by which we are at present distressed. If that great truth can be embodied actively while there is still opportunity, I believe that we shall be enabled to overcome many of the difficulties which we can foresee in the near future. Here we have the members of the foundation once gathered together in their full numbers—the signs of corporate life which is enriched by all difference of opinion and which is strong enough to overcome all individualism. Here we have a solid basis for wise and effective government and administration. Here we have the promise of a unity necessarily far more abiding than any unity which can be created by the commanding influence of any single man. Thoughts, my friends, crowd upon thoughts when we look forward to the future. May those who come after me, and who occupy this place, be able to fulfil the hopes which are natural to-day! And may I say that I believe the fabric itself is fitted to sustain such hopes. A Bishop of Durham can never come to this Cathedral or Chapter-house without reading afresh in the most impressive form the spiritual lessons—may I say inspiring principles?—of his office. His Throne in the Cathedral was built by one of his predecessors over the tomb in which he now lies. His seat in the Chapter-house is a loyal tribute paid in honour of a life of service. In the one place the most solemn thought of a certain Divine judgment deepens the sense of a responsibility; in the other place the thought of human sympathy kindles an enthusiasm for

labour. And for those for whom the Spirit of God hallows that sense of responsibility—that passion for labour—all things are possible. Therefore, I venture to say that our hopes are as laudable as our aims, and I trust in my heart God will fulfil them to our children.

The Bishop was also able to perform several extra-diocesan services, including a speech at a great Temperance demonstration in Newcastle, where he appeared on the same platform with the present Archbishop of Canterbury. One of his many missionary sermons also was preached in the earlier part of 1895, being the annual sermon before the Church Missionary Society in St. Bride's Church. Concerning this he wrote to his wife :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 30*th April* 1895.

. . . After tea George and I went together to St. Bride's. I had him as Chaplain, which appeared to be seemly. It was a most impressive gathering. Every one seemed to take part. I was told that I might preach an hour, but I was merciful and contented myself with seven minutes less. I saw a good many friends after: Sir J. Kennaway, Mr. R. Lang, Mr. W. Hough, Mr. G. Gedge, and Mr. Knight.

One brief quotation only from this sermon must suffice. The words express his convictions as regards missionary work compressed into the smallest compass :—

Foreign Missions, St. Paul teaches us, are an open witness to the will of God for the world. Foreign Missions proclaim a living Saviour and King of all men. Foreign Missions vindicate for the Church the energy of a Divine life. Foreign Missions, in a word, express a great hope, kindle a sovereign love, feed an unconquerable faith; and we, too often depressed, chilled, disheartened by the cares of the passing day, require the inspiration which they bring for the blessing of our lives.

The Royal Agricultural Society of England held their Annual Show at Darlington in 1895, and the Bishop was invited to preach at the service held in the Show-yard on Sunday, 23rd June. The service was intended solely for those connected with the Show, and the Bishop was given to understand that his congregation would be chiefly composed of farm-servants, grooms, stockmen, shepherds, and the like; and so indeed it was, and a more interesting congregation than some eight hundred of such he can seldom have addressed. The Bishop spoke to them on "The Fellowship of Work," introducing his subject with these words:—

My dear friends, when a great assembly like this is gathered together, of men who meet for an hour or so in public worship, and then, so far as we can judge, will never meet again face to face till we stand before the Judgment Seat of God, it is necessary that he who speaks should choose some subject which equally touches all—some subject which enters into the common business of our daily life—some subject which calls into play all the forces of our Christian faith. It is necessary that he should use words which are most certain, which are of the widest meaning, and which every one who hears can prove for himself. Of such a subject I wish to speak. I wish to speak of the fellowship of work, in which we are all united, and I would ask you all for yourselves to try my words, and see if your hearts do not assure you that they are true.

But this continuous strain taxed his strength exceedingly, and a local paper, speaking of a speech which he delivered at the opening of the Candlish Memorial Hall at Seaham Harbour in June 1895, said:—

The right rev. gentleman displayed remarkable energy while delivering his speech, but towards its close he had to rest against the wall. His Lordship has for about half-a-dozen years done an amazing amount of what may be called

extra-prelatic work, and considering his advanced age his effort last Saturday was really wonderful.

It is not surprising, therefore, that the Bishop's health should have failed as it did when he went for his summer holiday to Spennithorne, in Wensleydale. There he suffered much pain, and was unable to sleep at nights, making little progress with his Ephesians, which was still his chief holiday work. The local medical man, however, inspired him with confidence, and he describes him in his text-book as a "wise, quiet, thoughtful man of a former age."

The following entry in his text-book is interesting :—

24*th August.*—A weary day. *Barabbas* wild and utterly unhistorical. Think of Pilate and Caiaphas.

I forbear comment.

Under the wise and thoughtful doctor's care the Bishop made some progress, and was able to enjoy the last few days of his holiday and enter on his work again.

On his return to Bishop Auckland he invited the members of the North of England Primitive Methodist Preachers' Association to visit the Castle. "Addressing the members in the Chapel, the Bishop expressed the pleasure he felt in meeting them in a place so full of the records of the Christian heroism of their common ancestors. In such circumstances they were made to feel that they were in very deed one family. But their thoughts were carried a little further, for they could not help feeling a desire for more of that outward unity without which they could never make a true impression upon the world. It was not for

him to say how this unity would be brought about, but there were two things about which he felt quite sure. The first was that it was not God's will that they should for ever continue to be divided as they were unhappily at the present, for though in His infinite wisdom God might bring blessing out of their divisions, yet it was not such a state of things as would convince the world. The second point was that it was quite clear that no scheme of man, no scheme of man's wisdom, would ever bring back their lost blessing. This would be the work of the Divine Spirit as they unweariedly prayed to Him to fulfil His will. Meanwhile, he could say at least this much, that the end would be brought about sooner as they strove to understand each other better, and as they endeavoured not only to speak but to live the truth in love. His hope was that these feelings might be encouraged by their meeting in that unique chapel. His Lordship then called upon the Rev. R. Fenwick to read the first sixteen verses of 4th Ephesians, and, after a period of silent prayer, the Bishop pronounced the benediction. The company were next entertained to tea by Mrs. Westcott; and the Rev. R. Fenwick having expressed the acknowledgments of the company for their reception, an adjournment was made to the lawn, where a photograph was taken of those assembled."

My father's health was sufficiently restored to enable him to preside over the Diocesan Conference at Stockton in the following October. A Report of the Conference says that he "opened the proceedings by one of the ablest and most suggestive addresses he has ever delivered since he came to Durham."

In November the Bishop fulfilled several engagements in London. One of these was the delivery of

a sermon under the auspices of the Church Army at St. Mary at Hill, Eastcheap, on "The Deserving Unemployed and how to help them." In the course of this address he said :—

The problem of the unemployed in the next generation is pressed on our serious study; but the problem which is before us now is humbler and simpler, and yet vast enough to perplex the most sagacious. A fortnight ago I had the privilege of discussing a fragment of the question in a conference between men representative of capital and labour, and nothing came out more clearly than the necessity of determining a definite policy before the time of action has come. We must consider our aim, and the course which we intend to follow, and the grounds of our confidence while there is opportunity for calm reflection. So it is also with regard to the distress by which we are always encompassed. We must have a policy and know the ground of the hope with which it inspires us, and while we must deal with men individually, we must remember we cannot deal with them rightly if we deal with them as if they were alone. We are severally members of a body. As to deserving unemployed and how to help them, I assume that it is our duty and our desire to help them; but help is of many kinds. There is material help, moral help, and spiritual help, and all three forms of help are necessary. The Church Army offers all in wise and effective harmony. It has a policy which is wise and effective. The material help is so administered as to develop self-respect, to discipline and encourage the feeble and the broken-hearted. The moral help is supplied by the natural intercourse of an ordered family, to which the destitute and the wanderer are introduced. The spiritual help is offered simply and directly in every case; for I read joyfully that at the free meals a short, bright Gospel service is given to revive hope.

The Bishop also pointed out in the course of this sermon that multitudes of those who are called the

richer and busier classes are in reality both poor and unemployed. "Are not those poor whose feelings are atrophied? Are not those unemployed whose power of devotion and service find no exercise?" This striking address led *The Spectator* to discourse on "the rich poor" and "the busy unemployed." It penetrated even further, and led to an invitation to the Bishop to preside at a Demonstration of the Unemployed in Trafalgar Square. This invitation the Bishop declined, stating in his reply to the Secretary of the Society for the Promotion of Social Concord, from whom it emanated: "I could not offer an opinion on your particular scheme without more particular information. In any case, I cannot but think that such a scheme could not be profitably discussed at a mass meeting."

About the same time the Bishop addressed the following letter to the editor of the *North-Eastern Daily Gazette*:—

Sir—It is unnecessary to dwell on the comparative failure of special funds raised for the relief of the unemployed in periods of exceptional distress under the management of committees formed at the time. Experience shows that the larger part of such funds fall to those who are chronically unemployed either from moral or from physical incapacity, and not to those who suffer from temporary causes. It appears also that the distress itself is sometimes exaggerated by men who habitually depend on the casual benevolence of others, and so use the opportunity for their own advantage. There are even cases in which the distribution of the relief is made to serve private ends. On the other hand, special funds, which under the same circumstances have been placed at the disposal of the Guardians of the Poor to be distributed through their own officers, have fulfilled their object admirably so far as they have reached; but this method of administering relief offends a natural sentiment, and is un-

popular with the class which it is desired to assist. It seemed, therefore, to some who were familiar with the problems of poor relief in Durham and on the Tyneside, that it would be desirable, at a time when there is no pressure of distress, to consider whether it would not be possible to combine the popularity of the "public" fund with the effectiveness of administration secured by the officers of the poor law. With this view a Conference was held at Auckland on 25th and 26th October, when, after full discussion, the subjoined Resolutions were unanimously adopted. They furnish an outline of procedure which, while it uses to the full the special knowledge of those who are in the largest sense guardians of the poor, both in the establishment and in the distribution of the special relief fund, yet by the method of distribution sharply distinguishes this relief from the relief provided by the Poor Law, to which the chronically unemployed are rightly left. The Resolutions are published in the hope that they may lead to a careful consideration of the subject in the district, so that if, unhappily, another period of distress come upon us, a general policy may have been adopted in the great centres of population by which it can be dealt with effectively. Those gentlemen to whose names an asterisk is prefixed were unable to attend the Conference, but expressed afterwards their approval of the Resolutions.—
Yours faithfuly, B. F. Dunelm.

Auckland Castle, 23*rd November* 1895.

Copy of Resolutions

It was resolved:—

I. That where exceptional distress exists, or is said to exist, it is desirable that all efforts to relieve it should be made in concert with the Guardians; and that any body which may already have been formed, or may be formed, to relieve it should co-operate with them.

II. That with a view to such co-operation it is desirable that a permanent representative committee of men and women should be formed in each Union on the lines of the

Charity Organisation Society, which would be prepared to deal with the distress.

III. That such committee determine, after communication with the Guardians, when it is desirable that an appeal for funds should be issued.

IV. That while every advantage should be taken of the knowledge of the relieving officers, the actual distribution of the funds should not be in their hands, but must be in the hands of paid agents of the committee.

V. That in view of the evils of overlapping and multiplication of agencies, it is desirable that all administration of relief should be centred in such a committee; and that on the one hand the co-operation of existing charities should be sought, and on the other the institution of rival funds should be discouraged.

C. D. Baines.	W. Moore Ede.
Hugh Bell.	*J. Harrison.
C. B. P. Bosanquet.	*A. Henderson.
*B. C. Browne.	R. Lauder jun.
T. Burt.	R. Ropner.
David Dale.	Walter Willson.
B. F. Dunelm.	*J. Wilson.

25*th November* 1895.

Another of the Bishop's London engagements in this November was a Conference held in London House, under the presidency of Bishop Temple, to discuss Temperance legislation and obtain the united views of clerical representatives of the various Christian bodies in England and Scotland. My father was one of the representatives of the Church of England. The Conference adopted several resolutions. One was as follows:—

(2) That, in the opinion of this Conference, the following reforms are ripe for legislation:—(*a*) The more effective treatment of habitual inebriates; (*b*) Further restriction of Sunday

trading (England); (*c*) Registration of clubs; (*d*) Raising the age under which the sale of alcoholic liquors to young persons for their own consumption is illegal; (*e*) Determining an age under which the delivery of alcoholic liquors to very young children shall be illegal; (*f*) Shortening of the hours during which public-houses shall be open on week-days, subject to discretion of the local authorities to make exceptions where necessary.

Towards the close of November the Bishop visited Manchester, where he discoursed to the Christian Social Union on "The Christian Law," it being the fundamental principle of the Union "to claim for the Christian Law the ultimate authority to rule social practice." In opening his address he said :—

But what is "the Christian Law"? We are often reminded that Christ left no code of Commandments. It is in Him—in His Person and His work—the Law lies. He has given, indeed, for our instruction some applications of the negative precepts of the Decalogue to the New Order. He has added some illustrations of positive duties—almsgiving, prayer, fasting. He has set up an ideal and a motive for life; and at the same time He has endowed His Church with spiritual power, and has promised that the Paraclete, sent in His Name, shall guide it into all the Truth.

The Christian Law, then, is the embodiment of the Truth for action in forms answering to the conditions of society from age to age. The embodiment takes place slowly, and it can never be complete. It is impossible for us to rest indolently in the conclusions of the past. In each generation the obligation is laid on Christians to bring new problems of conduct and duty into the Divine light, and to find their solution under the teaching of the Spirit.

The unceasing effort to fulfil the obligation establishes the highest prerogative of man, and manifests the life of the Church. From this effort there can be no release; and the effort itself becomes more difficult as human relations grow fuller, wider, more complex.

At the time of these annual public meetings of the Christian Social Union meetings of the Union's Council were usually held. I am led to conclude from brief remarks in my father's text-book that he sometimes found these meetings somewhat trying. The nature of his trouble may be inferred from information supplied that "he acted as a restraining influence upon those who would confine the Union practically to the promulgation of advanced socialistic views."

Concerning this visit to Manchester he writes to his Canadian son :—

MANCHESTER, *25th November* 1895.

You see I am in a kind of strange land. We have had a public meeting of the Christian Social Union, of which I am President. I felt bound to come, though it is, I think, the first meeting that I have attended outside Durham, except in London.[1] It was a very remarkable meeting. The hall, which holds about 1500, was crowded to overflowing. Canon Gore and Canon Scott Holland were the other two speakers —Westminster and St. Paul's.

In Advent 1895 the Bishop received a letter from some of his younger clergy on the subject of Foreign Service. In this letter the following paragraph occurs :—

Will, then, your Lordship, we would deferentially ask, consider whether in any way men can be encouraged to intimate either unitedly or individually, but privately, to their Bishop that they wish to be at his free disposal, if occasion should arise, for home or foreign service, at least until further notice? Would your Lordship be willing to keep some such confidential list of names as that we indicate, and from time to time definitely to invite your younger clergy to face the question of volunteering? Such an offer might, we presume, be accom-

[1] He seems to have reckoned Newcastle as part of Gateshead ; but was careful not to invade his brother of Newcastle's Diocese without permission.

panied by any limitations as to sphere or term of service that God may have already made plain to the offerer; indeed, it is just to find guidance where these fail that the scheme is proposed. We say that we cannot judge for ourselves the comparative needs of the foreign and home policies of the Church. We note that it is not expected of the private soldier in an earthly army to select his own post and his own manœuvres. We do not think that it should be always left to private soldiers in the Divine army of aggression to do so. We think that those who stand on the Church's watch-towers may be willing to organise and direct us if they are once convinced that we are willing to obey orders and thankful to have them to obey.

The Bishop replied :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, *Epiphany*, 1896.

My dear Sons—It was impossible for me to read your letter without the deepest emotion and thankfulness; and perhaps the feeling was stronger because I received it on the morrow of the largest ordination that I have been allowed to hold, in which I seemed to have a vision of the generation of labourers who will carry on the work which I must soon leave. Your letter rightly recognises that our ministerial commission is essentially world-wide, even as our Church is; and that the choice of our place of service ought to be made in full view of the whole field. In many cases, no doubt, the work which has been "afore prepared" for the young minister is plainly determined by circumstances, which are part of God's discipline for us, or by some clear voice of His Spirit; but in many more there are no decisive claims at home or abroad to guide his choice. Where this relative freedom exists you think that it is an opportunity for the right use of which you may reasonably seek counsel from those who are set over you, without laying aside your own personal responsibility, and this the more because during the first two years of your ministry, when new thoughts are revealed, new powers developed, new hopes kindled, you are brought into intimate and filial relations with them. You think, if I understand

you rightly, that a Bishop, from his age and experience, is likely to know the needs of home and foreign work far better than you can, and to weigh them impartially. You think that if you follow his judgment where your own judgment fails you will be saved from the misgivings which attend the fulfilment of a charge that has been self-sought, or taken, as it were, by chance and without conviction. And, above all, you think that if a Bishop is commissioned to "send" no less than to "ordain" ministers of Christ, he may look for special guidance if he undertakes the weighty charge which you propose to lay upon him. Taking account of all these things, I dare not decline the charge which you offer, however much I may shrink from it, believing most surely that, through the prayers of many, the grace which was given me at my consecration will help me in my endeavours to fulfil it. There will indeed be need of great care in determining the details of the scheme. But these can be left for future consideration. It is enough now to say that I accept the charge as a duty of my office. And I accept the charge with better hope because I feel that your movement tends to present missionary work as the work of the Church through the spiritual action of its appointed rulers, without disturbing in the least degree the work of the great Societies. It shows openly that the work of our Church at home and abroad is one work—one work throughout the world, one in its conditions, its requirements, its qualifications, its outward recognition, so that, by the interchange of clergy, many stations in the mission field will become, so to speak, outlying parts of English parishes —as we have known at least in one case in Durham—and the living sense of the Communion of Saints will be to us even in this form a strength and an inspiration. Men united by such a purpose can hardly fail to deepen and spread intelligent interest in Foreign Missions, and, without limiting in any way our wider obligations, call out in our whole body a worthier acknowledgment of the primary debt which the National Church owes to our fellow-citizens and fellow-subjects in other lands. May I go yet further and say that your letter appears to me to have a message of hope wider than the immediate subject of it. It touches indirectly the character

of our Church life. You speak of "the independence which is at once the safeguard and the danger of our English Clergy." At the present time this independence, unless it is chastened, threatens to destroy our corporate unity. Authority is already in some cases held of light account in the presence of resolute and impressive self-assertion, and those to whom authority is committed are tempted to doubt the validity of their endowment. Strong and happy shall we be if, in the spirit of your letter, we all come to recognise that the title "Father in God" is not merely a venerable phrase, but the acknowledgment of a divine gift whereby the Church is at once disciplined and supported when dutiful respect is the instinctive response to watchful love.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

On 25th April the Bishop was present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the New Shire Hall in Durham. After the happy accomplishment of this ceremony, a luncheon followed, whereat it fell to the Bishop's lot to propose the toast of the Durham County Council. In the course of his speech he said :—

There are some things which I still desire, and you will pardon me if I take an unfair advantage of this opportunity of speaking to the Council. I am anxious to see two things done in this county. I wish to see some experiments made of a labour colony. I have no doubt the chairman has read the remarkable report of Mr. Hazell, of Leicester, as to his small experiment. If you will consider that recital, I think you will feel that it is worth your while to see if something may not be done in Durham to solve, it may be only in a small degree, but in an effectual degree, the problem of the unemployed. I have mentioned one of my great desires, now as to the second. I have visited the County Asylum with the deepest interest and the greatest thankfulness. I have never seen an institution which more completely deserves our confidence and more admirably fulfils its office. What I desire is some asylum for a class of sufferers even, perhaps, more pitiable than our lunatics—our inebriates. It is a

question which I think ought to be taken up by the County Council. What the Council has done in the past encourages me to hope they will face that problem too. I trust that this day will be a fresh beginning in the Council's service to the county. I do trust that the building, of which the foundation has been so happily laid this morning, may gather round it associations worthy of its purpose—that it may be a landmark of our civil progress. And I trust that the Shire Hall of the county will stand in time to come by the side of the Cathedral and the Castle, and witness no less worthily to the growth of the public life of Durham to those who shall come after.

In a letter to one of his sons he makes mention of this ceremony, and further describes how he was occupied about this time:—

AUCKLAND, *3rd Sunday after Easter*, 1896.

Yesterday I had an unusual and interesting function, taking part in the laying of the foundation-stone of the new home of the Durham County Council. The Lord Lieutenant, Lord Durham, laid the stone, and I said a short prayer afterwards, and then there was a great luncheon and speaking. This week there are many meetings: one for the Missions to Seamen, at which Miss Weston is to speak. To-morrow I am hoping to go to see the friends of the men killed in the terrible explosion at Willington, of which you will have seen some notice. It happened that only a few men, comparatively, were down the pit at the time; otherwise the loss of life would have been enormous. Only four, I think, were saved out of all.

The Bishop had been in London on February 1896, when, besides attending various meetings, he was present at the opening of the Church House by H.R.H. the Duke of York, and, with Bishop Temple, was a member of a Deputation which waited upon Lord Salisbury to solicit legislation on the lines of the re-

solutions of the London House Conference on Temperance. He was there again in May involved in a round of conferences, committees, and other meetings. The effect of them appears to have been depressing, for he writes to his wife :—

CHURCH HOUSE, WESTMINSTER,
19th May 1896.

. . . These meetings always make me rather sad. It is so difficult—through one's own fault—to feel that they are Divine Councils. They ought to be. It is all our fault, our own fault, our own great fault—yet it is. Then I feel that there is so very much that I don't know ; and it is too late to learn. By this time one is "there" and one stays "there." Alas !

The Bishop spent his summer holiday of 1896 at Sedbergh. Here, on 30th August, he preached at a Flower Service. Altogether this Flower Service was rendered an "unique" occasion, for the Bishop preached in the evening, his eldest son, Brooke, in the morning, and his fifth son, Foss, in the afternoon. The Bishop's text was "Consider the lilies." In the course of his sermon he said :—

Consider [1] the lilies : learn the lesson [2] of the lilies. Study, that is, diligently what Nature teaches in all that comes before you, and take the teaching into life. For many obedience to the command is impossible. For many, "barricadoed evermore within the walls of cities," no green meadows, or golden corn-lands, or flower-bordered lanes, or fern-wreathed hillsides are accessible. They have indeed great problems of life pressed upon them in the din and tumult of street and mart. Of these, however, we do not speak now. But you, my friends, have about you all the varied wealth of the country, and God bids you consider it, learn its lesson. To do so requires, as I said, a continuous effort. You will be

[1] *κατανοήσατε*, St. Luke xii. 27.
[2] *καταμάθετε*, St. Matt. vi. 28.

learners to your lives' end under this discipline of loving watchfulness. The reward for a lesson mastered will be to the true scholar a new lesson: the reward of a precept, as it was said in old times, is a precept. A duty fulfilled opens the way to a new duty. "Grace for grace" is the beneficent law of the Divine school in which we are all scholars. To him that has used his talent well more is given.

. . . . .

I saw here a few days ago, as many of you must have seen often, a perfect parable of human life. I was standing in sunshine: a storm-cloud hung over the valley. On the cloud was the rainbow, the token of the covenant; and on the horizon the distant hills lay in untroubled light. From the light to the light—not from the darkness to the darkness—that is the figure of the life of faith, though transitory shadows may cross the way of the believer.

My father's love of flowers and of all the beauties of Nature was very marked. When we were children he would take us for long walks, and be for ever finding interesting flowers, ferns, and mosses. His ardour was never chilled, though we were wont to receive his discoveries with decided coldness. He would never be induced to believe that we were unfamiliar with the Latin names with which he greeted his flowery friends. At Peterborough, I remember, he offered a prize to the boys of the King's School for the best collection of wild-flowers.

At his September Ordination the Bishop ordained his youngest son Basil a Deacon, and a few days later bade him a last farewell as he started for India to join the Cambridge Brotherhood at Delhi. He thus describes his leaving:—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *7th October* 1896.

I saw Basil off this morning. He went in good spirits, and is quite clear and happy as to his future work. The last

few weeks have been a busy time, full of many thoughts, but there is very much to be thankful for; yet it was strange to feel when the train passed out of the station that it is most unlikely, all being well, that I shall see him again.

In the latter part of September the feelings of the country were greatly stirred by the news of "Armenian Atrocities," and my father, who was possessed of considerable information on the subject, addressed a large meeting at Bishop Auckland, proposing a resolution "urging Her Majesty's Government to expedite such measures as in its judgment shall secure the permanent discontinuance of such barbarities in the future." He also wrote the following letter (which was read at a public meeting in Sunderland) to one of the clergy of that town:—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, 30*th September* 1896.

Dear Mr. Talbot—I should have deeply regretted my inability to attend the meeting on Friday evening if I had not already spoken at some length on the Armenian question; as it is, I have nothing to add to what I said here ten days ago. I don't think that more words are necessary to deepen the horror and indignation which all our countrymen, without distinction of class or party or creed, feel at the events of the last year. But it seems to me that we ought to lay to heart more seriously than we have done the sad and unexpected lesson which we have received as to the intense and general suspicion in which our foreign policy is regarded on the Continent, and to use every effort to modify a judgment which we know to be utterly unjust. In this respect the meetings which are being held throughout the country are likely to be of permanent service. They have already, it is evident, produced a sensible effect abroad. The clear and spontaneous voice of the whole nation will be sufficient to convince the most sceptical of our sincerity and unselfishness at the present time. When this end is gained we may be sure that active sympathy with the victims of Turkish misrule, which has

hitherto been checked by inveterate distrust of us, will find powerful expression in France and Germany and Russia. Meanwhile, I cannot doubt that isolated, aggressive action on our part would be disastrous to the Armenians and disastrous to Europe. Our duty is to show our desire to fulfil our own obligations in loyal co-operation with all who share them. And for my own part I cannot but trust that the present distress may lead us to the establishment of a cordial understanding with Russia, on which hangs, as far as I can judge, not only the fate of Armenia, but the fate of Asia. We have, I venture to think, adequate grounds for confidence. Those who disparage the concert of the Powers appear to have forgotten Crete. Not many weeks ago Crete seemed to offer a problem not less full of peril than Armenia. That problem has been happily solved by the joint action of the Powers. The difficulties in dealing with the Armenians are no doubt greater, and for these difficulties I cannot but hold the Armenian Revolutionary Committee largely responsible (see Blue Book, pp. 37 H., 57); and it seems to me that every friend of Armenia is bound to condemn openly the acts and words of reckless conspirators, which are scarcely less detestable than the bloody reprisals of the Sultan. At the same time, there is ample scope for our prayers and for our alms; and I trust that the generous sympathy of the meeting will take a practical shape in the opening of a county relief fund, to which I will give £25, for the homeless and destitute sufferers. With the most earnest hopes that the meeting by its wise moderation and unanimity will contribute effectively to the cause of justice and peace, I am, yours most truly,

B. F. DUNELM.

The Rev. R. T. Talbot.

On 23rd September 1896 the Bishop, in reopening St. Stephen's Church at South Shields, unveiled a memorial tablet placed there in honour of some brave pilots of that town and of others who had lost their lives by the capsizing of the lifeboat *Providence* some years before. There was a crowded congregation, com-

posed largely of pilots and their wives, members of the volunteer Life Brigade, and the Lifeboat crews, who wore their uniforms. After unveiling the tablet the Bishop said :—

There is a very old familiar saying that it is men and not walls which make the city, and its truth has been confirmed by the experience of all ages. And we to-day in our own happy country are, I think, coming more and more to feel practically that our wealth lies in noble men and women. When we reckon up this wealth of human lives we must count in our treasure not only those who are still labouring with us in all the toils and dangers of earthly life, but those also who have passed from our side, who have entered into their rest. They also are still with us, helping us by the recollection of what they have done, and helping us also by the effects of their deeds, which go on for ever bearing fruit whilst the world lasts. But memory is fleeting, and therefore it is well that we should provide ourselves with some memorials which may recall the past to our side. It is well that we should commemorate those who have served their countrymen nobly and well, and that we should commemorate them in our churches, that those whom God has enabled to do great things in the past may speak to us still from the walls of His house. I can well remember with what deep interest and thankfulness, on my first visit to South Shields, I saw in the chancel of St. Hilda's, hanging from the roof, the model of the lifeboat.

. . . . .

The path of the seafaring man's life is beset with unusual hardships and perils, and the least reflection shows what a debt we owe to them. We owe to them in a large measure our world-wide empire, the very means of our subsistence, the necessaries and luxuries of our daily life, and I often think we do not remember sufficiently clearly at what a cost of life these services are rendered.

. . . . .

There is just one incident in the history of the calamity we are thinking of which especially touches me. I read that a week or two after that great sorrow, when twenty men out of

twenty-four perished in a moment, the same boat was manned to carry succour to a vessel in distress, and its coxswain was one of those four men who had escaped from the terrible and recent catastrophe. Men of self-denying bravery have therefore their reward. In this sense we can say in truth that perfect love casts out fear. I trust this memorial will be to other pilots an encouragement, and that in some human fashion it may make the house of God dearer to them.

The death of Archbishop Benson (11th October) was a painful shock to my father. His deep sorrow and sense of loss is reflected in many of the letters which he wrote in the autumn of 1896. The following letter, addressed to his son Bernard in Canada, in part reveals his distress :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
20th Sunday after Trinity, 1896.

You will have felt with us much this week in the heavy loss which we have suffered. No blow ever came so unexpectedly, and for me it changes the whole future. No one can take the Archbishop's place in my life. I hardly know how I can go again to Lambeth with another there. To lose the last of the close friends with whom I began work nearly fifty years ago is indeed terrible, and I was the oldest of the four. Still, alone I must endeavour to do what is still given me to do. It was very touching that the first message of sympathy which I had was from Dr. Vaughan, who is himself lying between life and death.

Yet, bereft of his three life-long friends, he laboured on, never for a moment permitting his private sorrows to interfere with his public duties.

A few days later he commenced his second Visitation, and in the opening of the first part of his Charge, delivered in his Cathedral Church at Durham, he thus referred to the sad event :—

I have said that a Visitation is necessarily a most solemn season; and this Visitation comes at a time when the whole Anglican communion is bowed down by a sudden and overwhelming blow. Not many days ago, when we looked forward to the coming year, which must deeply affect the future of our Church at home and abroad, we rejoiced in the confident hope that one who was uniquely fitted by natural gifts and varied experience to vindicate its apostolic authority and bind in closer fellowship all its members, would use nobly to the glory of God and the good of Christendom the great opportunities over which he had long meditated. A visit to Ireland had proved under new conditions his power to inspire the enthusiasm of service and to win all hearts by gracious sympathy and self-forgetful devotion. The public mission was accomplished. The words of peace fell on his ears in the House of God, and, as we humbly believe, he entered into life. In a crisis of anxiety he bade us pray to God that he would "cleanse and defend His Church." In our bereavement let us not doubt that the prayer—we know not how—will find uninterrupted fulfilment. Such losses, indeed, bring a corresponding gain. They give a human reality to the unseen world. Those on whom we look no longer, are, in some sense, felt to be more continuously near than when they moved among us under the conditions of earth; and their spiritual presence supplies a living and intelligible form to the Communion of Saints, through which we enter on the powers of the eternal life. The lesson is for us all; but forgive me if, in this stress of universal grief, I venture to speak of that which is personal, for I need your help more sorely than ever. It was by the counsel and with the encouragement of the late Archbishop that I dared to come here. During the six years which have passed since, that counsel and encouragement have never failed me. Now he has passed away, the last of the three friends with whom I began to work forty-seven years ago, and I, the eldest of the little band, must face alone whatever may still be given me to do. Once again, then, I am constrained to repeat the request which I have made twice before, and made, as I know, not in vain, "Brethren, pray for us."

The remaining portions of the Charge were delivered at Sunderland and Bishop Auckland, the title given by him to the complete Charge being "Some Conditions of Religious Life."

In November my father spent a day at Cambridge, whither he went to support the movement for establishing a Cambridge House in South London. He thus describes his visit in a letter to a son :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
24th Sunday after Trinity, 1896.

On Tuesday I went to Cambridge. The meeting about the "Cambridge House" was in the large room of the Guildhall. It was crowded from end to end. I never before saw such a meeting in Cambridge. The men were most enthusiastic, and I fully hope that the work will be accomplished. The Committee—Charlie was a very active member—must have worked hard to organise the gathering. I proposed the main resolution, and Mr. Balfour seconded it. It was very good of him to come. The next morning I had to go to Sunderland, where we had a good meeting of Church Workers. The journey and speaking were together fatiguing. Yesterday we had a large meeting of National Schoolmasters. To-day I have kept in all day, and trust that the rest will do me good, for I have to go out to-morrow and the next day.

On 1st December 1896 the Bishop presided over the annnal public meeting of the Christian Social Union, which was held in the Colston Hall at Bristol. On his way to Bristol he wrote the following letter to his wife :—

N.E.R., *1st December*.

MY DIARY

Reached Darlington quite happily. Began letters. Found place in an empty through compartment.

Thirsk.—Have now finished day's letters, and found the

missing spectacles—such is the gift of peace—and shall begin to think over papers. The sun is shining brightly.

York.—Have my ticket to Bristol, and two fellow-travellers with rugs and furs, enough to make me warm by reflection, if I needed it; but cape and rug are most effectual.

Chesterfield.—Still getting on well. About to take egg. Hope that it is the right time.

Derby.—We have had quite a long wait, but there is no excuse yet for tea. I have made a hole in my mountain of sandwiches. Now we are off for Birmingham, I suppose. The carriage is wonderfully smooth in running.

Birmingham.—We had quite a long pause in the Central Station, and now I am once more alone. I saw no familiar sights, and we went out by some new line. Now we have passed Bromsgrove, and shall pause next, I suppose, at Worcester.

Gloucester.—We did not visit Worcester, and now the journey seems to be drawing to an end. I have just given up my ticket, which brings the fact home. The clouds came over the sky about midday, and there were no glimpses of the Malvern Hills. Now, too, it is quite dark, and I shall not be able to see Stinchcombe. How like a dream it all seems—fifty-five years or more. How much better the opportunities of work might have been used; and how great the transitory rewards have been. I will read my paper again and get it ready.

Bristol.—I have had tea. Mr. Abbot has called, and I am just going to the meeting.

On this occasion Canons Scott Holland and Gore also addressed the meeting, and the three speeches were published together. My father's subject was "The True Aims and Methods of Education." In the course of his address he said :—

We are at all times unconsciously educating others by our own example. Our standard of duty in the discharge of business and in the use of leisure necessarily influences the desires and the actions of those who look to us for guidance. The

young are quick-eyed critics, and the sight of quiet devotion to work, of pleasure sought in common things—and all truly precious things are common—will enforce beyond question some great lessons of school. We do not, as far as I can judge, rate highly enough our responsibility for the customary practices of society. Not infrequently we neutralise our teaching through want of imagination by failing to follow out the consequences of some traditional custom. We seem to be inconsiderate when we are only ignorant.

And here I cannot but remark that the right use of leisure is an object of education not second—this is, you remember, the judgment of Aristotle—even to the right fulfilment of work. In this respect an obligation is laid upon the more cultured classes to watch heedfully the pattern which they set, lest those who follow them at a distance should be corrupted in their amusements.

The public meeting at Bristol was followed, as usual, by the Council Meeting, and by a second meeting at Oxford. He thus relates the story of his annual excursion on the Union's behalf in letters to members of his family :—

BRISTOL, *2nd December* 1896.

One line only. I am just starting for Oxford very indifferently prepared. We had a long meeting this morning, partly exciting, but all ended well. The meeting last evening was very large and hearty. I was not so tired as I expected to be. Probably to-night will tire me more. . . .

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
2nd Sunday after Advent, 1896.

My great expedition to Bristol and Oxford passed off better than I could have hoped. On Tuesday I had an eight hours' journey to Bristol, and then in the evening I spoke to a big meeting of 2000 or so in the largest hall in the city. On Wednesday there was an early service and a Council Meeting of three hours, then a journey to Oxford.

Again I spoke in the evening to a large meeting in Christ Church Hall. It was very generous of the College to let us have the meeting there. On Thursday I came home through Birmingham, and it took me nearly twelve hours. So you see I must still have a reserve of strength, though I generally feel tired.

On 5th January 1897 the Bishop presided at a meeting of the Peace Society in Darlington. He there said that, as slavery had been put away, they might also confidently look for the suppression of war. Some weeks later he was speaking on the same subject, in a sermon on War, preached in St. Thomas' Church, Sunderland. This address "was delivered to a large congregation of men; and, probably to the dismay of the Bishop, it was repeatedly applauded. His Lordship, however, took no notice of this innovation."

On 19th January the Bishop delivered a speech at a conversazione at the Newcastle Church Institute. He was there by the invitation of the Bishop of Newcastle, who also spoke. The Bishop took the opportunity of explaining his relations with Newcastle. He said:—

A Bishop of Durham must feel when he crosses the Tyne that he is coming in some sense to his old home. However we may regard the relations between Northumberland and Durham—whether we look upon Northumberland as, through Lindisfarne and Hexham, the mother of the See of Durham, or whether we look upon Durham as in later years the mother of the See of Newcastle—it is ever clear that the relations of the two dioceses are most close, most affectionate.

On 22nd January the Bishop addressed a very large congregation of men in St. Columba's, Gateshead, taking for his subject "Fellowship in Work." He notes in his text-book that this was a "very striking service."

On 15th February the Bishop addressed the following letter to the Chairman of the Church Reform League :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
15th February 1897.

My dear Mr. Fry—I have carefully considered the papers which you have sent to me. The main objects of the C.R.L., by which I understand the power of self-government in the Church, subject to constitutional limitations, the recognised authority of the laity within definite spheres, and the establishment of an effective discipline, can hardly fail to commend themselves to those who desire to see our Church life developed in full vigour. At the same time, the proposed method of legislation is that which, under present circumstances, is alone likely to be practicable. But the attainment of the objects of the League will require wise and resolute patience. The reformation of Convocation, and the legal establishment of corresponding Houses of Laymen, form the first steps; and we can all feel the difficulties by which these fundamental changes are beset. However, frank discussion of such questions can only do good, and it may lead in due time to the formation of a concordant opinion among Churchmen which will make legislation both possible and effective. For such a result we can gladly work and wait.—Yours most faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

On 31st December 1896 my father had sent to press the first packet of papers for his new book. This book is entitled *Christian Aspects of Life*, and contains most of the important sermons, speeches, and addresses delivered by him during the years 1893-1896, including his second Visitation Charge. The book was not published until the year 1897 was far advanced, but it seems fitting to mention it here, because it is a memorial of the four years with which this chapter deals.

This volume is dedicated "To the most dear memory of Joseph Barber Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham; Fenton John Anthony Hort, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lady Margaret's Professor of Divinity, Cambridge; Edward White Benson, D.D., D.C.L., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury—whose friendship has been inspiration and strength throughout my life."

In the preface he says:—

We require, I cannot doubt, to modify very largely both our ideas and our practice; to study more carefully than we have ever done the characteristic endowments and history of our nation and of our Church in relation to other peoples and other faiths; to calculate the moral effects of the popular types and aims of education; to bring the differences of our work and circumstances under the ennobling influences of one supreme fellowship; to cultivate generally the capacity for delight in the common treasures of mankind and Nature; to strive habitually to see God in His works and in His working. All this has been made possible for us by our faith; and the prevailing currents of opinion are favourable to an effective review of our present position. There is a growing tendency to judge conduct by reference to the whole, and to the eternal; to subordinate personal to social interests.

The book was very warmly welcomed, and from the numerous notices of it many remarks of interest might be gathered; but of all that I have read I think that the following is almost the most striking remark, as calling attention to a very important feature in my father's method of dealing with men, and solely for that reason I quote it:—

"He has found a way," says a reviewer in *The Yorkshire Post*, "of speaking to the heart of the people—to the rugged nature of the Durham miner no less than to the trained intelligence and the cultivated mind. Other teachers are no

less sincere, and in their way no less outspoken. Why is it, then, that the Bishop of Durham moves men where others seem only to create a passing interest? We suspect that the explanation may be found, at least in part, in one characteristic of the Bishop's words. He is not content to explain Christian duty and urge its performance: he always suggests in some subtle way his conviction that men only want to know their duty to discharge it. He has faith not only in his message, but in those to whom he declares it. Such a faith is often infectious. Men who are trusted are put upon their mettle, and the Bishop's hearers feel the fascination of his confidence in their good intent."

The following are selected letters written during the years 1893-96:—

To a Clergyman

Bishop Auckland, *3rd May* 1893.

Before the day closes let me offer you my warmest congratulations on the happy work crowned by to-day's Festival. Let me also at the same time thank you not less warmly for the courage and candour and devotion with which you have fulfilled a most difficult charge. The response which you have felt shows that the people of the North know how to honour and trust manly virtues. May God bless you and the partner of your service with the fulness of the Lord's joy!

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *3rd May* 1893.

My dear Davies—We are rejoiced to hear that you can come. I will write to Vaughan, and will you back up my request? I can get some free time at any dates within the first fortnight of June. Controversy is always distressing, but the Welsh Liberals are grievously provoking. The narrowness of their view is humiliating for thinking men.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Dunelm.

To a Clergyman

Bishop Auckland, 24*th May* 1893.

. . . As for your kind thought of me, I shrink from anything which costs money. If a workman engaged on the Church could put together two pieces of wood with his own hands, that I should value.

This was done, and the Bishop treasured the Cross so made.

To his Wife

14*th June* 1893.

. . . It was a quiet little service. A curious phial placed on a dish on the Retable exhaled a column of incense-like smoke or vapour in the midst of six candles. But the candles perhaps were needed, and the incense rose spontaneously (as far as I could see), so that it was not an "ornament" or a "ceremony," and no rubric was broken. One smiles sometimes with a heavy heart. . . .

To the Editor of the "North-Eastern Daily Gazette"[1]

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland,
13*th July* 1893.

Dear Sir—Allow me to thank you for the copy of the article on the late trial, which I have read with great interest. The whole result will, I hope, tend to the advancement of the causes which you have at heart — the elevation of our pit village population and the strengthening of the spirit of conciliation in trade disputes. I have derived very much instruction from your articles, and I may add that when I have thought it right to make private representation to the owners of pit property, I have been greatly encouraged by

[1] This letter was not intended for publication, but was published by permission.

the spirit in which my words have been received. A higher standard of life is everywhere coming to be acknowledged; and when the family is held in due honour, as you most rightly say, the better times for which we look will be near at hand. There is nothing which I endeavour so earnestly to teach at Confirmations as the duties and the privileges of the family, and I am grateful to you for the courage and the wisdom with which you have spoken on this vital subject.—Yours faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

TO THE SECRETARY OF THE COUNTY BREWERS' SOCIETY

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
13th November 1893.

Sir—I am not sorry to have an opportunity of explaining what I said at Sunderland on 2nd November, as unhappily my words were not correctly reported. I did not say that "all the brutality that makes drunkenness so hideous is due to adulteration." What I said was: "The more I examine the facts brought before me, the more I am convinced that the brutality which makes drunkenness hideous is due (either) to (the use of) adulterated beer or to (the use of) spirits."

These words express my present conviction. At the same time, I accept without reserve the statement of the Chancellor of the Exchequer that "in no case was the existence of a noxious ingredient found" in the samples of beer analysed last year; but this fact does not touch my contention.

The Excise Acts are largely to blame for the present unsatisfactory state of things. Let me explain my meaning. Alcohol is not, as I hold, uniform in its effects wherever present: I believe that its effect depends very greatly on the combination in which it is found. This has been pointed out by Dr. Mortimer Granville both elsewhere and in a paper read at the annual meeting of the Diocesan C.E.T.S. at Stockton last year. Thus, the action of distilled and fermented liquors on the drinker is, I believe, essentially different. I regard distilled spirits as a powerful and often salutary drug, but not as a safe beverage in any case. On the other hand, I consider "pure beer,"—by which I understand (to quote the

words of a brewer's advertisement which was sent to me a few days ago) "the product of barley-malt and hops only, no chemicals or any other injurious substitute for malt being used,"—to be an innocent and wholesome beverage. But the Inland Revenue Act of 1880 has recognised substitutes for malt, and beer may be made, as far as I can see, without any malt. Such beer I can only regard as "adulterated"—because it is not what the purchaser demands and expects—though it would be passed by the public analysts as satisfying the legal tests. The case is fairly stated in an article from *Food and Sanitation*, reprinted in *The Temperance Chronicle* for 15th September 1893. Nor have I sufficient evidence, as I have in the case of beer made of malt and hops, to assure me that the liquor, which is certainly not "pure beer," is innocent or wholesome. Much that comes under my notice suggests a different conclusion. I may be wrong; but the wholesome or unwholesome character of the drink can only be determined by careful observation in a sufficient number of cases, and I desire that the truth or falsity of my statement may be established in this way. No chemical analysis can settle the point.

Here, then, may I ask for your co-operation? You are, I cannot doubt, as anxious as I am to lessen the unquestionable evils of drinking. If in every charge of drunkenness the magistrates were to ascertain what the person charged had been drinking, and where he had been drinking, and to record the details, we should soon have a body of facts at our command which would guide to a right course of action. It might appear that pure beer is not so harmless as I hold it to be; or that "beer" made wholly or largely with substitutes for malt is as harmless as pure beer, contrary to my present conviction; or that spirits are not so dangerous as they seem to be. In any case, light would be gained on a most difficult question, which every Englishman must desire to see solved for the good of his country.

Will the brewers of Durham join me in a request to the magistrates to make such a record as I have described? The inquiry is for their interest, as it is for the interest of temperance.

I need not say that I greatly regret that my words were misreported, and that what I did say has been misunderstood; but if the suggestion which I have made be adopted, I shall feel that real good has come from the correspondence.—Yours faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

H. A. Newton, Esq.

To his Wife

G.N.R., *4th December* 1893.

. . . I have been reading Ruskin, as far as I have attempted to read, and was amused to find one of my own favourite sayings word for word—"that the question is not why men don't go to church, but why they do." It is a very grave question, and one or two things which I said last week will indicate why I think that its gravity is overlooked.

To the Rev. Dr. Moulton

Bishop Auckland, *2nd January* 1894.

My dear Dr. Moulton—It was a very great pleasure to me to find your letter and kind greetings when I returned just now from a meeting of the Lightfoot Memorial Committee at Durham. How strangely the past comes before us! Of the little company who were so closely and so long bound together in work and thought and feeling, you and I now alone remain, and it has been my task to write prefatory works to the writings of two younger friends of forty years' fellowship. Yet I trust that the past lives in its fulness and bears fruit in some way through us. No change of duties could be more complete than mine, and yet I do not feel changed. In a week or two I hope to send you a little collection of words spoken here in the last three years. I hope that they show no break in continuity. But the rapidity with which social questions move often alarms me. On the 28th I am looking forward to a very important and anxious meeting of employers and employed on conciliation. You will perhaps be interested in the invitation, of which I enclose a copy (in

bad imitation, I think, of my writing), and I know that I shall have your sympathy.—With heartiest good wishes for the coming year and kindest remembrances, ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

I wish that you would address me, as my old friends do, by my old name.

TO ARCHDEACON WATKINS

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *17th January* 1894.

My dear Archdeacon—It would be wrong for me to decline to answer your question, though you know how unwilling I am to seem to wish to influence your judgment by my own.

I know perhaps more of Tyne Dock than of any parish, hardly excepting Bishop Auckland, partly from Mr. Boutflower's devotion to it, and partly from my knowledge of the younger clergy there.

You may remember that I was called upon to appoint a curate-in-charge shortly after I came here. I made most careful inquiries, and Mr. King was one of the two men who were named to me with unanimous and emphatic commendations for a most difficult work. Mr. King accepted the charge, and I cannot speak too highly of the wisdom and power with which he has fulfilled it. He has a singular gift of considerateness and sympathy. His spiritual influence on characters hard to approach is remarkable. He has given strength to a society of Church workers for the town. He has very largely by his own efforts built a fine parish room. I need not speak of his self-denial and devotion. . . .

If he were appointed to the Vicarage he would, I believe, make the parish a centre for the young devout life of the Diocese even in a fuller degree than it has been for the last few years.

I do not know who the other candidates are, and I write absolutely and not relatively.—Ever yours,

B. F. DUNELM.

To his Wife

G.N.R., 29*th January* 1894.

We have now passed Peterborough, my dearest Mary, and I must begin my report. My three-quarters of an hour at Darlington allowed me to deal with some correspondence. Then in due time I got into the shakiest train by which I have travelled for years. It was almost impossible either to read or write, and for a long time I wrapped myself up as warmly as I could and applied the smelling-bottle—we must get a new one—and tried to compose myself to philosophic composure. It was a hard and only partially successful struggle. However, at Grantham, by prodigious efforts, I got a cup of tea, which was refreshing, and illustrated the movement of the train in unexpected ways, and now I am warm again. It has not, however, been a fruitful journey, nor yet a restful one. It may have other equally great merits. If shaking up is good for a "recluse," I shall be improved assuredly. You will see how hard writing is.—Ever your most affectionate B. F. Dunelm.

Finsbury Park—tickets collected—King's Cross.

Lollards' Tower Presentation, 1894.

. . . The Debate last night was lively, but I hear very little (alas!). However, I saw Lord Ashcombe, and had a long and pleasant talk with him. He introduced me to Mr. Forster, the author of the Parish Councils Bill, and I had a pleasant talk with him. I noticed a strange oversight in the Bill, which I pointed out to him—that there is no provision in it guarding Sundays. Public meetings may be held in schoolrooms on Sundays as it stands at present. He seemed to be quite willing to have it amended in this respect. I hope to see him again to-night. What a wonderful answer Mr. Gladstone's was. Three paragraphs to say nothing and everything and anything.

I enclose a proof of the Lent Letter. I am sorry that you could not look through it in MS. It is clear, I hope.

As far as I can see, I shall come home to-morrow. The Archbishop goes to Oxford to preach on Sunday, so that there is no reason for staying. . . .

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *Ash Wednesday* [1894].

My dear Davies—Very many thanks for your sermon, which I have read for my Homily this afternoon. I need not say how heartily I agree with it. More and more I feel that the secret of all life of man and the world lies in the words ἐν χριστῷ. You will receive in a day or two, if you have not already received them, some endeavours to express the thought in many ways which I have made since I have been here—all indeed that I have been able to write. I know that you will sympathise with me. Do not therefore acknowledge it.

I was very sorry that I could not see you either here or at Durham when you came for the D.D. I was half inclined to accuse you of faithlessness, but we cannot make our own arrangements.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Dunelm.

To the Archbishop of Canterbury

Bishop Auckland, *19th February* 1894.

I am very much obliged to you for showing me the letters on the Madras bishopric. It is strange that neither of the Bishops seem to realise the idea of a Tranquebar bishopric with a commission for parts of Madras. The case is parallel to Lucknow and not to Chota Nagpore, at least according to my wish. Nor do I see why the Government should object.

I have read what you say on "Spiritual Power" with the greatest thankfulness. It seems to me that Rome and the Ritualists force on us "working substitutes." I feel more and more inclined to press a greater reform. The external is smothering all true life.

May I say too that I agree with all you say on "The

Higher Criticism"? (Why "higher"? The word bewilders me always.)

I trust most earnestly that something will be done in the visitation of Churches. I think that I shall make a beginning at home and sacrifice the vases of flowers in the Chapel. (It will not cost me much.) They are post-Cosinian.

It is so cold that I can hardly hold the pen.

To Sir C. Dalrymple, Bart., M.P.

Bishop Auckland, *8th March* 1894.

My dear Dalrymple—It is most kind of you to have written something more than the brief bulletin which I have seen from day to day. That on Tuesday night first caused me great alarm. Dr. Vaughan is the last of those whom I looked to as my masters. We must wait and hope. There is no one to do his unique work. . . .

To his Wife

Bishop Auckland,
5th Sunday after Easter, 1894.

. . . I expect that you will have been to Little St. Mary's this morning, and I wonder whether you will go to King's. I ought to have given you an order, if that is one of my privileges. It may be you will prefer Trinity. I was delighted with the Psalms at Peterborough. I am very proud of having helped in that work. I often wished that King's would have followed. There is an article on Miss Rossetti by Lily Watson in the *Sunday at Home*,—very well written. She appears to have taken literature for lawn-tennis.[1] . . . I must have a little walk round the garden. We have no lilacs out yet, but I have a saxifrage or two, and one or two blue trumpets of gentian.

[1] Miss Watson, daughter of my father's old friend the Rev. H. W. Watson, D.Sc., F.R.S., was at one time lady champion at lawn-tennis.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, 31*st July* 1894.

My dear Davies—It would be impossible for me to thank you and Mrs. Davies enough for my delightful visit. I only regret that Mrs. Westcott was not with me. The weather helped to make the pleasure complete, though I am not sure that I understand what to do with flies which will not go their way. Such meetings bring many thoughts. Above all, perhaps, the sense of the mysterious unity of life dominates. That εἷς in Galatians is one of the most wonderful syllables in the N.T.

But I must not attempt to write a letter. The old power of routine work has possession of me.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Dunelm.

The following letters to Miss Bunyon, who had asked my father to write a paper for the first number of *The Children of the Church*, illustrate the care he bestowed on the accomplishment of such an undertaking. As Miss Bunyon says in forwarding these letters, "that the Bishop should have taken the trouble not only to make a fresh calculation, but far more to explain it to me with his own hand, was a lesson and encouragement."

Bishop Auckland, 8*th November* 1894.

Dear Madam—I took some pains about my figures. The estimates quoted by Bishop Lightfoot are more than forty or fifty years old. However, the latest calculation which I find is that by Wagner and Tapon,[1] which gives the whole population as 1,480,000,000, and the Christians as 327,000,000. It is, of course, impossible to ascertain exactly or even approximately (with certainty) the population of Asia and Africa. Still, taking this latest reckoning, it might be well to write "one-fourth" instead of "one-fifth." I was struck by the

[1] *Bevölkering des Erdes*, 1891.

correspondence of the other proportion with that in our Empire, where we are sure of our figures. Still, as Bishop Lightfoot says, let us avoid exaggeration.—Yours most faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 10*th November* 1894.

My dear Madam—I shall be glad to let the estimate stand as I have now given it, as it is based on one definite calculation ("not one-fourth according to the latest reckoning"). This form of words will show that the estimate is made from special data and give it more weight.

With all good wishes for the success of your work, yours most truly, B. F. DUNELM.

TO THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY

N.E.R., 5*th December* 1894.

. . . Would it not be well to point out to —— that there has never been any authoritative theory of the Atonement laid down in our Church, or in any of the historic Churches? The *fact* that Christ died for our sins and for the whole world is firmly held, and we endeavour to see what lights this fact throws upon our own state and our relations to God and man. That is all. I wish that I were better read in Anglican literature on the subject. I have been told that A. T. Lyttelton's essay in *Lux Mundi* is good, but I have not read it. The only books which I found helpful when I was endeavouring to study the question ten years or so ago were the familiar books of Dale and M'Leod Campbell. The latter would, I think, appeal to —— from its subtlety. Dale's later treatment in his last book—*Christian Doctrine*—is, I think, fair and thoughtful.

I do not think that I ever took more pains on anything than on the lectures on the subject which I gave at Hereford Cathedral (The Victory of the Cross). No doubt many do not agree with me, but I do not think that any one would say that the view which I maintain is opposed to anything in our formularies. I wish that I could be of more help.

I enclose a letter from Canon Grey, which will, I trust, be intelligible in itself. He suggested to me a public meeting on the Disestablishment question. I pointed out the undesirability of a Bishop taking such a step, but said that I could attend any meeting called by the Lord Lieutenant. . . . I do not myself think that such a meeting would really do good. I have written two letters to the Diocese already, and spoken at least twice at great meetings. It is, I feel sure, the quiet work in every parish which will tell. Still, I shall be glad of any word of counsel which you can give me. So the care of all the Churches must come to you.

I am on my way from Cambridge, where I spent yesterday at a meeting of the Christian Social Union, which was full of interest.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *St. John's Day*, 1894.

. . . May your strength be stronger than your cares: then we shall all rejoice, and be strong with your strength.

How one's thoughts go back to-day to that open grave, and feel that he lives still.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *New Year's Day*, 1895.

Alas! that I should have caused you to take so much trouble by a passing word. At least you give me occasion to wish you all blessings in the coming year. This year brings me to the normal term of life. Yet work remains on all sides while days are given, but it is ever harder to do. I hope that the sense of dependence grows stronger. Hope itself does not grow less. My day's visit to Cambridge was filled up with engagements, but it was encouraging to see that fulness of young life again.

TO HIS WIFE

G.N.R., *29th January* 1895.

I have just used my stylograph for the most important service of stirring up my tea; that work successfully done,

leads naturally to its normal use. At Doncaster I looked out for the tea-boy, and you would have been amused (not without some touch of compassion, I hope) if you had seen me struggling to manipulate without apparent effort a half-gallon (or so) earthenware teapot. However, I broke nothing, and was refreshed. . . . Now I think we have come to Finsbury, but the windows are sheets of ice-tracery. . . .

To a Clergyman

(On "receiving" Nonconformists)

Bishop Auckland, *Lady Day*, 1895.

It is, I think, edifying to "receive" into the congregation those who have been baptized by Nonconformists; but the service deals only with the case of infants. Yet adaptation is allowable. The Confirmation Service altogether omits the case of persons baptized as adults, and I am constantly perplexed when I ask the question as it is given. Latitude of interpretation must be assumed. In the matter of reception it seems to me that our practice is too lax. Still, no absolute command is given: "it is expedient."

To Mrs. Hort

Bishop Auckland, *27th September* 1895.

Let me thank you for the new volume,[1] which reached me last night. This is of exceptional interest to me, for if ever I find a few spare minutes I spend them on the Epistle to the Ephesians, to which I have turned longing thoughts for I hardly know how many years.

To his Wife

York Station, *11th October* 1895.

. . . At Lincoln I walked up to see the Roman gate, which edified me, and just looked through the gate at the Minster.

[1] Professor Hort's *Prolegomena to the Romans and the Ephesians.*

In a photographer's I saw a large photograph of Bishop Whipple, and I could not resist asking if they had it in cabinet size. They had the negative and could print one. I could not resist: I hope that it was not extravagant. . . .

To a Clergyman

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland,
26th December 1895.

You will know how constantly and how anxiously I have thought of your Mission since I read the correspondence of the Bishop of —— and ——.

I have endeavoured to regard the question from every point of view, in order to see my duty clearly, if I might be enabled to do so. One thing appears to me to be evident, and this is the essential point, that the question at issue is not the edification of the parish, but the fundamental principle of our corporate life as a Church. If any Priests of our Church are allowed without check to disregard its formularies, however richly they may be endowed with spiritual powers, there is no longer any tie to bind us together. Our Church becomes a mere aggregate of congregations. I am fully satisfied by the testimony of others as to the remarkable work which —— has done, and as to the influence which he is able to exercise by his presentation of the Gospel. Yet I cannot but doubt whether in the end a teacher can bring permanent spiritual blessing to others as long as he is obviously deficient in the elementary graces of humility, meekness, and obedience. After all, these are the graces which are least conspicuous in our own communion, and it seems to me to be the duty of us all, at whatever cost, when the opportunity is given, to show how highly we rate them.

You will see, then, that for this reason, which touches, as you will recognise, the very soul of our common life, I counsel you most earnestly to put off your Mission. Believe me that I feel very deeply the disappointment and pain which this will cause. Yet God in His love provides for us wonderful and unexpected compensations. Not one prayer, not one hope

will be made void; and you will be enabled to strengthen in your measure that which is weakest among us.

May God guide you to see His will! We are come, as it seems to me, to a turning-point in our history.

Believe me to be, in truest sympathy, yours affectionately in our one Lord, B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
Sunday after Christmas, 1895.

Even to-day I must write to express my deep thankfulness that you have been enabled to follow my counsel. Though I could have wished that you should have felt as I do the gravity of the point at issue, it is a joy to me that you accept my judgment, as of one who must give account. You do not indeed recognise, as far as I can see, that the reason why I cannot welcome ——'s services among us is that he claims to set aside at his own will the solemn promises which he made at his ordination and his licensing to serve in our Church. . . . Nothing that has happened since I came to Durham has caused me more anxiety and distress. The trial will be, I trust, not without lasting fruit. I shall confide more than ever in the loyalty and affection of the clergy, and feel that this loyalty adds a more solemn character to my own responsibility. May God through the prayers of many enable me to fulfil it!

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 13*th January* 1896.

Your unfailing kindness leaves nothing unnoticed. There is now no one living with whom I have been allowed to work so long and so closely as yourself, and your good wishes are proportionately precious. I know how often my impatience has been reproved and corrected by your example. Every day I feel now to be a special gift, yet I find it ever harder to use what comes beyond my full period of labour. Sometimes I look half sadly at notes on the Ephesians. That was my great disappointment last summer. Still, the days are

filled with little duties which are, I hope, not without some fruit. On the whole, I think that England has borne all our recent sorrows well. You will, I hope, remember the doctor's orders. I do carefully.

To his seventh Son

Bishop Auckland, 28*th January* 1896.

My dear Basil—I must send one line to say with what thankfulness we heard this morning that you had satisfied the doctors. Now we can confidently hope that your wish will be fulfilled, and the more I think over the prospect, the more confident I am that you have been called to a work in which you are likely to offer the best service, and so to find the surest joy. Our strength is to feel that we have welcomed the work "which God afore prepared" for us. . . .

To his second Son

Bishop Auckland, 5*th March* 1896.

. . . I was particularly interested in your reference to the "backward" influence of faith. It is one of my pet visions. It came to me when I tried to recall the original of "to perform the mercy promised to our forefathers." The Greek was a great revelation of hope. . . .

To his Wife

Bishop Auckland, 20*th May* 1896.

I got through a hard day yesterday very fairly well, and in the interval between two engagements I had an hour at the National Portrait Gallery. The chief thing which impressed me was the very small place which the clergy occupy in the history of England. . . . Late in the afternoon I went to a small conference at Grosvenor House. Just as I was going in another meeting was coming out. Even Dukes, you see, do work. I spoke to Cardinal Vaughan, though I am not drawn to him. . . .

To Canon Austen

Whitby, *17th Sunday after Trinity*
[*16th September*] 1896.

My dear Canon Austen—If I endeavour to answer your kind request,[1] I can do so only according to my own experience. We can each see only a little of the infinite, and not perhaps that which rightly attracts the eyes of another.

To me it appears that the Spirit is teaching us now above all things the unity of life, of all life, nay, of all being, of the seen and the unseen; and that specially for the inspiration of our action He is leading us to give reality to the fellowship of man with men and of man with God.

Since I have been here I have spent the chief part of my time in reflecting on the Epistle to the Ephesians, which in the fewest words commends this aspect of Creation to us, and it is to my mind of intense practical significance. If we believe in the unity shown under three different aspects in Eph. ii. 14-18, hope and confidence will return, when we look on the unfathomable sadnesses of life; if we believe that for each one of us a work is prepared which we can do if we surrender ourselves to God (ii. 10), we shall be saved from the restless anxiety of self-chosen plans; if we believe that all the details of ordinary life have a spiritual side and opportunities of service (v. 20 f.; comp. Col. iii. 17), we shall be enabled perhaps to preach our Gospel a little more effectually in life.

ΤΟΠΝΕΥΜΑΤΗCΑΛΗΘΕΙΑCΟΔΗΓΗCΕΙΥΜΑCΕΙCΠΑCΑΝΤΗΝΑΛΗΘΕΙΑΝ.
ΕΓΩΕΙΜΙΗΑΛΗΘΕΙΑ.
ΕΡΧΟΜΑΙΤΑΧΥ. ΑΜΗΝΕΡΧΟΥΚΥΡΙΕΙΗCΟΥ.[2]

Let me ask your sympathy and help. ΘΕΟΥΕCΜΕΝCΥΝΕΡΓΟΙ.[3]—Yours most truly, B. F. Dunelm.

[1] For some helpful thought.
[2] The Spirit of truth shall guide you into all the truth. I am the truth. I come quickly. Amen: come, Lord Jesus.
[3] We are God's fellow-workers.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *5th October* 1896.

. . . I read your paper, I need hardly say, with hearty agreement. A party of Baptist ministers came here a few days ago to see the Chapel and have tea. After some kindly words, the President said, in reply to some remarks about their having a share in the treasures of the place, "Well, yes, after all the Church is the mother of us all." Certainly bitterness is diminishing. . . .

To his eldest Son

Bishop Auckland, *13th October* 1896.

God bless you for your kind words of sympathy in this great sorrow, which changes all the future. Now one seems to stand alone. But while I can work in any way the work must be done. . . .

To Sir C. Dalrymple, Bart, M.P.

Bishop Auckland, *17th October* 1896.

My dear Dalrymple—The kind thoughts of friends are a great comfort to me in this overwhelming sorrow. To be left alone at the end of life is an unexpected and sore trial. Yet for a little while work must be faced in the loneliness. However, the unseen world seems to be brought nearer as it grows fuller.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

The first message I had—how characteristic—was from Dr. Vaughan.

To his Son-in-Law (the Rev. C. H. Prior)

Auckland, *23rd October* 1896.

My dear Charlie—My heart sinks within me, but it is a clear duty to do what I can. My one desire will be to be as quiet as I can during my brief visit. . . . I tremble at the

thought of going to Lambeth. There is no one now to whom I can naturally turn.

Love to all.—Ever yours most affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

To his Wife

G.N.R., *2nd November* 1896.

. . . It has been very hard to work, but I have done a little, as I had forty-five minutes at Darlington. I hope that I shall be able to think quietly at Lollards' Tower, but it will be very difficult. It is impossible not to feel like a survivor of another order—one of the erratic blocks on the downs. Still, there is some work to be done still, and if I can say what I want to say at Cambridge, it will be just the last word which I should like to say there, summing up the twenty years' work. But speaking depends on the mind. . . .

LOLLARDS' TOWER,
23rd Sunday after Trinity, 1896.

This has been rather a sad Sunday, my dearest Mary. It could hardly have been otherwise. I went to the early service in the Parish Church, and then had my morning prayer in the Chapel. It was impossible not to think of the past—of the changes since I first sat in the gallery, and of the coming change at Llandaff. If I could work with any heart it would be different, but I seem to be quite unable. It has been a happy thing that the Bishop of Oxford has been staying here all the time. He is always cheery, and so is Mrs. Stubbs.

Yesterday Mr. Hensley came in to afternoon tea. He is still very busy with new work, which he does not like so much as the old. . . .

This afternoon I went to the Abbey and saw some old faces. Alas! I could not hear the sermon. Good-night.

To the Rev. Dr. Moulton

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *12th January* 1897.

. . . Certainly as the years go on one grows more and more anxious to see the Faith translated into daily life. I

cannot think that society is a true embodiment of the Gospel; and my daily grief is that, while I have had visions of a better, I have done nothing to give the vision a permanent shape. "The world is too much with us." Still, the news of the Arbitration Treaty with the U.S.A. this morning is a message of hope, and we ought to take courage. Scarcely a day passes when I do not try to make the promise my own: κτήσεσθε τὰς ψυχὰς ὑμῶν.[1]

But in your letter, so full of thoughts for me, you say nothing of yourself.

. . . I grieve to find that the Revisers have not given a place to the Latin addition in Ecclus. xxiv. 18[2] in the margin. The phrase is a philosophy of education.

Perhaps your son will send me a line to tell me how you are.

To a Clergyman

30th January 1897.

I am very sorry that I shall not be able to take much outward share in the Mission. I have no hope of being able to go out to-morrow. My visit to Gateshead was a sharp lesson; and I seem to be unable to shake off my cold. But my thoughts will be constantly with you, and I earnestly pray and trust that your efforts will be blessed by a great quickening of devotion among us; above all, may I say, by a deeper sense of the responsibilities and the opportunities of home.

To his third Daughter (Mrs. C. H. Prior)

. . . I have written to the Bishop of Stepney, and should be glad to bring the plan of a University for women once again before the Senate. I am quite clear still, as I have always been, that this is the right solution of the Degree question in the interests of women themselves, and I am surprised that the Syndicate set it aside so summarily. . . .

[1] Ye shall win your souls.

[2] Ego mater pulchrae dilectionis, et timoris, et agnitionis, et cunctae spei. In me gratia omnis viae et veritatis: in me omnis spes vitae et virtutis.—Vg. Cf. text of A.V.

The following letters to Dr. Moulton are concerned with the Revision of the Apokrypha, and belong to the period when they two were the only survivors of the Cambridge Committee :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 14*th April* 1894.

My dear Dr. Moulton—I am sorry that my wanderings last week had delayed so long the answer to your letter, which reached me this morning on my return from abroad. The change which you propose in our work appears to be required, and I am glad that it has not escaped your notice: yet how could it do so? What you tell me of the later labours which you have borne alone makes me almost sad. I wish that every one knew, as I now alone know, what you have done for the work. I hope, however, that there is joy in quiet, unnoticed labour. I am constantly recalling Browning's lines:

> "Paid by the world, what dost thou owe
> Me?" God might question.

Three days this week were spent at Avignon, Nîmes, Arles, and the old world and Middle Ages seemed to live again. It was a wonderful and most unexpected experience. Forgive a half-sheet.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

TYNE DOCK, 28*th April* 1894.

. . . According to the precedent of the N.T., the Greek readings adopted in the Apokrypha (am I not right?) will be published separately. . . I should be glad to speak to you of the olives and the palms, and of the new and old worlds which I saw for a few hours at Avignon, Nîmes, and Arles. The earth is full of strange mysteries. A detail which impressed me as much as anything was the base moulding of a singularly perfect fragment of the Roman walls at Arles. Men who wrought so were worthy to be masters of the world, though they thought nothing of human lives.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *22nd May* 1894.

I have read the corrected Preface carefully, and see nothing to criticise. It will be necessary to date the Preface. Perhaps it will not be necessary to add a place to the date, and it would be difficult to choose between the three centres. If a place be named, I think that it should be Westminster, for the sake of the association.

It is very satisfactory that the various readings will be collected.

SPENNITHORNE, *29th August* 1895.

It was a very great pleasure to get your letter this morning, though I do groan over the labour which you continue to lavish in most unselfish generosity on the Apokrypha. Yet it must bear its fruit. As far as I can remember, there was never any mention of the Americans in regard to the Revision of the Apokrypha. It was felt, I imagine, that they would not be interested in the work. . . . The Preface states the facts correctly, and I do not think that there is any occasion for referring to America.

It is good news to hear of the Marginal References. I hope that the references to N.T. will be given in full in some edition. They appear to me to be a valuable collection.

For the first time in my life I completely broke down at the beginning of my holiday nearly a month ago; but now at length I am beginning slowly to regain strength, though I am forbidden to work.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *3rd January* 1896.

Your letter is a most cheering welcome to the work of the New Year. The account which you are able to give of yourself is full of encouragement, and at length the Apokrypha has appeared. I can only hope that no residue of burden is left upon you. The reception of the Revision was kind beyond expectation. Perhaps in time critics will see that when they can consider closeness of translation apart from natural prepossessions it commends itself, and apply the lesson to the R.V. of the New Testament. One thing, how-

ever, I much regret: that your heavy and unwearied labours were not recognised in the Preface. Every one ought to know what this book owes to you. The References will now, I hope, be carried steadily forward to completion. For my own part, I feel that years tell. I cannot work either so quickly or so long as in time gone by, and the sorrows of the great world press heavily on us just now.

We all missed you greatly at the Temperance Conference. The Prohibitionists once more showed themselves to be unstatesmanlike and impracticable. Yet the whole effect will have been good. May God give you strength and blessing in all you do!—Ever yours gratefully and affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 12*th March* 1896.

You know how strongly I feel on the question of the readings adopted in the Revision of the Apokrypha. It appears to me that it cannot be your duty to put these in a form for the printers and take the responsibility for them. If you have collected materials in doing a work, which again was not your work, you could place these in the hands of the several companies and leave them to provide for the preparation for the press. In any case, I cannot doubt that you ought to go on with your own work at present. If, when this is done, the readings are still not ready, you may perhaps then give help. I have grieved that you have laboured so much to complete work which was undertaken by others. However, such self-devotion must bring some great reward. But let n say again that your present duty lies in completing the Refe ces.

It is very encouraging to hear that your strengt oes not fail. You ask about mine. I do not seem ever t reek ve really recovered from last summer, yet I can get thro ll be v work in some way; but how much is half-done or left un Yet there is endless ground for thankfulness that I have been allowed to do even so much.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

The following letters were written to a lady who, having read my father's books and heard several of his

sermons in Westminster Abbey, wrote to him stating certain spiritual difficulties which perplexed her. My father replied, inviting her to go and see him at his residence in Abbey Garden.

Miss Cordeux subsequently had several further interviews with my father, and continued in correspondence with him until the end. She writes to me saying—"I cannot presume to call myself a friend of your father's—the title means so much. I feel his goodness and wisdom and true greatness so deeply that I am conscious of not being worthy. He was kind to me—that is all. He would have helped any one or any living thing that had appealed to him for help."

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
1st Sunday in Advent, 1890.

Dear Miss Cordeux—The difficulties which you express more or less trouble all who venture on the perilous way of thinking. The real answer to them—solution we shall not find while we are what we are—lies in the recognition of the limits of our powers of thought and of our thoughts. In stating your first difficulty you have, I think, overlooked the truth which points to the direction in which we can find peace. The work of the Lord did not simply restore man to the position in which he was created, but fulfilled for man the destiny for which God created him. The fulfilment of this destiny for a finite creature involved (as far as we can see) the possibility of a fall. But in spite of this self-assertion the Son of God gained for man the consummation of his nature by the perfect fulfilment of the Divine will. . . . The fact of what you speak of as "unmerited sorrow" does not trouble me. I meet with equally unmerited good; and both facts force me to recognise that the little life which is now my own is part of one vaster life to which it is my joy to minister. From the little which I can see I can believe that the purpose of God, as we speak, which cannot be truly regarded in parts, is perfectly fulfilled.

The difficulty about the Resurrection I have felt, and have dealt with in my little book. Here again the thought of the larger life of humanity comes to our help. We live—so far as we do live—in Christ. And here the whole tendency of modern inquiry comes to my help, and not to my undoing. Everything helps us to feel our dependence one on another—to feel that we are but parts, members of a great body. In the consciousness of this fact, which finds its highest expression in the Incarnation, by which the Son of God took not a man but humanity to Himself, I find an infinite power of waiting. As yet we only see one side of suffering. It evidently has another as to God.

If pure and noble aims for the present miss the Truth, it is, as far as I can judge, because they think that they may claim the power of perfect vision, and of drawing sharp outlines for that which is boundless. We are not minds only. Perhaps I have spoken half in riddles; but I think that I shall so help you best. You will find peace, and not simply receive it.

I am sorry that I have had no time to write before. This new work is absorbing. If I can think over any fresh questions, I hope that you will be sure that I shall gladly do so.

In our patience we shall win our souls. They are not our own yet.—Yours most sincerely, B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *Easter Eve*, 1891.

Dear Miss Cordeux—Let me thank you for your kind remembrance of me and for the beautiful flowers which expressed it. The Arums will, I hope, find a place in our Chapel, which is the glory of the house. Happily, the power of life and service, and so the capacity for joy, is not limited by activity. I am just now trying to set down some thoughts about the blessing of a still life—which certainly can never be given to a Bishop.—With every good wish for Easter, yours most truly, B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 29*th May* 1891.

Dear Miss Cordeux—You will imagine how difficult it is for me to find here any time for quiet thought, still less for

putting my thoughts into shape. The question which you raise is complicated. For a certain distance we can see clearly, and then comes a barrier which we cannot overleap.

Every physical effect, as physical, follows an inexorable sequence. This is the will of God. So far we are on certain ground. Under one aspect every bodily ailment corresponds —must correspond—with some violation of order near or far off; and we may be quite sure that, since every consequence in the physical order is the expression of the will of Him who is Love and Wisdom and Righteousness, it will in the end bring that which we desire. Physical suffering is then in itself part of God's discipline, and on a large scale contributory to restoration.

But then we have to take account of the connexion of the spiritual with the material. Hunger, *e.g.*, is salutary in itself, but Satan may use it for temptation. We may give admission to his influence. Then he can use for evil under the conditions of this life that which is from God. And on the other side we can by God's help accelerate the healing power of suffering. I have endeavoured to suggest some thoughts on this subject in the fifth sermon on "The Victory of the Cross."

The phrase "rebuked the fever" must be compared with corresponding phrases in the O.T., *e.g.* Ps. lxviii. 30 (R.V.), cvi. 9; Nahum i. 4; Matt. viii. 26. It appears to me to be more than a personification. I can feel a little of that which is implied in it by reference to Rom. viii. 18 ff.

You will see that I do not think that it is possible to obtain an individual solution of your problem; but in the endeavour to gain a larger view of the Redemption of the world I catch sight of that which is sufficient to bring rest and hope.

You will be able and willing to fill up the meagre outline, which is all that I can draw.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *23rd December* 1893.

Dear Miss Cordeux—Let me thank you for your most kind remembrance of me and my great needs. Faith and

patience are our sorest wants in the stress of work. To faith all things are possible, and the promise is that in patience we shall win our souls, and, if so, our people too.

It would have been a great pleasure to show you Auckland. Our Chapel is unique in interest.

It is happy for us, I think, that we have no choice as to strength or weakness. The service of waiting and bearing is not the least fruitful. Those who are called to it may silently and in a moment help weary workers. May you know this joy!—With every good wish for Christmas, yours most truly,

B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 19*th September* 1894.

Dear Miss Cordeux—On my return home I found your questions. They are indeed questions which must always haunt us, and to which we cannot find any complete answer. But all seems to me to lie implicitly in the fact to which consciousness witnesses most clearly, the coexistence of finite beings with an Infinite Being. If a finite being exists with power of self-determination, there must be the possibility of self-assertion, *i.e.* sin, and of all that must follow from this disharmony. We view effects dispersedly and in succession, and men as disconnected, but this is simply a consequence of our limited powers. To God "all creation is one act at once." And we must remember that, however great the suffering may be which God allows—or rather which follows sin by His righteous law—He has more than matched it by His spontaneous love: "God so loved the world . . ." In this too He has shown that there is another side to suffering. (If you have not read J. Hinton's *Mystery of Pain*, it will, I think, suggest helpful thoughts.) You speak of intellect, but intellect has very little to do with character; in capacity for love men are nearly equal, as it seems.

You will anticipate that I should demur to your interpretation of the word "ordering." This in regard to the action of God does not indicate arrangement from moment to moment, but such laws—as we speak—as infallibly secure the end which we, with perfect knowledge, shall desire. A Belgian historian (F. Laurent) has written eighteen volumes to

show, by a general survey of the life of humanity, that men, in endeavouring to fulfil their own ends, establish a Divine end wholly different. What I have said suggests that no prophecy requires a fulfilment. Knowledge beforehand no more causes an event than knowledge after. The words in St. Matthew xvi. 24 are very hard. But life is a perilous gift. If the being of Judas had ceased with his earthly life the words would have been true. His remorse must have outweighed all the joy of his past life.

Do you not, to suggest one last thought, feel that the parallel between an earthly father and a heavenly Father is misleading? No earthly father can feel what sin is. His difficulty is to realise its consequences. Our appeals to God are, in one sense, a feeble endeavour to make His will our own. If you have never looked up Bishop Butler's sermon on "The Ignorance of Man," you will find it very instructive. —Yours most sincerely, B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *25th September* 1894.

. . . I feel sure that we can rest in the Lord and wait. When it is obvious that we see an infinitesimal fragment of life, and when at the same time we believe in the work and Person of the Son of Man, I do not see what ground there is for doubt. Love is seen to triumph through and over sin and suffering on the Cross and on the Mount. This is enough. Is it not reasonable to suppose that there may be goods which prove to be goods only if sought for? Our Lord prayed for deliverance from His "hour." We may pray in like manner, and yet find that the spirit of our prayer is answered otherwise than we judged best.

I cannot see that we can say that God is responsible for the action of creatures whom He has created with personal responsibility. He is (if we may so speak) responsible for the end, and for this He has made provision. All between beginning and end is in form determined by man's responsible action. I think I have said all I have to say on this in *The Victory of the Cross*, which you may know. . . .

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *18th September* 1895.

Dear Miss Cordeux—It is very kind of you to tell me of your anxiety and trial. A Bishop naturally bears many sorrows in his heart, and it helps him to think of them, for in this way he feels more keenly how much he is himself helped by innumerable friends. From what you say, I fancy that an invalid daughter of ours, who is now perhaps the brightest and most helpful member of our household, went through the treatment which is prescribed for you. If it did not do all that we had hoped, she has had a very happy, useful life since. May this at least be your experience! The most effective service is often that of the weak.

May God comfort and strengthen you, and enable you to hear His silent message!—Yours most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

CHAPTER XII

DURHAM (*continued*)

1897–1900

THOUGH the Bishop was far from well in June 1897, he was able to attend the "Diamond" Jubilee Service in Westminster Abbey on the 20th, and be present at the short service without St. Paul's on the 22nd. On this latter occasion he contrived to take up his position in a humbler room than that intended for him, and appears to have regarded the pageant with mixed feelings, for he enters in his text-book, "Is the army the nation? or the strength of the nation?"

He wrote a short paper on Lessons of the Reign, which appeared in *The Commonwealth* for June. The article opens with these words:—

> The memorable saying of Pascal that "humanity is a man who lives and learns for ever" (*qui subsiste toujours et qui apprend continuellement*) suggests a standard by which we can measure the progress of a nation during each period of its life. To apply it to the present time, What have we learnt during the last sixty years? And in asking the question, I do not think directly of the increase of our knowledge of phenomena and of the records of the past, but of the effect which our deeper insight into Nature and our completer apprehension of the course of history have had upon our views of life—of its conditions, its duties, its destiny. These views finally deter-

mine the character of a nation, and reveal its growth or its decay. Great wealth and wide empire, which commonly fill our thoughts when we begin to estimate national prosperity, are opportunities of service and nothing more: a blessing or a curse as they are used.

Looking back, then, over the experiences of my life, I seem to see clearly that in our Queen's reign we have learnt a great truth, we have received a great hope, we have been brought face to face with a great danger. As we deal with the truth, the hope, the danger, so will our future be.

In July his illness became more pronounced, and he was compelled to rest. Persistent rumours as to his intended resignation were circulated at this time, and even speculation as to his probable successor was rife. In view of the Lambeth Conference of this year he had not made many Diocesan engagements for July, so that he was able to comfort himself with the thought that his work did not greatly suffer. He was, however, missed in the counsels of the Bishops, and Bishop Whipple has remarked, "The Right Rev. Dr. Westcott was absent from the Conference, greatly to the sorrow of his brethren. He has been to me a much loved friend, and his writings and personal letters are a priceless possession."[1] To the Bishop himself his inability to preach at the Miners' Service in Durham Cathedral, to which he had been looking forward with thankfulness and hope, was a sorer trial.

The following letters were written by him during his illness:—

To his Wife

Bishop Auckland, 30*th June* 1897.

. . . As far as I can tell, it is not likely that I shall be able to go to town on Saturday, but as yet the doctor says nothing

[1] *Lights and Shadows of a Long Episcopate*, p. 465.

definitely. We shall see. It is strange to be lying down all day; but I think that I am getting on, though it is far more slowly than ever before. So years tell. . . .

I contrive to get my letters done day by day, but that is practically all I can do. What a fortunate thing it is that I have no diocesan work before me. I can rest without serious trouble, for the Lambeth Conference does not lie very heavy on me. . . .

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *2nd July* 1897.

I have just come in from my drive. How strange it seems! The Park was looking wonderfully beautiful, like a magnificent series of Turners; all the outlines, even to the most distant hills, were marked, and clothed in a dress of sunshine, soft and half transparent. We went round by the Old Hall, and if the flowers were not so beautiful as yesterday, it was a different pleasure to see a pitman gathering a handful of honeysuckle.

The Bishops will be having a bright time at Richborough, but I never really felt that I could be with them. . . .

TO ARCHDEACON WATKINS

19th July 1897.

You may have heard that I have completely broken down. It is a heavy blow, if not wholly unexpected. All my engagements must be cancelled, and among them, to my very great regret, the short address at the Service on the 24th. I will try to send a short message. How to rest I hardly know. No doubt, all being well, I shall learn.

So the Bishop was unable to attend the Miners' Service in the Cathedral to which he had looked forward so keenly. His message was delivered to the congregation by the Archdeacon, and was as follows:—

I need not tell you, my friends, with what keen and thankful expectation I have long looked forward to to-day, and with

what heavy disappointment I now find myself unable to take part in this great gathering in our Father's house; for the House of God is the home of men, even as the vision of God is the light of men. All who meet in this august Cathedral this afternoon must feel that they are not strangers one to another, but equal heirs of the divine patrimony. The service in which they join must press upon them with irresistible force the sovereign truth that they are brethren in Christ. To carry this truth into the ordinary life of each passing day is, I believe, to find a remedy for the sorrows by which we are still saddened and perplexed. So then may God in His infinite love enable all who come here year by year to realise in His presence the obligations and the blessings of their kinsmanship one with another and with their common Lord. To this end I venture to repeat the first words which I used in this place seven years ago, and say, "Brethren, pray for us, even as we with full hearts pray for you."

The Archdeacon went on to mention that to his own great sorrow, to the great sorrow of nearly two hundred bishops assembled together in conference, and to the great loss of the whole Church, the Bishop had been absent from the Lambeth Conference then assembled in London; but that his Lordship wrote that, great as was his sorrow at being absent from that conference of bishops, his sorrow was greater still at being absent from the gathering in Durham Cathedral that day.

In August the Bishop went to Fyling Hall for his annual holiday, and was able to make a little progress with his Ephesians. He was also at this time reading Ruskin and Mozley's sermons, though the latter did not displace the sermons of Dean Vaughan as his Sunday reading; for on every Sunday during the later years of his life he read a sermon of Dean Vaughan's, and from time to time he adds to the simple entry "C. J. V.," a reference to the particular volume he was taking up.

In October the Bishop's health was restored sufficiently to enable him to preside at his Diocesan Conference at South Shields, whereat he made a notable speech on the subject of Church Reform, and urged a plea in favour of self-government. In the course of his speech he said :—

In the last eleven years something has been accomplished towards the correction of ecclesiastical abuses. The Clergy Discipline Act of 1892 has removed the worst scandals as to criminous clerks. Successive Patronage Bills have received general support, and though they have been defeated by the opposition of an interested minority, there can be no doubt, I think, that their main provisions will before long become law. But the discussions on these measures have made it evident that Parliament, as it is now constituted, is not able to deal effectually in ordinary debate with questions of Church reform. It no longer represents Church feeling, and has not time for ecclesiastical legislation. The Church itself must obtain the power of self-government, with due safeguards for the rights of the State in accordance with the principles of the constitution, if it is to be freed from the evils which still impair the efficiency of its work. There is nothing unprecedented in such a claim. The self-government of the Established Church of Scotland justifies the extension of like power to the Church of England. It is then, I believe, to the obtaining of this reasonable self-government that our efforts must be directed now rather than to any series of reforms in detail. And here the preliminary condition is to secure an adequate representation of the whole Church, through which its mind can be authoritatively expressed. To quote the words of a resolution passed last February by both Houses of the Convocation of York, "The reform of the Houses of Convocation and the legal representation of lay members of the Church should precede any application for a change in the present process of legislation on ecclesiastical matters." If this fundamental reform can be effected, there are satisfactory precedents for legislation through reports of such representative bodies laid upon the table of the House.

In the following month he visited Leicester to preside at the Annual Meeting of the Christian Social Union. In his address on this occasion he set forth some reflections engendered by the recent Jubilee celebrations. He said :—

Within the last few months the whole nation has been moved by a spectacle in which the extent, the resources, the unity, and the loyalty of the British Empire were displayed with unparalleled completeness, and the solemn grandeur of the spectacle has not been marred by any popular voice of vainglory. The pageant was, perhaps necessarily, military in form ; but no one, I think, rests in the belief that our strength lies in material forces. A splendid vision was spontaneously interpreted ; squadrons and batteries in long procession were recognised as symbols of the treasures committed to our keeping, and of our resolve to guard them. The large representation of colonial troops kept far away the thought of aggression, while it vividly expressed the variety of the elements united in the Empire. Two things, in a word, were set out before the world in speaking imagery—the grandeur of our heritage and our readiness, if need be, to die in defence of our trust. In the face of such intelligible signs, the dullest minds have gained a new sense of what we owe to our fellow-men, a new estimate of our opportunities and of our responsibilities. Our social ideal and our personal ideal have both been ennobled ; we have received a powerful impulse of self-realisation, not as units in an aggregate, but as members in a body. Even when the outward has associated itself with the most impressive majesty, the Unseen has been acknowledged as paramount.

The following letter to Dr. Ll. Davies illustrates his desire for ecclesiastical self-government, and summons up memories of the friendships of his undergraduate days :—

23rd November 1897.

My dear Davies—Your kind words were very welcome, and I am most grateful for them. Shall I say that I expected

that you would agree with me on our duty to seek for self-government for the Church, as the necessary crown of Church life? The end will be far off, for we have at present very little Church life. Therefore it seems to me to be more necessary to make our object plain. But this is a subject too great for correspondence. I have therefore ventured to hope that you might be able to come to Auckland for a day or two and talk the question over. I am obliged to keep very quiet now. . . .

I am on my way back from Leicester, where I stayed with Vaughan for the Annual Meeting of the Christian Social Union. Both he and Mrs. Vaughan were very well, and it was delightful to see them in their home. I had not been there before. We had very little time for talking, but old days came back very pleasantly.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Dunelm.

It was the Bishop's custom to write a letter each Lent to the clergy and laity of the Diocese, suggesting some subject for quiet meditation during the sacred season. From his Lenten letter of 1898 I quote the following:—

At the beginning of the century, the Evangelical Revival called out among Churchmen, as far as it reached, an effectual sense of personal responsibility. The Oxford Revival, in the middle of the century, quickened anew the sense of corporate life. But the Evangelical movement touched only a small part of human interests. It left out of account whole regions of thought and action. On the other hand, the Oxford movement was dominantly ecclesiastical and theological. Larger experience has taught us that all that truly belongs to man has its place in the divine order—a place which must be occupied by strenuous endeavour. We need therefore once again to press on all those who seek Christian privileges the acknowledgment of Christian obligations as Christian. We need to accept no rest till every Churchman and Churchwoman has recognised the *good works which God afore prepared for them to do*, and has offered them for the blessing of the

whole society in such a way that each offering is part of the life of the offerer.

. . . . . .

In spite of the innumerable sorrows and distresses by which we are beset, the outlook is not without encouragement. There are signs that English Churchmen—to look no further—are coming to realise the unique greatness of the spiritual charge which the Prayer Book lays upon them ; signs that they are learning that the master-truth which is now brought home to us, that our possessions, our efficiency, our life itself, depend on others, must find active expression through the faith of Christ; signs that the co-operation of men widely different in character and place will manifest to the world the social power of the Gospel; signs that once more in the face of unbelief and non-belief the Son of Man will vindicate His sovereignty by showing that He satisfies every need and every capacity which the struggles of a new age have disclosed.

The year 1898 was celebrated throughout the Anglican Church as the Bicentenary year of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge, and the Bishop took great interest in the celebration. He preached a sermon on the Society's behalf in the Cathedral, in the course of which he said :—

The great questions by which we are disturbed are all finally religious questions. We have yet to learn through the teaching of the Spirit that in education, in work, in intercourse, Christian knowledge brings the guidance which we require. We are in danger of losing sight of the nature of true education, and the real significance of work, of the highest blessing of intercourse. We are in danger, I say, of losing sight of the nature of true education. For the education which is truly education is not that which communicates knowledge or power, but that which quickens intellectual, moral, spiritual life; not that which arms the vigour of self-interest, but that which calls out devotion to social duty; not that which concentrates our efforts on what we can gain for

ourselves, but directs us to joys which grow greater as they are shared by others; which enables us, in a word, to take possession of the wealth for which we were made as men; to gain the vision of God; to hold converse with our Father in heaven. All things are ours. The whole world, with its innumerable beauties and its inexhaustible wonders, is a kingdom prepared for us. Yet how many live as strangers in the midst of that which is their own. Too often we fail to prepare ourselves in early days for the highest enjoyment of mature years. The immeasurable depths of the starry sky touch us with no ennobling awe. The light of setting suns kindles in us no sense of heavenly glory. We are not moved by the outward spectacles of earth and sky; still less are we trained to interpret them. Yet everything on which we look is a thought of God made visible. All nature is a parable, but we must have the heart which watches and receives before we can read its meaning. Still, as it has been well said, "we are all poets in our youth," and it is the work of education to cultivate in the young the poet's faculty; the faculty of seeing the infinite in common things; of piercing to the spiritual which underlies phenomena. And yet more, true education teaches us not only to see God, but also to hold converse with Him. Our necessary occupation with material things tends to deaden our perception of spiritual realities. Yet the unseen is the largest part of life. Heaven lies about us not in infancy alone; and by swift, silent pauses for thought, for recollection, for aspiration, we can not only keep fresh the influence of that diviner atmosphere, but breathe it more habitually. Words spoken to our Father are not measured by time. They do not so much interrupt work as quicken it. They open the treasuries of another world, hallowing, ennobling, blessing the simplest duties. We all feel what we owe to earthly friends—how poor and cheerless and ineffective our work would be without their sympathy; and the Lord Himself has said in words which reach to all who love Him: "No longer do I call you servants . . . but I have called you friends." He is our friend still, seen with the eyes of the heart. To turn to Him, to walk with Him, to open to Him our doubts, our wants, our griefs, our

joys, is to find temptations overcome, hope rekindled, earth transformed.

A few days later the Bishop visited Stockton to open the new premises of the Stockton and Thornaby Boys' Brigade and Working Lads' Home. On this occasion he delivered a "most encouraging address" on the three mottoes of the Boys' Brigade: "God be thanked for prevention," "We help those who try to help themselves," "The child is father to the man." The following are some of the words that he said anent the second of these mottoes:—

> You help those who help themselves. It is something more than a home you intend to give. And here we are brought face to face with what natural experience shows to be a practical and universal law—we must ask something from those whom we desire to serve. We cannot benefit unless those who receive the benefit make some effort. We are often tempted to think, for example, that we can give other people useful thoughts. I venture to think we can do nothing of the kind. We can give them half-a-crown, but we cannot give them a real thought. They may use it, but it is not their own, and until they make it their own, it will really be of no service at all to them. You intend by what you do for these boys really to mould their character, and you ask the boys therefore, when they receive something from you, to give something in return. This, I believe, is the universal law of Nature. Nature requires us sooner or later, in some way or other, to pay the full price of every gift, for it is after all a gift that she makes us.

After a brief Easter holiday spent at Harrogate, my father, accompanied by his wife and his chaplain son, crossed for the first and last time St. George's Channel, to receive the honorary degree of D.D. from Dublin University. This degree has been very rarely conferred,

only, in fact, twelve times since 1595, the last recipient of the degree having been the Hon. John Chetwyn Talbot in 1812. The ceremony took place in the Examination Hall of Trinity College. The Public Orator, Professor Tyrrell, in presenting the Bishop to the Chancellor, the Earl of Rosse, K.P., described him as "in learning a second Origen, in piety a second Augustine."[1]

The days spent in Dublin were by no means holidays, for the Bishop preached before the University

[1] This is the full text of the speech :—

Praehonorabilis Cancellarie totaque Universitas, duco ad vos virum inter doctores et theologos et (quod non est minimum) inter cives ipsos quotidianos prae ceteris eminentem, reverendissimum Brooke Foss Westcott, Episcopum Dunelmensem, D.D., D.C.L. Rudimenta adolescentiae optime posuit litteris humanioribus Cantabrigiae felicissime excultis; postea sacrae theologiae Professor primas partes egit inter eos qui textum Novi Testamenti firmis fundaminibus constabiliverunt, et divinas illas Apostolorum commentationes doctrina singulari illustraverunt. Apicem episcopalem consecutus, huic addidit non minus veram gloriam coronae civicae. *Cedat mitra togae:* videre mihi videor, Vir Reverendissime, ipsum cumulum laudis tuae, cum certamina illa funesta inter nummatos et operarios composuisti, cum

Civium ardor prava iubentium

felici tuo temperamento victus et placatus conquievit. *Praestat* dixisti, ut Neptunus ille apud Virgilium,

Praestat motos componere fluctus.

Venit mihi in mentem totius loci illius nobilissimi hunc virum contemplanti tam strenuum pro veritate ac fide propugnatorem, tam mitem inter cives pacificatorem :

Ac veluti magno in populo cum saepe coorta est
Seditio, saevitque animis ignobile vulgus,
Iamque faces et saxa volant, furor arma ministrat :
Tum pietate gravem ac meritis si forte virum quem
Conspexere silent, arrectisque auribus adstant :
Ille regit dictis animos et pectora mulcet.

Talem virum duco ad vos purpura nostra decorandum, purpuram nostram decoraturum. IIIvirorum illorum Cantabrigiensium, Hort, Lightfoot, Westcott, unum superstitem, *Vitae Evangelii* auctorem et propagatorem, doctrina alterum Origenem, pietate alterum Augustinum, libentissime sane graduatis nostris adscribimus.

and delivered an address to the Girls' Friendly Society in St. Patrick's Cathedral. He also, as a "distinguished stranger," was present at a meeting of the General Synod of the Church of Ireland, all the members rising to their feet and applauding at his entrance. The Bishop had ample opportunity during his stay of about two hours at the Synod of "making himself acquainted with the *perfervidum ingenium Hibernicorum*, and of listening to some interesting and original dissertations on the antecedents of the Church of Ireland and its patron Saint."

The Bishop and his wife both thoroughly enjoyed this visit, and were greatly pleased with the warmth of their welcome. They, together with their chaplain son, Henry, were the guests of Provost Salmon during their stay in Dublin. My father writes in his text-book on 21st April, "A great day: full of interest."

On 28th May my father was present at Mr. Gladstone's funeral in Westminster Abbey. A few days previously, in a speech delivered at the Bede College, Durham, he had referred to the great leader's death, saying:—

> I cannot forbear from saying that it must seem to many of us that the festival of the Ascension was a fitting day for the passing of him whose life, whatever we may think as to the measures which he either favoured or carried into effect, was continuously animated by the desire for truth and justice and righteousness; who in everything he did was at least filled with a noble spirit, and who turned all his powers to the pursuit of noble ideals.

Before the time for his holiday, or, more correctly speaking, his change of work arrived, the Bishop had several important summer engagements to fulfil, including an address to the miners in Durham Cathedral,

and a speech at the opening of the Shire Hall. He seems to have been making speeches most days about this time; but he never appeared to be at a loss for ideas or for words wherewith to clothe them. Referring to a speech delivered by the Bishop at the laying of a memorial stone of the Auckland District Cottage Hospital, some one observed, that he was "The grandest ould man fer taaken ivver aa cum akross yit—wen y'eer 'im taak et's just like reeden a byuk—clivver. He tyuk his hat off i' th' blazen hot sun, an' aa thowt he lukt th' varry sowl o' gudeness. He wanted nee Bishop's hat te mak 'im luk gud wi' that gud, onnest, upreet, an' smilen fyes. Aa mebbis canna discribe things as aa owt te dee, but there's nee mistak aboot et—th' Bishop's a gloryus ould man. Aa's setisfised this koonty 'll loss a bonny gud man wen Bishop Westcott's gyen."

The following similar testimony refers primarily to the speech he delivered at the opening of the Shire Hall:—

> The speech of Bishop Westcott was an intellectual treat, and it made a noticeable impression upon the assembly. There is always a special charm about the orations of Bishop Westcott. They are delivered with a quiet, easy flow of language that is almost rhythmic, and the words strike home immediately. Reporters admire him greatly as a man and as a thinker, but they have no reason to wax enthusiastic over his deliverances. Like the late Bishop of Peterborough, he is something of a terror to the shorthand writers, not because he speaks rapidly, but because his thoughts are expressed in uncommon and often unfamiliar phrases. To report verbatim Dr. Westcott when he is, if I may use an athletic term, in form, is an experience.

The summer holiday was spent at Goathland, and was devoted, as in recent years, to work on the Epistle

to the Ephesians, which so prospered that on 1st September he made a note to the effect that the draft notes on the text were finished, and expressed his thankfulness in his usual manner.

On 16th October the Bishop preached a sermon in the Cathedral on behalf of the Church of England Temperance Society. In the course of this sermon he said :—

> Force—legislation cannot work a moral revolution. Legislation depends for its efficacy upon strong public opinion, and there lies the difficulty. There is a large class tolerant of intemperance, and it is not regarded by them in its anti-social character. The excuse often pleaded, "He is no one's enemy but his own," reveals the popular misconception of the vice. He who is his own enemy is the enemy of every one to whom he is a debtor: he robs his friends and fellow-men of himself. The remedy, therefore, must be more prevailing than legislation — than force. The desire for excitement is a natural instinct answered wrongly. We all feel depressed by the monotonous dulness of common life. "Wine maketh glad the heart of man," and we look upon it as one of God's gifts. We long for the quickened pulse, the livelier utterance, the keener animation, the fuller, intenser life—we love the generous freedom of good fellowship. The desire is not wrong, and must be rightly satisfied. I once asked a Labour leader what would cure intemperance and gambling, and the reply was, "Nothing but religion." I believe that to be absolutely true.

The autumn found him once more engaged in the service of the Christian Social Union. On 25th October he addressed a very large and appreciative audience at Macclesfield on "The Organisation of Industry," the Bishop of Chester being in the chair. This address, which was published in the *Economic Review*, attracted considerable attention. In the opening of the speech he said :—

The organisation of industry, if we reflect upon the meaning of the words, is seen to be the organisation of national life. As citizens we are all bound to be workers; and it has been one of my chief joys to watch the gradual acceptance of the master-thoughts of corporate obligations and corporate interdependence, till now it is (may I not say?) universally acknowledged among Englishmen that we all belong to one body, in which the least member has his proper function. For us, then, the organisation of industry is such a co-ordination of the forces of the nation as will issue in the noblest national life, to which each worker in due measure brings his individual service, while he shares in its fulness according to his capacity. It will be directed not only to the production of material wealth, but also to the development of personal character. It will take account of those to whom, in the stress of our present circumstances, no appropriate employment is open. In other words, a perfect industrial organisation will lead to the harmonious use of all the resources of the nation, its treasures of physical strength and skill, of capital, of intelligence, of enthusiasm for the common good; it will be ordered with a view to the healthy discipline and satisfaction of the whole of each individual life; it will deal with the masses of the unemployed and of the partially employed; and, though I cannot accept the measures which the minority of the Labour Commission recommended, I am ready to accept their statement that it is "high time that the whole strength and influence . . . of the community should be deliberately, patiently, and persistently used to raise the standard of life of its weaker . . . members."[1]

Writing subsequently to Mr. J. C. Medd, the President of the Macclesfield branch of the C.S.U., he said: "It (*sc.* the meeting at Macclesfield) has been my most encouraging experience, and your bold programme ought to serve as an example. I hope that you will give your experience to Birmingham."

[1] *Report of the Labour Commission*, p. 146.

The following letter to the Dean of Westminster also makes mention of this meeting :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 31*st October* 1898.

My dear Dean—Yes, indeed, "Westcott" not "now and then," but always, if you love me (dare I say?) as I love Westminster. It is most kind of you to take notice of my wanderings. The visit to Macclesfield was a great effort, but full of interest. The question was one which, as you know, I feel intensely. It is the little message which I have for the North. The meeting, I should say, was one of the Christian Social Union, of which I happen to be President. The platform was therefore confined to members of the Society, which, from no narrow motive, is confined to Churchmen. My desire was simply to supply some suggestions for thought.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

In a letter to his daughter, Mrs. Prior, he throws further light upon the Union's platform :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 24*th January* 1898.

The title "Christian Social Union" is capable of misconstruction, but I do not know that it could be easily improved. The corresponding American Society is "The Church Social Union," which is not better. Membership of the Union is limited to Churchmen and Churchwomen *bona fide*. I said a few words on this limitation in a letter to Dr. Stanton read at the meeting at Cambridge in November 1892. It is printed in the *Economic Review* for January 1893. I have endeavoured to show (what I feel) that the condition does not really narrow the Union, but only gives it the necessary foundation of faith. Any branch can obtain, if it seems well, the co-operation of others. The use of the word "Christian" is positive and not negative. It says that the work of the Union is founded on the Christian Creed. It says nothing of others. "Social" again is necessary. It indicates that the aim of the Union is to influence our social life, as distinguished from our individual life. It is perhaps

unfortunate that the two first epithets suggest the title "Christian Socialist," but the members of the Union are by no means pledged to what is called Christian Socialism—a most vague phrase. I tried to set out the duties of members in a paper contained in *Christian Aspects of Life.* The central one is quiet study. It is worse than vain to attempt to "do" anything before you are master of the subject. Yet so much every one can do personally, quietly reflect whether this act or this habit is for the glory of God. I think that Canon Gore would speak wisely and usefully on the three objects of the Society, and I think that he would insist on thought and study. . . .

This meeting at Macclesfield was not the regular annual meeting of the Union, which the Bishop always made a point of attending, but a special gathering promoted by the zeal of the President of the local branch of the Union. The regular meeting was held in Birmingham in the following month. Here, accordingly, on the platform of the Town Hall, the Bishop appeared on 29th November, to address the members on "Social Service." It was natural that such a place should stir up in him the memories of his boyhood.

It is impossible (he said) to describe the feelings with which I stand here this evening in the hall of my native city and look back upon all that I owed to Birmingham in my school years. Those were stirring years. We who passed through them felt that the old order was changing, and that a revolution was going on about us the issue of which could not be foreseen. The first event of which I have a clear recollection was the meeting of the Political Union on Newhall Hill in 1831. I can see still the crown and Royal standard in front of the platform, which reassured my childish heart, startled by wild words of violence and rebellion. The Chartist movement followed soon after. I listened to Feargus O'Connor, and I saw the blackened ruins in the Bull Ring guarded by soldiers. Then came the Corn Law agitation

and the Factory Acts. The Young England party strove to mitigate the antagonisms of classes, and Disraeli described in memorable trilogy, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*, the conflicts of opinion, the life and aspiration by which they were surrounded. Meanwhile the Oxford movement was raising in new forms the fundamental questions of authority and faith, and Strauss assailed with unmatched power the foundations of the Gospel. They were stirring times: political, economic, social, religious changes came in quick succession, and, looking forward already to the work of a priest and a teacher, I watched them with the keenest interest.

Between these two excursions in the interest of the Social Union, the Bishop had performed various Diocesan duties, including a second Visitation of the Cathedral; but there was another extra-diocesan service which he rendered which should not be lightly passed over—his sermon at the Dedication of the Memorial to Miss Rossetti in Christ Church, Woburn Square. "This address, delivered with the deepest feeling, characterised by great delicacy of treatment, and clothed in language of poetic beauty, held an audience, comprising many prominent literary and clerical figures, in enthralled interest." The address was published as *An Appreciation of the late Christina Georgina Rossetti.*

The Bishop had a profound respect for the genius of this gifted poetess, and in writing to Mr. Mackenzie Bell, the biographer of Christina Rossetti, who had asked permission to use a letter which ultimately appeared in his work, he said:—

> It will be a very great pleasure to me if you think the letter of any use. I wrote it by the encouragement of a friend [Miss Heaton of Leeds], who thought I might without presumption express my sympathy with Mr. Rossetti on the death of his sister, for whom I felt a reverent admiration.

The letter cannot adequately express what I felt, but at least it indicated a little.

From Auckland Castle he wrote again to the same correspondent on 11th January 1898:—

Let me offer you my most hearty thanks for the beautiful volume [*Christina Rossetti: a Biographical and Critical Study*] which has just reached me. I look forward to reading it with the greatest pleasure and profit. I am glad to think how widely Miss Rossetti's influence is now reaching through her "Verses." I see the book everywhere, and find that it speaks to the heart whenever a reader listens reverently to the words and waits, as a poet must be read. You will, I cannot doubt, make many your debtor.

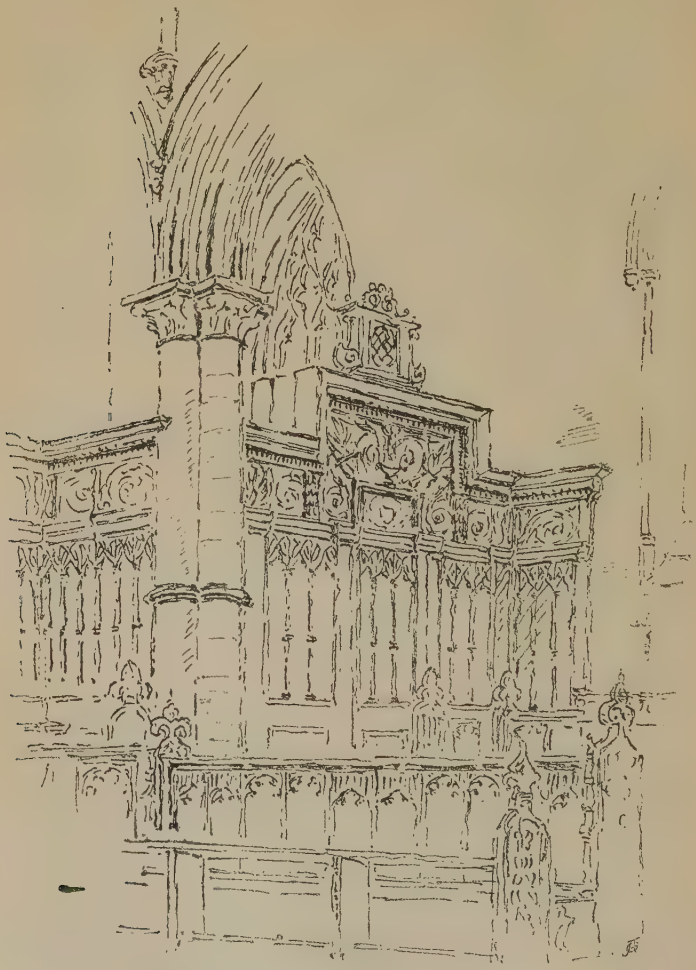
On 14th September of the same year the Bishop, in acknowledging a copy of Mr. Bell's *Pictures of Travel and other Poems*, said to him:—

I naturally turned to the lines on Miss Rossetti. They are, I think, admirable in thought and form, worthy of marble. The last piece ["Miracles"] I had read before. It seems to me to express a marked truth. We see fragments of life, and dare to pass judgment on them severally. To God all life that is truly life is one.

Again I am constrained to make mention of the Bishop's love of hospitality, in recording another happy gathering at the Castle which occurred in July 1898, when the Bishop received the members of the Seaham Harbour Bottle-workers' Institute, whom he had invited to visit him.[1] On the arrival of his guests, about thirty

[1] The Bishop had first become acquainted with the Seaham Harbour bottle-workers some years previously, when he produced a deep impression upon them in an address which he delivered at some function in connexion with their Institute. He had on that occasion referred to an interesting episode connected with the history of their works. On finding that there was no record of this episode, the Bishop presented to the Institute a record of the incident, illuminated and framed, which was hung on the walls of the Institute for a memorial.

in number, the Bishop, as was his wont on such occa-



SCREEN IN AUCKLAND CASTLE CHAPEL.
From a Sketch by Bishop Westcott.

sions, himself conducted them round the Castle and

garden, pointing out the various objects of interest. After tea the Bishop was photographed in a group picture in the midst of the party. This was at their special request. They also asked the Bishop to let them have a hymn and prayer with him, and to give them his blessing. A brief service was accordingly held in the Chapel, and the Bishop spoke a few words, which were received with rapt attention. The bottle-workers subsequently sent the Bishop an enlarged and framed copy of the photograph taken that day, which remained to the last in the Bishop's study amidst the dearest memorials of his life.

In the latter part of 1898, and in January 1899, my mother was very seriously ill, and the Bishop felt most anxious. Towards the end of the month Dr. Hume of Newcastle was called into consultation, and on 1st February my father wrote in his text-book, "A little better hope." Very little hope had been entertained of my mother's recovery, and it was her own firm conviction that she had been prayed back to life by my father. The following letter, written from Durham on the day of the Advent Ordination in 1898, shows in a measure how my father bore this trial :—

To his Wife

Durham, *4th Sunday in Advent*, 1898.

The Service is happily over. The sun (as usual) came out for a little time just at the close and gave brightness to it. Mr. Strong preached an excellent sermon on St. John xxi. 18. Dr. Farrar said it was too short. The semicircle of priests was an impressive and hopeful sight. All the men seemed to be serious and fully in earnest, and there was nothing to cause misgiving for the future. . . . This has

been a very wonderful week. It has brought some wholly new experiences, and I am very thankful for its lessons as well as for its blessings. Perhaps the lessons themselves are the greatest. I can wait for more news to-morrow without anxiety.

My father himself was very poorly in April, and with difficulty got through his necessary work. In March, to the great disappointment of a very large audience, he had been unable to preside at a Centenary Meeting of the Church Missionary Society in Exeter Hall. But on 28th February 1899 he had addressed the Durham Junior Clergy Society in the Chapter-house on "The Study of the Bible." In this address he indicated some characteristics of the study of Scripture which he had found to be of primary importance. He mentioned seven: "The study must be systematic, thorough, wide, historical, patient, reverent, vital." On these characteristics he enlarged, and afterwards in his concluding words said:—

I charge you, then, to prize and to use your peculiar spiritual heritage which was most solemnly committed to you at your ordination. Our English Church represents in its origin and in its growth the study of the Bible. In the study of the Bible lies the hope of its future. For the study of the Bible in the sense in which I have indicated is of momentous importance at the present time, and it is rare; there is much discussion about the Bible, but, as I fear, little knowledge of it. We are curious to inquire—and it is a reasonable curiosity—when this book and that was written; but we are contented to be ignorant of what this book or that contains. We remain blind to the magnificent course of the Divine education of the world; and still less do we dwell upon the separate phrases of "friends of God and prophets," and question them and refuse to let them go till they have given us some message of warning or comfort or instruction. Such failures, such neglect

seal the very springs of life. They deprive us of the remedies for our urgent distresses. Who does not know them? We are troubled on all sides by wars and rumours of wars, by the restlessness and anxiety of nations and classes; we ask impatiently if this wild confusion is the adequate result of eighteen centuries of the Gospel of Peace? We ask impatiently, and the Bible offers us an interpretation of a history and life not unlike our own, and helps us to see how the counsel of God goes forward through all the vicissitudes of human fortunes and human wilfulness. Our hearts again constantly fail us for fear *of the things which are coming on the world.* The Bible inspires us with an unfailing hope. We are yet further perplexed by conflicts of reasoning, by novelties of doctrines, by strange conclusions of bold controvertialists. The Bible provides us with a sure touchstone of truth, while

> The intellectual power, through words and things,
> Goes sounding on, a dim and perilous way,

and brings us back to a living fellowship with Him who is the Truth.

On 16th May the Bishop preached a sermon in St. Margaret's, Westminster, on "International Concord." He had on more than one occasion recently expressed his pleasure at the Czar's invitation to the Hague Conference. He now said:—

The invitation of the Czar, which has found universal acceptance, has opened new fields for a beneficent discussion of the problems of national life. Whatever may be the results of the Conference, the Conference itself marks an epoch in the history of nations. Much has been already done when the duty of considering whether anything can be done has been acknowledged. Questions which till lately were supposed to belong only to dreamers have claimed the attention of statesmen. The practical belief that a noble end can be approached is in itself a blessing; and if public

opinion once demands an Arbitration Court for nations, we need have no fear that its verdicts will fail to be enforced. Public opinion will be strong enough to uphold the judgment of the body which is its own organ. After all, the voice, when it finds clearer expression, is stronger than the sword.

The closing words of his sermon were :—

But you may ask, Acknowledging all this, what can we do? Summarily, then, we can cherish the noblest ideal we have formed of the destiny of mankind—the gift of our faith—and refuse to surrender one ray of its glory under the uttermost stress of disappointment. We can keep hope fresh—"hope, the paramount duty which heaven lays, for its own honour, on man's suffering heart." We can bring an access of fervour, especially at this time, to the prayer that it may please God to give to all nations "unity, peace, and concord," which, unique in its completeness, as far as I know, has been over three centuries and a half the voice of our English Church. We can approach every question of foreign policy from the point of sight of the Christian creed, by which our noblest thoughts are purified and strengthened. We can check in ourselves and in others every temper which makes for war, or ungenerous judgment, or presumptuous claims, or promptings of self-assertion, the noxious growth of isolation and arrogance and passion; we can endeavour to understand the needs, to feel the endowments, the traditional aspirations of other countries; we can do gladly, unweariedly, patiently what lies in us to remove the suspicions and misunderstandings which serve, perhaps, more to stir animosities among nations than ambition or pride. We can honour all men; we can, to say all in one sentence, assure ourselves by quiet thought that the glory of a nation does not lie in claiming unlimited domination, but in fulfilling its office for the great commonwealth of men, and so preparing within its own sphere the advent of international concord. By such efforts we shall hasten the Lord's coming. If we cannot hope to see the full splendour of that day, at least it has been the joy of my own life to watch the brightening promise of its dawn.

Writing to his wife the next day he said :—

CHURCH HOUSE, 17*th May* 1899.

. . . Mrs. Davidson went with me to St. Margaret's. I said what I had to say and the congregation listened. I had a very kind note this morning from Canon Scott Holland. He wants the sermon for *The Commonwealth.* After the sermon I went to a gathering in the Little Cloisters. A great part of the congregation adjourned there. Lord and Lady Monteagle and their daughter were there. I was very glad to see them. They were very full of kind inquiries, and had heard of our visit to Dublin. . . .

We are now at the Board of Missions. A paper is being read which I cannot hear, and but for the sake of appearances, I should run away. . . .

From Westminster my father proceeded to Cambridge, where he had the privilege, in opening the new premises of the Clergy Training School, of seeing some of the fruit of his earlier labours. The opening ceremony was witnessed by a large gathering representative of various interests in the University, the Bishop being met at the entrance by the Bishop of Ely and the Council and Principal of the School. Several speeches followed the religious portion of the ceremony. The first speaker was Dr. Swete, the Regius Professor of Divinity. After him my father spoke, and then the Bishop of Ely and Professor Jebb, M.P. Bishop Westcott in the course of his speech said :—

To-day I am privileged to take part in the opening of the Clergy Training School, in which the English Church claims a place in the University for the fullest, completest training of the candidates for its ministry. What were only aspirations in my own time have become established facts now. The Clergy Training School especially represents the idea which was the master-thought in the whole of my work

at Cambridge, and I think I may venture to say of those with whom I was allowed to work. That idea was that the training of the clergy and laity should be as far as possible conducted under the same conditions. Both alike should be filled with the inspiration of their faith, and guided by the power of whole-hearted devotion to their several works. I recognise, of course, that there are many cases in which such a training is impossible. I still believe heartily in the great work which our cathedrals can do. No one can feel more keenly than I do the necessity which candidates for the ministry have for times of quiet thought, for special discipline, and for devotional preparation, but I do not see why that need be separated from the University. At the same time, I venture to say that it is a matter of deep importance to the whole nation—and never of greater importance than at the present time—that the clergy should be under the most favourable conditions familiarly acquainted with the feelings and thoughts of the laity, and that the laity on their part should become familiar with the thoughts of the clergy, and that from this real knowledge should spring mutual confidence between both. It would be, I believe, disastrous if the education of the clergy were to be separated by some chasm from the education of the laity.

Writing to his wife that same evening he said :—

CAMBRIDGE, 18*th May* 1899.

Our meeting is over. The day was beautifully fine, and there was a very good gathering. I was very tired, and did not feel as much at home with my audience as I usually do. However, I said several things that I wished to say. To my great surprise when I sat down after speaking I found Lord Ashcombe sitting behind me. The function will undoubtedly have done good, and the Bishop strongly approves the idea of the School. . . . I saw Sir G. Stokes. He was full of vigour.

St. Peter's Day was always signalised at Auckland Castle by a reunion of "The Sons of the House." In

1899, in view of the Consecration of one of their number, the Rev. G. L. King, to the Bishopric in Madagascar, the Bishop invited the Brotherhood to meet in London. The following letter to his wife describes the day :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *St. Peter's Day*, 1899.

Alas! my dearest Mary, it is now nearly 8 P.M., and I have not had a moment in which to write any note; but all has passed off very happily, and the weather has been perfect —sunny and fresh. There was a goodly gathering, as you will probably see in *The Times*. As the Bishop of London was not there, I read the Gospel, and the Bishop of Winchester read the Epistle. There was a large congregation, and the mass of our "brethren" placed just in front of the pulpit had a very striking effect. Elsewhere ladies were dominant. We were able to sit down to lunch a little before two. The room was very nicely arranged with plenty of blue cornflowers and poppies. It just held us: we were ninety-one. At about half-past three we went, most of us by river, to Westminster. Abbey Garden was looking its best. Our old house is well draped now with Virginia creeper. The Dean came in to look at us. The tables were under the trees, and Mr. Taylor was on the spot with his camera. When tea was over I had only ten minutes to look at my papers. The service was at six. The favourite hymn, "The day Thou gavest," was sung with great vigour. Every one seemed to be in excellent spirits.

On 8th July the Bishop went to Canterbury to be present at the unveiling of the monument of Archbishop Benson by H.R.H. the Duchess of Albany. On his return to his rooms in the Lollards' Tower he wrote an account of the day to his wife :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *8th July* 1899.

It has been a most interesting day. I was fortunate in my company in going to Canterbury—the Bishop of Win-

chester and Mrs. Davidson, Arthur Benson, and Sir J. Kennaway. I had a good talk with Arthur. There was a great array at the station to meet the Duchess. Carriages were waiting to take us to the Deanery. Mrs. Farrar received me very warmly, and inquired after you most kindly. There was a large luncheon party. Just before the service a thunderstorm came, but there was a covered way into the Cathedral so that this caused no inconvenience. The Cathedral was crowded. . . . The peals of thunder made a most solemn accompaniment to the music. . . . The monument is, I think, very fine. The figure lies under a very rich twelfth century canopy in a recess of the south wall. . . .

I did not see Mrs. Benson anywhere, but after I had returned to the Deanery I saw Arthur, and he asked me if I could see his mother; so I was delighted to go at once to Dr. Mason's, and there I found Mrs. Benson, Margaret, Fred, and Hugh. Mrs. Benson looks quite her old self. It was a very great pleasure to see her again, and I only wished that you could have been with me. I almost lost my train, for I could not but stay there talking. Mr. Ridge found me a seat with the two Archbishops and Mrs. Temple; and Mrs. Temple most kindly brought me home. It has been a most memorable time, and I am most thankful that I was able to go.

On 15th July, at the invitation of the Bishop, a large number of representatives from Co-operative Societies in the county of Durham met for a Conference at Auckland Castle. In the course of his opening address the Bishop said :—

We are not condemning cheapness as cheapness, but the cheapness which springs from bad workmanship and unsatisfactory conditions of labour. Many of the cheapest articles, happily, are produced under the best conditions. Personal profit can never rightly be the ruling motive, either of producer or consumer. The ruling motive must be due fulfilment of a citizen's duty. Whatever be the superficial con-

flicts between the producer and consumer, in the end the interests are identical—that they may contribute to their utmost to the ennobling of life. There can be no permanent rest until each worker is proud of his work, finds pleasure in doing it, and feels that through his work he can gain a noble character. Let us all try to educate ourselves to desire good things well made, to look beyond every article to the workshop in which it was produced. This duty is laid upon this generation by the change which has so far come over the conditions of industry. No doubt the work is difficult; but is there anything worth doing that is not difficult?

On 11th October the Bishop attended an Industrial Conference at Newcastle, on which occasion he moved the following resolution :—

That in the opinion of this meeting labour co-partnership is in full consonance with the highest principles of ethics and religion, and is not less favourable to the material interests of the State.[1]

My father was very much troubled about this time by the Ritual Controversy. Writing to his son in Canada he said :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
25th Sunday after Trinity, 1899.

I feel very anxious as to the result of our Church differences. Self-will is a very hard enemy to fight. When it comes into action all sense of proportion, and even of truth, is lost. Happily these troubles do not affect you, nor indeed are they seen in Durham; but yet the English Church is—or ought to be—one in all its parts. For the rest of the time I was in town I was very busy, and did not even visit the Abbey or the National Gallery, but I did what I had to do.

He was himself at this time quoted in a Hearing before the two Archbishops as having authorised

[1] This speech is published in *Words of Faith and Hope*.

Reservation. This, however, he denied in a letter to Chancellor Dibdin, which the latter read in the subsequent course of the Hearing. He wrote :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, 18*th July* 1899.

My dear Chancellor—I have just seen, with great surprise, that Mr. Hansell stated in his address at Lambeth that I have authorised Reservation in certain cases. I have not done anything of the kind. What I have done is that I have endeavoured to show how the cases in which Reservation is declared to be necessary may be met without Reservation. In two cases I have allowed incumbents, who have applied to me, to adopt the following usage, which I believe to be legal, as it is certainly primitive. Immediately after the consecration, one of the assistant clergy may take the elements to the sick person, so that administration to the sick may be coincident with the administration to the congregation. The sick person, in fact, is to be treated as a member of the congregation. This, I hold, is what Justin Martyr describes. I further directed that the sick person should be enabled, by the assistance of some friend, to follow the service so as to be prepared to receive in due course. The usage was to be adopted only in exceptional cases. I stated my view at York Convocation in May, but the report has not yet been published. Whether the usage is legal or not, it certainly excludes Reservation and does not authorise it. There is, indeed, no question on which I feel more strongly, and I cannot understand how my action has been misinterpreted. I insisted strongly, in both cases, on the fact that there should be no Reservation. It is clear to me Justin Martyr describes coincident and not subsequent administration to the absent. —Yours most truly, B. F. DUNELM.

It is hardly necessary to state that the Bishop, though personally disposed to be content with the very simplest ritual, was scrupulously anxious to be fair in his dealings with those who differed from him in this

respect. This will, I trust, be abundantly clear from letters written by him to clergy in his Diocese.

Returning to the subject of my father's social labours during the year 1899, mention should be made of two matters in which he took the deepest interest, one being that which found expression in the Durham Aged Miners' Homes, the other the Merchant Seamen difficulty.

Early in the year the Bishop had invited a number of representatives of Miners' Lodges to a Conference at Auckland Castle on the question of Aged Miners' Homes. In welcoming the delegates assembled in the Castle drawing-room, he said :—

> We are in a house which has been closely connected with the Bishopric of Durham for more than 700 years, and which possesses features of considerable interest. You find hung on the walls the portraits of people who have lived in the house for 350 years. I should like to call your attention to the portrait of Bishop Barrington, who was Bishop of Durham at the end of the last century and the beginning of this. There has scarcely been any social reform which has been accomplished during the century which Bishop Barrington did not start. He started the idea of co-operation. He was the first who seriously took in hand the education of the poor. He fought a law-suit and won it and £1600, which he spent upon education. Bishop Barrington was really the first inventor of the familiar phrase of "Three acres and a cow." He was anxious that every one should possess some small holding. His object was that every one in the county should feel a real interest in the life of his parish, and have a stake in it. The first man to discover Bishop Barrington's merits, strangely enough, was Mr. G. J. Holyoake, the real father of present-day co-operation. I think you will be glad to find that the portrait of such a Bishop is looking down upon our meeting.

The Conference was eminently practical, and so it

came to pass that later in the year the Bishop was invited to be present at the opening of the Homes by Mr. J. Wilson, M.P. The day was really a great day in the history of the Durham miners, for it marked the successful attainment of an epoch-making enterprise. That the miners turned up in considerable force may be concluded from the fact that six or seven colliery bands put in an appearance. Before the commencement of the proceedings the Bishop, accompanied by Mr. Wilson, visited some of the Homes, which were already tenanted, and conversed with their inmates. Feeling a desire to eat a sandwich, with which, in his usual anxiety not to be burdensome to any one, he had provided himself, the Bishop, at Mr. Wilson's suggestion, entered one of the cottages in which tea had been prepared. The good woman of the house summoned her neighbours to her assistance, and one of them, as she came in, to the great delight of the Bishop, seized his hand and said, "Good day, hinny; I's glad to see tha."

Subsequently the Bishop made a speech, in the course of which he said :—

I have spoken of the general improvement in the conditions and character of English industry. I cannot forbear saying a few words about the changes which have come over the industry of Durham in this last half-century. Durham has played a conspicuous part in industrial questions, and I am proud of what you have been enabled to do. Some at least on the platform will know what were the conditions in Durham fifty years ago. Just after I had taken my degree in 1848 I read a little pamphlet on the conditions of life in Durham given by a Government inspector, and I was horrified by the picture he drew. You will know the facts. Well, what have been the results of self-help and co-operation? Think what you have been enabled to accomplish—of the Conciliation Board, of the Permanent Relief Fund, and of this last venture

of faith, your Homes for Aged Miners. These movements are all continuous; they all express the same thought, the same conviction, and witness to the power of faith.

In the matter of merchant seamen the Bishop was much distressed in view of the continuous decrease in the number of English sailors. In the latter part of 1899 he made two speeches concerning seamen, the first at the opening of the extension of the Seamen's Church and Institute at South Shields, and the second at the opening of a new wing of the Seamen's Mission Institute at Sunderland. In the course of his speech at the latter place the Bishop said :—

At the present time—and this fact we need to take to heart—from thirty to forty per cent of the men in our merchant navy are foreigners. The President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Ritchie, has stated that if the whole of the Naval Reserve was called up, our ships, instead of being partially manned by foreigners, would be altogether manned by foreigners. Surely a startling result! Mr. Holt, the well-known Liverpool ship-owner, in his memorandum to the report of the committee on the subject, says that unless some provision is at once made for the training of boys, the employment of foreign sailors must of necessity considerably increase, and ten years hence, in those circumstances, a British crew will be almost unobtainable. The matter requires to be dealt with immediately, and on a large scale. It is, in the domestic affairs of our country, the most vital question of the day. I think that these words, strong as they are, are not exaggerated. We are, at the present time, face to face with a great evil and a great danger.

The Bishop's feeling on this matter is further evidenced by what he says in the following letter addressed to his son in Canada :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
3rd Sunday in Advent, 1899.

On Monday I spoke at Sunderland about the continued and rapid decrease in the number of English sailors, which is a most grave and unregarded danger, and I hope that the subject will be taken up. Probably we shall have a conference[1] of shipowners to consider it preliminarily, and then the matter can be started seriously. So far I have had favourable answers to my suggestion. It seems to me to be a Bishop's work if no one else deals with it.

In an address delivered at his Diocesan Conference, held at West Hartlepool on 23rd October, the Bishop treated of the evils of overcrowding. He then said :—

The conditions of our chief industry are unfavourable to family life. These, to a certain extent, can be overcome; but the evils of overcrowding, when it exists, are practically insuperable. And we may well be moved to sad reflection when we know that, with the single exception of Northumberland, Durham contains more overcrowding than any county in England, and that the percentage of overcrowding in Gateshead is the highest in all the large towns of England—more than twice as large as that of London—while the percentage in Sunderland is little below it. Examples taken respectively from a town and a village will show the nature of the evil.

. . . . .

The facts as to overcrowding, and the consequences of the facts, are not always in evidence, and we have dull imaginations. In no other way can I account for the complete failure of two schemes for the erection of workmen's dwellings in the diocese from want of support. I plead then in the name of our Faith, I plead on behalf of those who by God's will are "joint-heirs with us of the grace of life," that in every urban and rural district some from amongst us should learn the

[1] The Conference met at Auckland Castle in the following January, and was described by my father as "most encouraging."

facts as to overcrowding and make them known. The evils will then be met. The awakened Christian conscience will find no rest till the remediable causes of moral infection are removed. To corrupt the development of life is not less criminal than to maim the body. We are guilty of conniving at the defilement of temples of God till we face the problem according to our opportunities, and strive to solve it.

It is small wonder that the North of England came to view my father "as an earnest social reformer," though in the South he was best known as "a scholar and author." The writer who records this impression describes how the Bishop "descended a pit shaft and inspected the principal workings of the mine," and how he made a visit of inspection to dilapidated miners' cottages. "He went into a large number of the houses, and even ascended the ladders to the garrets of many. The familiar, slightly bent figure and the refined, thought-furrowed features of his Lordship formed a quaint and striking picture in the low-roofed garret of a pitman's home."

My father was deeply grieved by the death of his son-in-law, the Rev. Charles Herman Prior, Fellow and Tutor of Pembroke College, Cambridge, which occurred on 31st October, after a period of anxious waiting for the inevitable end. The following letters were written to his daughter at that time of trial :—

You will know how constantly our thoughts are with you, and how hard it is to put thoughts into words; still perhaps they can make themselves felt without them. I hope that you had the bright midday sunshine which came to us unexpectedly after a cold dull morning. Even such things help us. I find it still impossible to realise your anxiety. The change has come so suddenly. Yet I think that you feel some corresponding strength. The times when I have been most anxious have been just those when I have felt most the

unseen greatness of life. Power has seemed to flow in not thought of before. We have come already, though for the most part our eyes are holden, to innumerable hosts of ministering spirits and to God Himself. There can be no loss of that which is most precious. All this you and Charlie will be feeling. It is very hard to put the feeling into definite shape, but it is a revelation of peace.

May God abundantly strengthen and comfort you both!

22nd Sunday after Trinity, 1899.

There can be but one answer to your letter. It is a joy to all of us to be able to do anything which can give Charlie pleasure. The spot in Harrow Churchyard is a home-like spot, and we shall be glad for it to be yours. All seems like a dream yet. Such events reveal the nature of life. They force us to feel that what we see is only a sign of that which is. I had, like all others, looked forward with such confident hope to the continuance of C.'s work in the College, already most rich in blessing, that I cannot think of it as ended, but only as transfigured. Life is more than the present forms of life, and must be effective according to its nature when it passes out of sight. We tremble when we say it, yet earthly loss, even the most overwhelming, is not, if we hold our faith, loss in the eternal light. We may perhaps see how when the Lord said, "It is expedient for you that I go away," He interpreted our separations. He went away not to leave, but to be nearer to His people.

We have a service here this morning at the same time as yours. God be with you both!

All Saints' Day, 1899.

I had just been thinking over one of my day's texts, "There is left therefore a Sabbath rest for the people of God," when your letter came to me, and then I went to Chapel to take the day's Communion Service. The text and the service say better than words all that I would say. Your letter was a great comfort: you have found strength and hope. May God deepen them as the days go on! "He which began will perfect."

It will be best for me to go to Harrow. . . . Forgive this very hasty note, for just now I am a little pressed. God bless you all!

The following letter on the same subject is written to his son in Canada :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
23rd Sunday after Trinity, 1899.

You will not be surprised to hear after my last letter that Charlie passed to rest on the Eve of All Saints'. . . . The expressions of sympathy from all sides are most touching. I cannot tell what will happen to the College or to the College Mission: he has been the very life of both. But we see only a little way. I went down to Harrow on Friday, and was able to take the part of the service by the grave. The only available place was our old grave, which you will remember. The yews and cypresses planted near have grown wonderfully, and it is a quiet, beautiful spot. There was a service at Pembroke on Friday. Sir G. Stokes read the lesson, and the Master of Trinity took the prayers. . . . Harrow Church was decorated with wreaths of white flowers as if it had been Easter, and the spirit of the service was Easter-like. We have thought of little else, as you may imagine, this last week. All still seems to me to be a dream. In the summer I had no suspicion of danger, and I had looked forward to his work at Pembroke with unbounded hope.

No year in my father's later life would have been complete without some work done for the Christian Social Union. The year 1899 was no exception, and my father addressed a crowded meeting of the Union at Liverpool in November. Of this gathering the Liverpool *Daily Post* said: "There has not been so fine a meeting or such admirable speaking in Liverpool for many years as at Hope Hall yesterday evening. The Bishop of Durham's opening address on the Christian Rule of Expenditure was, even as a composi-

tion, quite masterly." In the course of this speech he said :—

A well-ordered budget is, I cannot but think, as necessary for a citizen as for a nation. I will go further, and suggest that it is worthy of consideration whether such budgets should not in their main features be public or accessible. In any case our own should be such that we should not shrink from publishing it.

A complete scheme of expenditure will naturally fall into four divisions: (1) Contributions to public works; (2) gifts of private munificence and charity; (3) provision for those dependent upon us; (4) personal expenditure—food, clothing, shelter, books, works of art, recreation. In due measure, and with necessary limitations, all these objects must be considered by every one; and I must think that the second and first form a first claim on our resources. If they are left out of account till every family and personal requirement is satisfied as it presents itself, there is little hope that any residuum will remain to meet them.[1]

During the course of this year the Bishop found time to contribute one or two short articles on religious topics to the press. He wrote a brief paper, entitled "The Rest Day of the Heart," for the first special issue of *Guard your Sundays*;[2] another, entitled "The

[1] I may mention, as the time has not yet come for the publication of private budgets, that my father's expenditure under the first and second heads was considerably in excess of a fourth of his whole income, while his expenditure on "books, works of art, recreation" was quite a negligible quantity. His expenditure during the years of his episcopate, I may add, was in excess of his episcopal income, and he was most scrupulous in refraining from using any of his "official income" for private purposes.

[2] Early in the year he had written the following letter to the editor of *The News* on the subject of "Guard your Sundays" :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, 14*th April* 1899.

My dear Sir—I send you a word of most hearty good wishes for your work.

In every Confirmation address I endeavour to press on all who hear me the simple counsel, "Guard your Sundays." I believe that England

Glory of a Nation," for *The News;* another, entitled "Biblical Criticism," for *The Churchman.* From each of these articles I select one brief extract.

From "The Rest Day of the Heart":—

The Christian Sabbath is, in a word, the day of spiritual communion with God in men, with men in God. On our Sunday we too must strive "to be in the Spirit." Such an effort is required by all of us. If we reflect on our nature and our position we shall at once feel our want of this "rest of the heart." Mere repose, amusement, physical pleasure bring no real restoration to the toiler wearied by a week of heavy labour. They all belong to the same order as our daily work. They cannot convey the invigorating force of new influences—they open no fresh springs in the parched soul. I would not underrate the effects of literature, of art, of culture, of science; but they demand a heavy price for their ennobling lessons. Many of us cannot pay it; and God shows to us a loftier and better way. He offers Himself to us, the source of all goodness and truth and beauty, to be reached by the affections. That way we all know, we have all followed. In our most pressing needs, in our seasons of desolation and distress, we turn to the sympathy of a friend for the support and refreshment which we require.

From "The Glory of a Nation":—

It is, I know, commonly said that Christianity has done nothing towards the establishment of peace in nineteen centuries. No statement can be more false. Christianity has disclosed the principle on which alone peace can be firmly based. It has affirmed beyond denial the dignity

owes her stability and greatness to the general observance of the Day of Rest and the study of Holy Scripture. The two are bound together, and exactly in proportion as we neglect one or the other we prepare our national ruin.

In these times of restless excitement and engrossing business I do not see when we can reflect calmly on the greatest things—the things unseen and eternal—if the quiet of Sunday is taken from us, "the Day of the Rest of the heart."—Yours most truly, B. F. DUNELM.

and the responsibility of man as man; it has made clear the reality and the obligations of corporate life; it has set before us the final unity of human society; and out of these three truths rises the ideal of the international concord, the membership of nations. The ideal is not of our own making; it is, as Mazzini said, beyond us and supreme over us. It is not the creation, but the gradual discovery of the human intellect. It has been discovered now, and it rests with us to embody the discovery in the strength of the faith through which it has been made known.

From "Biblical Criticism":—

My personal experience, however partial and imperfect it has been, justifies the confidence which I have expressed in the results of the unreserved acceptance of the responsibilities of our position. The first Greek book which I possessed was a copy of the manual edition of Griesbach's revision of the New Testament. When I began to examine the characteristics of the different apostolic writings, I turned to the brilliant writings of F. C. Baur. When at a later time I desired to form some idea of the relation of the Church to the world, I prepared myself for the task by making a careful analysis of the *Politique Positive* of Comte. Griesbach, Baur, Comte were in keenest opposition to current opinions. Griesbach has laid, as I believe, the immovable foundations of textual criticism. How profoundly I differ from Baur and Comte in fundamental beliefs I need not say. But I owe to all a lasting debt. In various and unexpected ways all illuminated for me the apostolic Gospel.

My work has been centred in the New Testament. I cannot speak of the Old Testament with adequate knowledge. Yet it is not possible for me to doubt that when the Bible of the old Church has been investigated with the thoroughness and devotion which have brought the apostolic writings into the fulness of life, it will gain in a corresponding degree both in significance and in power. It is when the books of the Bible are studied as other books and compared with other books that their unique character is proved beyond con-

troversy. And two facts must never be forgotten. The Old Testament substantially as we have it was the Bible of the Lord and the Apostles; and the nation of the Jews, of whom is the Christ according to the flesh, implies a history adequate to account for its character.

In an Advent letter of this year the Bishop asked for consideration of "that which is the very soul of the Christian life—Prayer, and especially Intercession." In this letter the following weighty words occur:—

At the present season, and under the stress of our present anxieties, it is natural that we should reflect on the duty and blessings of systematic and corporate intercession. Our ordinary services, and particularly our Litany, offer an outline which can be filled up and quickened with a new life as our special needs are brought into clear light by quiet meditation. And this exercise tends to meet some obvious defects in our spiritual life. We have, in a great degree, lost the power of sustained private devotion. We are, to a great degree, unable to "wait still upon God"; we habitually take refuge in manuals when we might, I think, listen with more profit for the voice of the Spirit; and in special emergencies we ask that some set form of words should be provided for us when we are called to give a personal utterance to the deep thoughts of our own hearts. Now particular attention will be directed to one part of our Prayer Book and now to another; now one petition, now another, will be emphasised by a solemn pause for silent prayer. Thus words which are unimpressive in their general form will be kindled by a direct and individual application. And even more than this, spaces of silence in worship will bring, I dare to hope, something more than we commonly enjoy of that sense of the Divine Presence which has been at all times the support of saints.

The above passage leads one to remark that the one book of devotion which the Bishop continually studied was Thomas à Kempis' *De Imitatione Christi*.

The Bishop took the deepest interest in the progress of the war in South Africa during the early months of 1900, and both in private letters and in his text-book thankfully acknowledges the successes which at this time were given to our arms. At the beginning of January, when the magnitude of the crisis was being more fully recognised, he was asked to preach a sermon on the subject of the war. The request came from the Rev. E. Price, Vicar of Bishop Auckland, to whom he replied :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *3rd January* 1900.

Though I do not see clearly how I can write a sermon, I fully recognise the duty which lies upon me to speak on such an occasion if you invite. I will then try to say something on Sunday morning, and before the Litany. This will not be irregular, I think. Only I must ask that you do *not* make this known. It can make no difference who preaches at such a time.

The Bishop's wish that the sermon should not be notified was clearly respected, for a local paper remarks that, "owing to comparative absence of announcement, there was only a somewhat small congregation present." The sermon made frequent reference to petitions in the Litany, pointing out their applicability to present circumstances. The Bishop's opening words were :—

To-day we stand in the presence of God face to face with a great crisis and a great opportunity. We have at length realised the nature of the struggle in which we are engaged. For a long time the question at issue was obscured by subsidiary disputes. The Boer ultimatum disclosed the real nature of the controversy. Till this was published I cherished the hope that a peaceful solution of the problem was possible, but now it is clear to me that the steady endeavour of the

Boers to secure supremacy in South Africa made war sooner or later inevitable.

Nor do I think that their ambition was unnatural. Their character and past history, the traditions and achievements of their countrymen, inspired them with reasonable hopes of dominion. The vacillations of our own policy made it uncertain whether we were resolved to maintain our position. But when once the situation was realised we awoke to the sense of our duty. Our unpreparedness showed the sincerity of our desire for peace. Yet we could not decline the challenge to "the cold, cruel arbitrament of war." It was impossible for us to submit to arbitration the fulfilment of our imperial obligations.

In the following month the Bishop preached a sermon on the same subject in his Cathedral, at a service of intercession for those suffering from the war. This sermon has been published under the title *The Obligations of Empire*, and in the preface thereto the Bishop says :—

For many years it has been my privilege to plead the cause of international peace and arbitration. I do not recall one word which I have spoken or abandon one hope which I have cherished. The duty of fulfilling a trust is not a matter for arbitration, and, if need be, must be preferred to the maintenance of peace.

In March the Bishop addressed the following letter to the active service company of the Durham Artillery Militia, which was read on parade :—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, 20*th March* 1900.

My dear Friends—Though we have never met face to face, I venture to call you "friends," for your voluntary offer of yourselves to our Queen binds us together by the tie of service to our common country. Your vicar has asked me to

write to you a few words of good-speed before you leave Sunderland. I do so most gladly and thankfully.

The hearts of those whose work is at home must go out with truest sympathy and gratitude to those who fight our battles abroad. A great crisis has revealed the Empire to itself. We feel from one end of the world to the other, as we have never felt before, that we are one people, charged with a great mission, and united by a history which is our inspiration to noble deeds. All minor differences of class and opinion are lost in universal desire to fill Imperial obligations according to our opportunities, and to preserve unimpaired for the next generation the inheritance which we have ourselves received.

In this eager rising of the nation to the call of duty you have taken a foremost place. You will go from among us, supported by a generous tradition, to show not only what is the courage of Englishmen, but also what is their devotion to freedom and righteousness. You will crush down every prompting of pride and vain-glory and self-seeking, and strive as you can to make it clear to Boer and Kaffir alike that you seek the highest good of all who come within the sphere of English influence. You will reconcile unflinching resolution with tenderness, and temper daring with self-control. You will remember that it is your part not only to win battles, but to lay the sure foundations of a greater Britain in liberty and justice.

Your great commander has given you the watchword of victory. "By the help of God," Lord Roberts wrote a week ago, "and by the bravery of Her Majesty's soldiers, the troops under my command have taken possession of Bloemfontein." That is the true order of the forces by which you will gain success. You will seek the blessing of God first, and then you will use to the uttermost with resolute courage the powers with which He has endowed you.

In this spirit may you be enabled to meet hardships, privations, dangers, sufferings, the shadow of death, and feel the presence of God about you in every trial. May He keep you and bless you abundantly; and may you each, looking to Him, know in your own souls, as has been said by one of old

time, that "The vision of God is the life of man."—Your most faithful fellow-servant, B. F. DUNELM.

To Colonel Ditmas and the officers and men of the Durham Artillery ordered to the front.

Later in the year the Bishop delivered at the Newcastle Church Congress an address entitled "Our Attitude towards the War."

To return to other matters. The Bishop was in London in January, and was carried off by his eldest son in a *hansom* (reckless extravagance!) in the *morning* (wild dissipation!) to see the Vandyck Exhibition. Concerning this adventure he wrote to his wife:—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 19*th January* 1900.

Brooke carried me, my dearest Mary, to see the Vandycks this morning—a piece of unparalleled dissipation—and brought a hansom to the door for the purpose. The collection of pictures as a whole disappointed me. There were perhaps a dozen of the greatest excellence—not more. The mass were without meaning or nobility: finely dressed men and women in satin and gold lace, without any visible souls. But on reflection it was a revelation of the Civil War. Such men and women obviously could not rule England. One portrait of Charles I.—there are about half-a-dozen—showed the pathos of the situation, and a picture of Strafford and his Secretary, the tragedy of it in fulfilment. Otherwise the men and women of character were foreigners. If on one side the collection pleased me less than I had expected, it taught me more. The most commanding work was a Doge of Genoa, Spinola. So I had my lesson in history rather than in art.

On 18th March the Bishop opened the new stores of the Consett Co-operative Society. He was presented with a gold key for the purpose; but though grateful for this attention, he would assuredly have been better

pleased with a key of less costly material. Of all the trowels, keys, knockers, etc., presented to him he cherished most a steel key made from the shoe of a pony which was brought up from the pit at the time of the great strike and died during that trying time. In the evening, at a public meeting, my father made a speech on "Co-operative Ideals."

He makes mention of his day at Consett in a letter to his Canadian son:—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
2nd Sunday in Lent, 1900.

Yesterday I had a very interesting day, one of my outside functions. I opened the new building of the Consett Co-operative Society, which I have visited before. They had a lunch, and a great meeting in the evening. I spoke at both. On such occasions you meet people whom you do not meet in Church, and I think it is useful for them to feel that a bishop enters into their thoughts. They always listen very attentively, and are warmly sympathetic. Co-operation has been for a long time a favourite subject of mine, so that I had something to say.

The year 1900 was celebrated as the Bi-centenary year of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In these celebrations my father took an active part. He was present at the reception of Colonial and Missionary Workers by the Archbishops at the Church House, and thus describes his experiences there in a letter to his wife:—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 31*st May* 1900.

. . . After lunch yesterday we went to a meeting of the Board of Missions: then to a meeting of Joint Committees of Convocation: then I went to the Missionary Reception. The room was already full, and an official offered to "introduce me to their Graces." I was amused, and when I

told the Archbishop of Canterbury he was delighted, and shook hands with enthusiasm, to the amusement, I think, of the bystanders. As soon as possible I lost myself in the crowd. . . . I was asked to say a few words, but I said that I was too tired. As I was going out, however, I was carried on to the platform to "support the Archbishops," and after they had spoken, and the Bishop of Newcastle, who said that he was made to speak because I wouldn't, I looked on the great crowd and felt as if I must say what we owe to missionaries, and thank the workers as well as welcome them. So I asked for five minutes, and said something of what I felt, and the words seemed to be well received. When I apologised to the Archbishop on my inconsistency, he said "he admired such inconsistency." It was right, I think; I could not help it.

The following are some of the few words that he spoke:—

My friends, I owe you a great apology for daring to speak now. The Bishop of Newcastle said most truly that when I was invited to do so, I said I felt wholly incapable; but to look upon this audience is to feel a necessary impulse not only to welcome our workers in the Mission field, but to thank them most heartily for what they are doing for us at home. It is that on which I wish to lay the greatest stress. Working out in the Mission field they are able, unconsciously it may be, to make us feel something more of the real proportion of that which unites us and that which separates us. At home within our narrow limits, tendencies and powers compressed assume something of an explosive character, but in the wider fields of Mission work they find natural opportunities for expansion, and vindicate themselves in characteristic forms of work. And, my friends, it is not only in this way that you help us, but still more by enabling us to feel that new conviction—the victorious universality of our own faith.

My father always delighted to honour a missionary. That he should have forgotten his tiredness in the impulse to thank the workers in the Mission field is

but one illustration of his habitual attitude towards missionaries. I will mention one other incident which is more striking. He was, in the most charitable spirit, an enemy of what some people call "the tobacco habit," believing that it created a purely artificial need; but on one occasion he actually invited a guest to smoke a cigar in his own study. The guest was a Missionary Bishop, who was, I believe, quite unaware of the extravagant honour done to him. The smell of tobacco smoke was offensive to the Bishop. He would as a rule bear it in silence; but I remember once when I was seated with him on the top of a tram-car he turned to me and said, "Surely that man is smoking some very bad tobacco." At Cambridge he would actually proctorise undergraduates if he met them smoking in academical dress.

While on this subject I will venture to quote a fragment from a letter to one of his missionary sons, which is very characteristic of my father. But the main point is that it gives some expression of his fixed opinion that, at a Missionary gathering or meeting, a missionary is a more important consideration than an Archdeacon or even a Bishop who has not engaged in missionary work:—

CHURCH HOUSE, *29th May* 1900.

. . . Apparently you will be on Deputation work when I hope to come up to town for the Bicentenary. This surprises and disappoints me, for I fully expected that you would be there. Indeed, I thought that you came home chiefly for this purpose. As it is, I cannot tell why I am coming at all, except to swell the numbers. . . .

On 22nd June my father went to Newcastle to be present at the laying of the foundation-stone of the new Infirmary by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales. He

was not required to do anything on this occasion, so we must reckon the day as a holiday granted to himself in honour of royalty. On the 29th of the same month, St. Peter's Day, he was persuaded by the "Sons of the House" to plant a tree in the park at Auckland.

On 28th July the Bishop again addressed the Durham miners at their service in the Cathedral. In opening his address the Bishop said :—

A great modern writer has said, "If I looked into a mirror, and did not see my face, I should have the sort of feeling which actually comes upon me when I look into this living busy world and see no reflexion of its Creator." It is a startling and terrible image. I know no more impressive one in literature, and have we not all felt something of the same kind? We look upon the life of men whom God has made in His own image, and expect to find everywhere tenderness, self-control, self-sacrifice, love in its thousand shapes; instead of this we are met on all sides by selfishness, self-indulgence, passion, carelessness of all things except the desire of the moment. As Cardinal Newman says, it is as if we looked into a mirror and did not see our face. If, indeed, what we see upon the surface were all, I do not think that life could be lived. But, thank God, it is not all. When a sudden crisis comes, commonplace men, men hitherto in no way distinguished from their fellows, prove themselves heroes. They hear in their own souls the voice of God, and without one thought lay down their lives to save their comrades. Your own work, your own experience, is fertile in acts of unlooked-for and unprepared self-devotion. Such deeds correct our first impressions. They show us the true man; and we rejoice. God has not left the world which He called into being, though He hide Himself, and if the eyes of our hearts are open we can see Him. We rejoice in the signs of a divine nature. We look away from the troubled, turbid surface of things to the springs of life, and find there a call to undoubting faith and unwearied labour. It is true that what we find around us, and what we feel

within ourselves, may fill us with dismay; but none the less we believe that our Father made the world, and He sent His Son to be its Saviour, and that the Holy Spirit is ever waiting to cleanse and strengthen all who turn to Him.

Concerning this Service he wrote to a son:—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
7th Sunday after Trinity, 1900.

Yesterday was the Miners' Service in the Cathedral. In the morning I felt very poorly, and feared that I should not be able to go. However, I got better, and drove over with H. There was a very large gathering, and the bands seemed to me to do their part very much better than when I was there two years ago. In the congregation were Mr. J. Burns and Mr. T. Mann, who had been speaking at the Demonstration. I hope that I made myself fairly heard.

In his *Lessons from Work* will be found most of the important sermons and speeches delivered by my father during the three years chronicled in this chapter.

The following are selected letters belonging to this period (1897-1900):—

TO ARCHDEACON WATKINS

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *5th May* 1897.

. . . To my consternation I have just remembered that I promised long ago to consecrate St. Columba's, Gateshead, on his day, 9th June, the day of the meeting of the G.F.S. The Consecration is in the afternoon, and I hope that the time may be so arranged as to allow me to fulfil my engagement in Durham. Otherwise, what penance must I suffer? I will do what I can as soon as Canon Moore Ede returns, and

perhaps I might come late to Durham, or the service might be deferred till 6.30. However, nothing need be done at present except the making of my confession.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *13th May* 1897.

. . . I do not object to women sharing men's studies and men's amusements (I think that I draw a line at football), but to women adopting men's *standard*. I hardly think that you would wish them to adopt men's standard in eating, drinking, or cycling. Surely the whole question at issue lies in this. Forgive me. I feel as if I could suffer martyrdom for this principle. I remember discussing it with your sister just when Girton was started, and nothing since has caused me to feel even a passing doubt. There are few things of which one could say as much. Again, forgive me.

To his Wife

G.N.R., *31st May* 1897.

. . . At Darlington one of the representatives at the Strike meeting, just five years ago, came and sat by me and talked pleasantly and hopefully of things. He thought that the men were coming gradually to wish for a Conciliation Board. Perhaps I may still see it re-established. He spoke very warmly of the proposed service in the Cathedral. "There would be such a congregation as there never had been." There is power in a historic Church after all.

To a Clergyman

Bishop Auckland, *23rd June* 1897.

The Form issued for the 20th was authorised by an unanimous vote of the Upper and Lower Houses of the Northern Convocation, and by the Upper House of Canterbury. It had therefore full authority.

As I said at Sunderland, I shall be glad to see any addi-

tions or variations in Church Services, and to authorise them as far as I may have power, after due consideration.

I hope that a Collect for the Conference may be put out by the two Archbishops. Failing this, I think that it will be best to ask the prayers of the Congregation, and perhaps to adapt the Collect for Whitsunday. I am always anxious to speak through our regular services.

To the Bishop of Minnesota

Robin Hood's Bay, *25th August* 1897.

My dear Bishop—One word only of farewell and thanks. The sermon I had read before, but I was very glad to have a copy from yourself. The All Saints' address was new. I have read it with deep interest. How utterly unable we are to give form to the unseen, and how silent Scripture is when we consider the curiosity of man. I often think that the revelation which will meet our opened eyes is the reality of the ineffable fellowship "in Christ," a new type of life, in which the members consciously enjoy the life of the whole body through its Head. What visions open out from Eph. iii. 21, with the true reading R.V.? Though it is a great disappointment to us not to have the pleasure of seeing you here, I cannot wonder that you have found it impossible to fit in the visit. I am glad that I was fortunate enough to meet you at St. Paul's. Still I had hoped yet once more to hear something of your work, which seemed to bring me nearer to the unseen world than anything else that I have ever known.

May the manifold blessings which you have experienced still follow you.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. Dunelm.

To a Member of Y.M.C.A. at Consett

(On the subject, "Has theatre-going a moral or an immoral tendency?")

[*Date unknown.*]

Dear Sir—The constant pressure of work has delayed my answer to you, and now I can only write in brief. The

question of the theatre has caused me great perplexity from my early days, and I cannot say that I have ever been able to give more than a personal solution of it. We must distinguish the stage itself from the circumstances with which it is often attended. The universal instinct towards dramatic representations appears to me to show that, like music and art, they answer to a natural and a right desire. I can easily imagine them to be so constituted as to produce, not only innocent recreation, but positive good; but, at the same time, the conditions under which they are given, for the most part in England, are certainly unfavourable to a healthy effect. Yet this need not be so; and I think that in England the theatre could be made as helpful as the concert-room. I have not been to the theatre since my early boyhood, and I don't think that a play could give me either profit or pleasure. The best acting, as far as I can judge, falls far below my ideal, and for me the excitement would not be good. But I dare not judge others by myself. The only rule I can offer, and seek to follow, is to consider whether I find that a particular amusement helps me to do my work better. Then I can regard it as a gift of God to be used with a view to His service. The rule applies generally, and when we are in doubt, it is wise to resist it, and we shall soon gain a habit of right judgment. The most harmless pastime may become bad for a particular person. Yet I don't think any one who honestly applies the rule which I have given will go wrong. Yet I must add, that we must consider others and often deny ourselves, lest we should lead a friend to follow our example which would be hurtful to him.—Yours most truly,

B. F. DUNELM.

TO THE REV. DR. MOULTON

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 15*th January* 1898.

My dear Dr. Moulton—It is most kind of you—in any other case it would have been unexpected kindness—to think of my birthday, 12th January, a day quite without note in calendars. You know that one of my central tenets is the provisional nature of time, so that the thought is supreme

over chronology. I am most thankful that I am again able to do my work fairly, yet how much less well than I could wish. I should be very glad to hear something of your work, especially of the References. Will you kindly tell me—I am ashamed to ask the question—whether I sent you a copy of my last little book? When the book appeared I was much distracted, and the fear has come to me that the intention was not fulfilled. If this is so I will repair my neglect at once. The Notes on the R.V. I feel tolerably sure I did send. But forgetfulness is one of the penalties of years.—With every good wish for the coming year, yours always affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

TO HIS WIFE

CHURCH HOUSE, 18*th January* 1898.

We are meeting to-day, you see, not at Lambeth, but at the Church House. It has hardly the same effect, but there is a good meeting. My own very innocent proposal has not found favour. There is, I fear, very little hope of anything being done towards effective Church reform, yet the "little hope" lives still.

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 19*th January* 1898.

My first meeting is over, my dearest Mary, that of the Joint Committee of the P.E. It was a small meeting, but very pleasant—Dr. Ince and Canon Bernard and myself. These meetings carry me back twenty-four years, and have many memories . . . . I had a good night in two acts only, though I was haunted by Dreyfus! and I fully expect to get through my day's work.

TO HIS SECOND SON

20*th January* 1898.

. . . I am very strongly inclined to think that more should be done to develop the sense of independent responsibility in the native pastorate. I know the difficulties, at least in some degree, but they cannot be greater than met the early teachers in Africa. . . . Definite authority calls out new forms of self-control. The task will be slow, but if the end is clearly

proposed, it can be surely reached step by step. We have an equally difficult work before us at home, to give a clear form to the responsibility of the laity. . . . At the Bishops' meeting on Tuesday I tried to get one step forward in this movement, but in vain. However, I shall try again and yet again in the next few weeks, and strive to keep hope fresh.

I am better on the whole than I was at Spennithorne, but I soon grow tired, and the thought of what I want to do and leave undone often saddens me. I am a bad correspondent, but you know that you and your house and your work are continually in my thoughts. The weekly letters are our weekly joy.

To his fifth Son

Lollards' Tower, *20th January* 1898.

. . . The first photograph of the assembly of men and *women* in the temple court was a revelation to me. It would be quite worth while to write an account of the practice, the occasions, the audiences, the books used, and the like. . . . Your work seems to be shaping itself very completely, and I think that all the institutions promise to be permanent. There will not, I trust, be another *tabula rasa* at Cawnpore. It is a very happy thing that your relations both with the Government and the S.P.G. are harmonious. I am proud of our English administration *as a whole.* I hope that you saw Mark Twain's summary description of it, to the effect that if a monument were set up on the scene of every noble deed the Indian landscape would grow monotonous. . . . Will you give my kindest remembrances to our Durham ladies, and say with what pleasure I hear from time to time of their work, which is followed by the sisters with deep interest. They have, I trust, taken the much needed holiday. . . . You are constantly in our thoughts and thanksgivings. . . .

To his Son-in-Law (the Rev. E. G. King, D.D.)

Bishop Auckland, *24th January* 1898.

My dear Edward—Let me congratulate you on the completion of the first part of your book, and heartily wish it

success. The last paragraph of the introduction to Psalm xli. is really the moral of the whole.

To his sixth Son

Bishop Auckland,
Septuagesima (*6th February*) 1898.

This morning I was greatly troubled by a telegram which told me of the sudden death of Dr. Moulton. Only yesterday we were reading an account of a meeting in London on behalf of the Leys School, at which he spoke. As yet I know no details, but I am afraid that the anxiety about the School must have hastened the end. He was, I think, the most self-sacrificing man I ever knew, and I have been very happy in my friends. Now no one is left of those with whom I worked specially. I remain the youngest of all.

To his eldest Son

Bishop Auckland, *Ascension Day*, 1898.

Only one word in reply to your kind offer. Mep must be unique. Poor fellow, he was to me a touching parable, and taught me very much. I had no wish for a dog before, and he is the beginning and end of my pets.

The Festival is a significant day for Mr. Gladstone's passing. He always "aspired to heaven" in all he did, and it will be for this, I think, that he will be remembered rather than for anything which he did.

To his Wife

Lollards' Tower, 24*th June* 1898.

Yesterday was a busy day, but not altogether unfruitful, I trust. There was a somewhat perplexing Conference on Missionary Organisation in the afternoon. Our two Archdeacons manfully helped me, and we did what may lead to some good. . . . We had a little meeting here yesterday—London, Winchester, Sarum, with myself—at which a really

important and solid agreement on principles was reached. Later I thought I would give myself a holiday, and went to House of Commons to hear a little of the debate on the Benefices Bill. I found Mr. Humphreys Owen speaking. Afterwards I sent a card to him, and he came, and we had a little very pleasant talk.

CHURCH HOUSE, *6th July* 1898.

. . . After breakfast I was forced to go and look for some spectacles. This involved a long, very hot walk; but in due time I reached the Church House. There was a long and discursive discussion on Prayers for the Dead. Just before lunch the question of Reservation came on. I delivered my soul. The discussion was continued after lunch. There was wavering, as I expected. I spoke again, and I think that what I said had some effect. The general result was hopeful. It is now past 4.30, and my ears—the Bishop of Winchester —has gone long since, so that I am hopelessly ignorant of what is being said. We shall be dismissed soon, I trust.

TO A CLERGYMAN

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *1st August* 1898.

. . . I could not suppose that the violent outbreak would in any way prejudice your work. I have expressed my conviction that you loyally obey the Prayer Book, and I shall gladly bear this testimony at any time. What causes me anxiety is the fact to which —— refers. I believe that the clergy generally do not appreciate rightly the general dislike of Englishmen to ornate services, but I had supposed that the shocking violence of —— would have moved the indignation of all Churchmen. Unhappily it has not done so any more than Mr. Kensit's. We must take account of the fact. . . .

GOATHLAND, *17th August* 1898.

I have made a fixed rule never to take any public part in a Bazaar. . . . You will easily understand how full of anxiety and even fear this time is. I do not see my way at all

clearly. I trust absolutely, as I have said, the loyalty of all the Durham clergy. I should be faithless and ungrateful if I did not; but at the same time I feel that many elsewhere forget their ordination promises, and that not a few are Roman in heart and policy. The grievous thing is that there is no mode of effective action. As the law stands at present vestments have been declared illegal. I believe that since that judgment was given the question has been placed in a clearer light, and that vestments are legal. But most unhappily there is no court in which the question can be argued afresh. This places a Bishop in a most serious position. . . .

GOATHLAND, *2nd September* 1898.

I see no reason why there should not be a "special commemoration of the Holy Eucharist" and of those departed in the faith, but I should certainly think that every instinct of truth and reverence would lead Englishmen to avoid holding them on days specially connected with the worst corruptions of the Church of Rome. . . . I need scarcely say that no calendar has any authority except that in the Prayer Book. . . .

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *12th November* 1898.

. . . At the present time everything seems to me to fall into insignificance compared with the maintenance of our inheritance in a National Church. We must all sink ourselves utterly to maintain the notes of the Kingdom—righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost. As I told Lord Halifax when he sent me his Bradford speech, his utterances fill me almost with despair. Yet I cling to hope; may God fulfil it.

TO HIS ELDEST SON

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *15th December* 1898.

. . . The doctor has just been. He gives an excellent report. "The heart quite changed." Benedicto benedicatur.

To his Wife

G.N.R., 16*th January* 1899.

So far, I have had an easy journey, and have already had my tea at Doncaster, but all my other provisions remain in reserve. I have been as idle as you could have wished me to be. I have finished my story, *In His Steps*, which asks questions that I have been asking all my life, and answers them in one way, and essentially, I believe, in the right way, but the answer is made effective by an unusual combination of circumstances. Canon Moore Ede was impressed by the book, and asked me to read it. He fancies that it will make people think. That it should have such a wide popularity is a proof that the mass of men are not satisfied. How can they be?

Lollards' Tower, 19*th January* 1899.

. . . You will have seen one result of our meeting in *The Times*. I hear that it was well spoken of. It was, I think, the best course possible. No one can deny that the Archbishop is a spiritual person, and refuse to plead before him. The difficulty has been to give the extreme men an opportunity for setting out their case. . . .

I am inclined to think that I shall go to the Tate Gallery after lunch. See how gay I am!

To a Clergyman

Bishop Auckland, 30*th January* 1899.

I believe that the statements about reservation and incense are absolutely untrue. But the Bishops have now given an opportunity for pleading the case before a court of which the spiritual competency is unquestionable. I do not know how a man can belong to the Catholic Church unless he is a loyal member of some branch of it.

The question of the age of candidates for Confirmation is one of pastoral experience. I have had unusual opportunities of forming a judgment, and I have not the least doubt that a late age is best for the religious life.

To his Wife

Bishopthorpe, *8th February* 1899.

. . . The afternoon was spent in rather dull committee meetings, but like all things they come to an end, and the Archbishop brought me up here. Mrs. Maclagan was most kind in her inquiries, and said that she had been hearing all kinds of stories of my "youthful indiscretions" from Canon Tristram. But I refuted all stories by pleading that I did not skate.

You will be amused by the note which I enclose. How long would it take me to write my letters in his hand. He described himself as a very humble fellow-servant with me: "You are head of this great diocese, and I am the organ-blower at Holy Trinity Church." I was delighted.

To his youngest Son

(On Marriage with Deceased Wife's Sister and Private Confession.)

Bishop Auckland, *21st February* 1899.

On every ground, both religious and social, I think that marriage with a deceased wife's sister is to be most gravely condemned. As far as our own Church is concerned, no one who has contracted such a marriage could be legally received to Holy Communion. This rule would, I cannot doubt, be enforced at Delhi. Your friend must face this consequence. Possibly some Nonconformist body might receive him, but as far as I can judge, his connexion with your Mission must cease if he so marries. It is not a question whether our Church is narrow or not: the Church must enforce its laws on its members; and its members must submit their opinions to its clear judgment. For us the question is settled, and, as I hold, most rightly settled.

There can again be no question as to the mind of our Church about private confession. At the last meeting of Convocation I presented a report upon it; and I pointed out the significant changes in the Exhortation before Holy

Communion in the Prayer Book of 1552, which are well worthy of study. As Bishop Wilberforce said truly, "It is medicine and not food." As far as I have observed, the habitual practice of confession tends to produce a character in many ways attractive, but not strong. Nothing can increase the effect which the study of the Passion leaves upon us. But the teaching of St. Paul and St. John leads us to think more of God than of ourselves. The wonderful words in Phil. iii. 12-14 describe our true temper. Fellowship with the living Christ is protection and strength and inspiration. Nothing can take its place. I know too well how feebly we hold it. You have Dr. Dale's *Ephesians*, I think: there is much in it which sets out clearly what I have wished to suggest. Let the Holy Spirit speak to you through the New Testament. He will help us to find there what we need.

To his second Son

Bishop Auckland, *2nd March* 1899.

I feel that to-day I must write a line, for by the time the note reaches you, you will have been left alone, and will be feeling the first trials of loneliness. Such separations are the condition of Indian work, and I always rejoice to believe that some corresponding power is given. . . .

We are still in a very troubled state, and I do not think that we have reached the end by any means. ——— —I have a letter of his with me—is singularly dangerous from his personal goodness and amazing narrowness. Yet I have not given up hope. In Durham there is nothing to cause any uneasiness. . . .

To his Son-in-Law (the Rev. E. G. King, D.D.)

Bishop Auckland, *29th March* 1899.

I am sorry to have kept the sheet so long, but I have been greatly pressed lately, and now that the pressure is taken off I am good for nothing. I have read the notes with great interest. I have always been inclined to think

that Ps. xliii. was an addition by another writer to Ps. xlii. Is it not extremely difficult to account for the separation? Combination is more intelligible. But in this case the two Psalms were intended to form a whole, so that your argument is not disturbed. The quotation from Browning[1] is not continuous, and the break should, I think, be marked. Is not the "a" significant? It is curious that in the collected edition of the poems "He" in the last line is printed "he."

G.N.R., *19th June* 1899.

. . . I have been reading as far as I could Ruskin's *Fors*. It is a terribly true indictment of society and clergy. But what can we do? Will light come?

To his Wife

Lollards' Tower, *20th June* 1899.

We have had our morning addresses. They have been very good and true. Alas! the difficulty is to transform the true into act. The world is very strong, and for us omnipresent. . . . We are inclined to think that there can be peace on the earth from without while it continues what it is. Death must precede life; conflict, peace. Absolute surrender to One is the condition of the harmonies which are faintly and imperfectly indicated by human relations. The fragment seems to be so precious that we fail to see that it hides the whole. . . .

To the Rev J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *26th June* 1899.

. . . I cannot find any basis for the High Church theory in the New Testament. It is based, as far as I can see, on assumed knowledge of what the Divine plan must be. I

[1] On the earth the broken arcs: in the heaven a perfect round.

. . . .

Enough that He heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by.

Abt Vogler.

had occasion to look through the N.T. not long ago with special reference to the question, and I was greatly impressed by a fact which seems to have been overlooked. All the apostolic writers are possessed (as I think rightly in essence) by the thought of the Lord's return. They show no sign of any purpose to create a permanent ecclesiastical organisation. Whatever is done is to meet a present need, as, *e.g.*, the mission of Titus to Crete. The very condition laid down for the Apostolate excludes the idea of the perpetuation of their office. Is not this true? What followed when the Lord (as I think) did come is a wonderful revelation of the Providence of God. . . .

To his second Son

N.E.R., *5th July* 1899.

. . . Foss was a very great pleasure to me; but I saw most here of the other two children. He was singularly bright and frank and observant, and he seemed to be very happy. . . .

The above fragment concerning his grandchildren reminds one of the pleasure that my father took in their society. He would nearly always find time while having his tea to draw railway engines and the like for their delectation, and was much delighted if they detected any error in his delineation. I remember his lifting up his hands in amazement as he reviewed all the animals of the Noah's ark arranged in procession round the dining-room table, and how he delighted the children by pretending to imagine that the camel was an elephant, and otherwise laying himself open to correction, so as to leave behind an agreeable impression that he was a well-meaning but sadly ill-informed old man. He would even descend to the floor to assist in building operations. On the occasion of his last picnic, to Bolton Castle in Wensleydale,

whither he went with several grandchildren in 1900, he saw the little Foss peering down into a dungeon, and stooped down to look through the same hole, and then remarked, "Do you think that is where we are to have tea?" and when the youngster laughingly replied, in a voice that he could not fail to hear, "No; not in that dark hole," he professed to be much relieved.

To Canon D. Cremer

Middleham, *26th August* 1899.

My dear Sir—I do not know Wendt's book, and it is impossible for me now to read it. It is not likely that I could reopen questions, which I have once studied as carefully as I could, with any profit. As far as I can remember, I said very shortly what I hold to be the "Lord's coming" in my little book on the *Historic Faith*. I hold very strongly that the Fall of Jerusalem was the coming which first fulfilled the Lord's words; and, as there have been other comings, I cannot doubt that He is "coming" to us now.

I tried vainly to read ——'s book. I cannot grasp his meaning, and I cannot find any trace of Greek theology in his views. He seems to me to deny the Virgin birth. In other words, he makes the Lord a man, one man in the race, and not the new man—the Son of man in whom the race is gathered up. To put the thought in another and a technical form, he makes the Lord's personality human, which is, I think, a fatal error; fatal, I mean, theoretically. In practice we can happily live on inconsistent beliefs.

To a Clergyman

Bishop Auckland, *27th October* 1899.

. . . I have always found you, like the other clergy of our diocese, ready to follow as you promised, "with a glad mind," counsels which I have given. At the same time, I must add, I trust that I shall never attempt to abridge on

this side or that the large liberty which is allowed by our Church to her children.

To his Wife

Lollards' Tower, *15th November* 1899.

. . . Being very busy, I was hardly disturbed by an opening of the door, and looking up I saw Mr. Hensley and then Mrs. Hensley. They stayed some little time, and were most kind in their inquiries, and seemed to be well. I dined with the rest of our party, and then the Bishops of Winchester and Salisbury came into my room, and we had a long talk of all things and more. Certainly there is very much to cause alarm. I feel sure that (as in South Africa) a war is inevitable. The causes alleged may be trivial, but behind there is the conflict of Roman and Anglican principles which are absolutely irreconcilable, and I cannot fight. Alas! fighters are needed.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishop Auckland, *4th December* 1899.

. . . I don't think that I have even used the word "mystics": it is so hopelessly vague, and it suggests an esoteric teaching which is wholly foreign to the Christian. But from Cambridge days I have read the writings of many who are called mystics with much profit. Every one who believes that phenomena are "signs" of the spiritual and eternal receives the name, and to believe in the Incarnation involves this belief, does it not? After all, the first chapter of Genesis is the Protevangelium.

We had an interesting meeting of the Christian Social Union at Liverpool. I said a few words on expenditure, in which I dared to express what I have felt all my life, and practised, I fear, too little. You will, I am afraid, find fault with me. The paper is to appear in the *Economic Review*. My own desire is to express all the details of life in terms of life.

To Sir C. Dalrymple, Bart., M.P.

Bishop Auckland, 26*th December* 1899.

My dear Dalrymple—It is most kind of you to remember old days and send us the affectionate greetings in which the past lives. Though we have no friends at the front, it was impossible not to feel the nation's sorrow yesterday; but we read Tennyson's Epilogue to the *Idylls*, and felt thankful that the nation has answered to its mission. As a whole, our countrymen seem to me to be untouched by the spirit of vengeance or covetousness or pride which Mr. Stead attributes to them. They have acknowledged Imperial obligations, and resolved at all cost, God helping them, to endeavour to fulfil them. I am very glad to hear what you say of the Harrow reredos. . . . I think that the work was Sir A. Blomfield's, who was always sober and dignified. Mrs. Westcott is really better, but obliged to acquiesce in the life of an invalid. Our Indian letters are a weekly spring of joy and thankfulness. All our sons are well and full of work and hope.

You remember, I trust, that Auckland is on your way to the south.—With every good wish for the Festivals, ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To his Son-in-Law (the Rev. E. G. King)

Bishop Auckland, 2*nd January* 1900.

You cannot imagine how helpless I am become, and occupied in details when great things call for continuous thought. . . .

The notes on Ps. xlviii. are specially interesting. I confess that I am wholly unable to believe that Ps. li. was a national Psalm. Its personal character seems to be ingrained. That it should be applied to the nation seems intelligible.

To his Wife

Lollards' Tower, *5th January* 1900.

. . . The Archbishop of C. is very amusing. He said that he could not profess to have an open mind; he had come to a definite opinion, and nothing would alter it. But yet he would serve on a committee to consider the matter. I suppose that he meant to convert others. His vigour is delightful.

To J. C. Medd, Esq.

(On the Boer War)

18th January 1900.

My dear Mr. Medd—Let me thank you for your interesting letter. I agree with nearly all of it except the conclusion at which you arrive, but I know nothing of the intrigues of which you speak. You cannot condemn the Jameson Raid more sternly than I do. I do not think that I ever felt more anxious till it became clear that the English people would not be led away (like the Poet Laureate) by the false romance of the attack. And again, you cannot shrink more than I do from a man like Mr. Rhodes.

But the causes of the war lie deeper. I had hoped that our generosity after Majuba might have altered the Boer feeling, and I have often expressed my joy at that peace; but it is very doubtful now whether it was not dictated by fear rather than by generosity, and it was certainly misunderstood. I do not say that the Boer antagonism and ambition were criminal, but we were bound to resist them. The form of their ultimatum expressed their real feeling. What we may have to suffer I do not know, but I feel no doubt that our duty is clear. May God fulfil His will; that is what we desire to serve.—Ever yours most truly, B. F. Dunelm.

To a Clergyman

(Concerning a Fresco)

30th January 1900.

You will notice that —— does not answer the most serious question which I asked. Is there any authority for repre-

senting the Lord in glory with both hands raised and open? Surely the ordinary attitude of blessing is most natural. To represent St. John as beardless and aged is to depart alike from early and late usage. Personally I dislike equally the Hand and the Tetragrammaton, but if the latter is used it should be correct. The treatment of the angel hosts in the fresco to which —— refers is wholly different from that which he has adopted. I suppose that of the Evangelists St. Mark and St. Luke would be the youngest.

I have not the least wish to act as critic; but I am anxious about the attitude of the Lord. For the rest the sketch is quite sufficient for the Faculty, but I shall be glad to be answered on this one point.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Bishopthorpe, 20*th February* 1900.

I was not sure how you would feel about the war. It is an encouragement that you and Vaughan are at one with me in this grave question. The nation seems to be learning a lesson which it had to learn, and I think that the idea of Empire will grow clearer. The aspect of Ruskin's character on which you dwell is of very great interest. The sentence which seems to me to sum up his later teaching, "There is no wealth but life," is another side of it. All my reading of him is less than ten years old, but he has been one of my best teachers since I came to the North. Won't you replace your goose-headed snakes by something better in his honour? We have the same monsters on our local railway, and I always recall his sketch.

To his Wife

Bishopthorpe, 21*st February* 1900.

We may, I think, this morning let our hearts rise in thanksgiving. Intercession and prayer have their fruit, which will not, as far as we can see, be in vain. I rejoice specially for the Queen's sake. The last months must have been a sore trial, and she has borne all bravely. Now she will leave,

by God's blessing, her Empire firmer and with truer views of its calling than ever. We are just going to Convocation, but I felt that I must write one word first.

To his youngest Son

Bishop Auckland,
2nd Sunday in Lent [*11th March*], 1900.

It was a great joy to me to learn from your letter to K. that you propose to offer yourself as a candidate for Priests' Orders at Advent. You will find the priesthood a great help in your work, and still I am not at all sorry that you have waited some time for the office. The quiet unhurried preparation and the gathered experience will be most valuable.

It always gives me great pleasure to hear that you use all your opportunities for intercourse with the natives. The power of sympathy with them seems to me to be your great gift, and it may become of priceless importance. It always seems to me that the great defect of our Indian missions has been the unwillingness to take pains to understand native feeling and to meet it.

To Canon D. Cremer

20th April 1900.

I have a vague feeling that Dr. Vaughan has given in a sermon a sense to κρατεῖν, in St. John xx. 23, similar to that which you give. I did not feel able to follow him, though I do not feel satisfied with that which I have so far been able to see. . . .

To his eldest Son

24th April 1900.

I must have the pleasure of addressing you by your new title as soon as possible, but not, I hope, prematurely. It was instituted in a dingy lawyer's office without any service. Things have improved in form at least, and forms speak. You will, I have no doubt, have opportunities of speaking on

Education from time to time. At length, to my great joy, elementary education is set free from the slavery of earning grants, and I was glad to see that the Teachers' Union was enthusiastic on the change, whatever some School Boards may think. The Old Foundations have a great advantage over the new in their Greater Chapter. It is impossible to inspire Honorary Canons, a creation of yesterday, with any sense of corporate life, or to gain for them cordial recognition from the Residentiaries: yet patience! May you have joy and blessing in your office. I expect a full account of Yetminster parva.

To his eldest Daughter (Mrs. E. G. King)

24th April 1900.

My dear Mary—We shall be celebrating your wedding-day by a great service to-morrow. The Bishop of Oxford and the Bishop of Exeter, who will present the new Bishop of Liverpool, were both consecrated on St. Mark's Day, and there are the memories of Archbishop Benson and Bishop Lightfoot. You will, we trust, have a happy day, and many days, at Ventnor. . . . Brooke will be keeping the Festival too. I was very grateful to the Bishop for recognising his work. We shall be very glad when you are able to send direct news from the Cape.[1] The youngest son of the Dean, who has just taken his degree at Oxford, has joined the Yeomanry, and is now, I fancy, at the front. Love to all.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. Dunelm.

To his Wife

Bishopthorpe, *St. Mark's Day*, 1900.

It has been a long day, but the great service passed over very well, and thoughts of Salisbury mixed happily with it. So large a party were expected from Liverpool that it was necessary to have the Consecration in the nave, a temporary

[1] His daughter's eldest son, Edward Westcott King, enlisted in the Dorset Yeomanry for service in South Africa.

Holy Table being placed at the east end. All the Bishops of the Northern Province were present, and the Bishops of Oxford and Exeter. . . . I had a few words with the new Bishop, and I find that I sat next to Mrs. Chavasse at lunch. Dr. Moule looked remarkably well. Of course I heard nothing of the sermon. I was far behind. . . .

To the Rev. E. Price

Bishop Auckland,
St. Philip and St. James, 1900.

My dear Mr. Price—Your most kind remembrance is a great encouragement. The associations of Westminster are very dear, and it has been a great joy to me to have you near who share them. The blessings which have been given me have been beyond hope. I have endeavoured, however feebly and imperfectly, to use almost unparalleled opportunities. In all failures comes the assurance that God fulfils His work.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To his Wife

G.N.R., 14*th June* 1900.

I read Lord Roberts' despatch last night before leaving. It put me in good heart again. How quiet and reassuring and far-seeing. Nothing is overlooked by him.

Lollards' Tower, 14*th June* 1900.

I have, you see, reached "home." After posting my letter I had my breakfast, and then went on to Baker Street. In a short time I started for Harrow. It took me a long time to walk up the hill. An overwhelming storm came on just as I had reached Mr. Rendall's old house, and I was forced to shelter for some little time. There was a large meeting of Governors, and I am glad I went. . . . We afterwards went into the Chapel. The inlaid panels round the apse and the reredos are very remarkable. The very rapid increase in the memorial tablets is most touching. The last in the arcade,

where are the memorials of Masters, is to I. D. Walker, with a striking inscription. . . . Afterwards H.[1] walked with me to the station. We went by the churchyard. Now I have had tea, and may perhaps go to sleep. I am proud to have got on so well. Lord Roberts helped me.

HOUSE OF LORDS, *27th June* 1900.

You will see that I have been carried off to support the Archbishop. Having listened to the Duke of Devonshire for about half-an-hour, I feel that I want a change. . . . I had a reward for coming, for the Bishop of Salisbury introduced me to Lord Pembroke, a new Governor of Sherborne. . . . We have had a good "quiet day," and choosing my place well I heard three addresses—more than I have heard for a year. I am called to the House.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER (MRS. E. G. KING)

LOLLARDS' TOWER, *27th June* 1900.

I send on the Indian letters to you. They are even more than usually interesting. We were very glad to hear that you managed your journey so well. Six changes! I growl at two. We have had hard work these two days, and the next days will be exciting. We both hope for a fine St. Peter's Day, and to-day looks far more promising. As soon as I have had my tea, which is waiting, I am going to imitate "the woolly-headed blackamoor," but my umbrella is brown. . . .

TO HIS WIFE

G.N.R., *4th July* 1900.

I enclose my certificate,[2] my dearest Mary, this time expressed in symbols of nature and not of society. . . . You remembered, no doubt, that this is Daisy's wedding-day. How strange Peterborough will seem. . . .

[1] His grandson, Herman Brooke Prior, a scholar of Harrow.

[2] It was my father's custom to send to my mother his paper napkin to certify that he had succeeded in getting some tea on his journey.

The crops look very fine in the misty sunlight; and I have done a little thinking and reading. Sometimes I feel as if I had something to say, and then all seems to be vain. Yet if words are given they must be spoken, but it is almost impossible to forget self. . . .

To ———

(On Usury)

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 18*th July* 1900.

My dear Sir—May I ask you to believe that I have carefully studied the question of "interest" with frankness and care at various times during the last thirty years. . . . I am not aware that "the Church" has ever expressed a judgment upon the question,[1] nor can I admit that there are any ecclesiastical opinions upon it which require the adhesion of any English Churchman. . . . The loan contemplated in mediæval times, and, speaking generally, in ancient times, as in India now, was to meet an urgent personal need, and not for profitable commercial use. It is obviously immoral to make the distress of another an occasion for personal advantage, but I am wholly unable to see that it is immoral for me to place money which I hold as God's steward in the hands of another for productive employment, while I receive from him something less than he reasonably calculates to obtain himself from the use of it. . . .

Mr. Hobson's criticism on Mr. Ruskin's arguments (*John Ruskin*, pp. 144 ff.) is, I believe, substantially just. Money, like all other forces, material and spiritual, may be misused. It must be administered as a trust with a view to securing the highest good, but it must be administered fruitfully both for him who dispenses it and for him who receives it.

I can assure you that, however much you may condemn my judgment, I am not less anxious than you are to bring

[1] The writer of the letter to which the above is a reply fowarded the statement that "The Church has declared on authority that usury is mortal sin, but Churchmen, including the Bishops and officers who are under obligation to declare this, are culpably silent on the point, if indeed they do not actually take usury when they have money to invest, as they call it."

into the ordinary business of life every principle which I hold to be true; but in a long life I have learnt the truth of the Lord's promise, that we shall win our souls in patience.—Yours most faithfully, B. F. DUNELM.

TO CANON D. CREMER

25th July 1900.

I find that I have not made a reference to the place in which Dr. Vaughan defended the sense of "overcome" for κρατεῖν in St. John xx. It was, unless my memory fails me, in a separate sermon, and I do not know how it can be recovered except by the help of the British Museum Catalogue.

Dr. Ll. Davies' quiet wisdom is most delightful. One of my puzzles is how it has not received the public recognition which it deserves. Perhaps it is well for serene happiness and work.

CHAPTER XIII

DURHAM (*continued*)

1900–1901

THE last year of my father's life was marked by two severe domestic sorrows—the deaths of his youngest son, Basil, and of his wife. When he saw his youngest son start four years before to join the Cambridge Mission at Delhi, he remarked that, if all went well, he could not hope to see him again, as his ordinary furlough would not be due till 1903. The Bishop was staying at Aysgarth, in Wensleydale, for his customary summer holiday when he received by cable the news of his son's sudden death from cholera. The news was a very painful shock both to the Bishop and to Mrs. Westcott, who had hardly borne the parting from her youngest child, and they waited with much anxiety for details of the seizure.[1] The two weekly letters received from their son after the news of the end had reached them were cheerful, and spoke of his coming holiday and approaching ordination to the priesthood; the third mail brought the anxiously-awaited tidings.

[1] In his text-book, under the date 2nd August, the Bishop noted, "Basil †. It is well with the child"; and it should be added that Basil, the Benjamin of the family, was commonly spoken of as "the child."

From the various letters received my father prepared a full account of the sad event, which he forwarded to his son in Canada :—

AYSGARTH, *8th Sunday in Trinity*, 1900
[*27th August*].

We have now had full details from Dehli. The loss was most sudden and unexpected. On Sunday Basil was well but tired, and looking forward to his coming holiday. For some weeks he had taken the Chaplain's work, as the place was vacant, and so he preached in the evening on the characteristic text, Matt. v. 8,—he had been taking the Beatitudes for a series of sermons,—and afterwards, as usual, spent the evening with Professor Rudra, who has sent us a vivid and most interesting account of the time. Basil was most cheerful, full of hope, and happy in his work. On Monday he took his College work, and in the evening attended a soldiers' Sing-song, at which he is said to have been most helpful and in good spirits. On Tuesday he took his class early in the morning, but on returning he felt poorly, and sent to say that he could not come to breakfast at about 10.30. Mr. Kelley, who has some knowledge of medicine, came to see him, and was alarmed by the symptoms. He went for the civil surgeon, who saw at once the nature of the attack, but yet, as it was not severe, hoped that B. might be able to resist it. Two nurses came, and everything was done that could be done. When the doctor came in the evening Basil said, "Ah, doctor, it is no good. I cannot fight against it." Otherwise he said nothing. About 1.45 on the next morning he passed quietly away. A telegram was sent to Cawnpore as soon as the seriousness of the attack was realised. G. and F. were able to catch a train about half an hour after they received the message, but they did not reach Dehli till about 5. They had a service of Holy Communion in the temporary Chapel which Basil had fitted up, with the familiar Sistine Madonna over the Holy Table; and he was laid to rest in the morning. The Commander of the Artillery sent a gun-carriage with four volunteers to carry him to the Cemetery, but they preferred to use the usual wheeled bier. The

soldiers, however, laid him in the grave. We all feel that a pure and beautiful life was offered freely, and that the offering has been received and will surely be blessed. As G. says in his letter this morning, "the thought of victory is uppermost"; but the brothers must feel it very deeply. F. says, "How strange that I should have gone into the heart of the cholera-stricken district and be quite well, and that B. should have been called away." We cannot understand, but we can trust B. will help us more now, with nearer and more present help, than when he was with us.

The Bishop received a large number of messages of sympathy, to all of which he wrote replies with his own hand. The following are some of those which I have seen :—

To a Clergyman

Aysgarth, 8*th August* 1900.

Let me thank you for expressing so completely the thoughts which we desire to welcome. . . . We looked forward to some future fruitfulness of his singular power of sympathy, and the Lord has been pleased to crown the promise as fulfilment.

To the Rev. J. Ll. Davies

Aysgarth, 10*th August* 1900.

Let me thank you most heartily for your letter. Old times came back very vividly when on the same day I had letters from yourself, Vaughan, and Scott-Moncrieff. This has been a heavy and most unexpected blow. Basil had a singular gift of sympathy, and, what is rare in these later days, "almost oriental courtesy," as a friend said. These endowments stood him in good stead in his work, and I looked forward confidently to the time when he would be a Hindoo to Hindoos. It must be enough for us to know that the Master accepted early the offering which he gladly made. The unseen must be the larger part of our life.

To the Dean of Westminster (Dr. Bradley)

Aysgarth, *22nd August* 1900.

My dear Dean—Words were not needed to assure us of your sympathy in our sudden and unexpected loss. We had thought that the Indian climate suited Basil. He had not had a day's illness since he went there. But his strength was really exhausted, and when the attack of cholera came he had no power to resist it. He passed away in a few hours, and before his brothers could reach him from Cawnpore. He had singular spiritual gifts, and even now I feel sure that they will bear abundant fruit.

I was very glad to see in the papers that you are quite strong again. Church troubles do not vex you in the sanctuary of Westminster. Sometimes I almost lose heart, but we have survived even greater perils.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To the brothers at Cawnpore he wrote:—

Aysgarth, *16th August* 1900.

My dear George and Foss—You will know how our hearts are with you. To you the loss must be a sharper, nearer sorrow than to us. But you have seen Basil in his work, and must feel even more clearly than we can what happy work it was, and how fruitful in its promise. Nothing has ever made me understand so surely how little time and measurable results, as we speak, have to do with completeness of service. We speak of promise and fondly dwell upon it, and then God sees fulfilment and crowns it. . . .

I feared at first very greatly how the news would affect mother and K. For one day mother was very unwell, and for a little time K. could not sleep; but now both are as well as before, and bright weather has come, which will do good. We kept A.'s birthday here yesterday, and shall keep D.'s today. Every one is most kind. We wait anxiously for details. Two letters have come from Dehli since we had the message,

full of hope and plans for the holidays. So there cannot have been much time of suspense.

B., A., and H.[1] are very well, and in good spirits.

May God guard and keep you! You will not, I know, for your work's sake, neglect any possible care. Affectionate remembrance to all.—Ever your most loving father,

B. F. DUNELM.

AYSGARTH, *23rd August* 1900.

My dear George—We were most thankful to have your and F.'s letters. I only wish that Basil could have seen you in the solitary hours of weakness. He heard, I trust, that you were on your way. That little touch of home would have cheered him. We had most kind letters from the Bishop, Lady Young, Mr. Sanders, Miss Byam, Miss Stanley, Mr. Allnutt, Mr. Wright, Mr. French, and, above all perhaps, from Mr. Rudra, giving a wonderfully vivid and bright account of the last Sunday evening. This you must see. Every one on every side has been most kind, and I can see that Basil was making himself known. My confident hope is that his sudden call away will make his life of sympathy and self-sacrifice immeasurably more fruitful than it has seemed to be to our eyes. The Master has crowned it.

. . . We should like his grave to be marked, as that at Harrow, by an enclosure and a plain cross laid upon it. You probably have a photograph; if not, I will send one. The inscription on the sloping edge may be "Rev. R. Basil Westcott, M.A., of the S.P.G. and Cambridge Mission. Born 1871; fell asleep 1900. Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God." I should think that white marble would be the best material.

The Cemetery is, I gather, not well kept. I should be glad to know whether some arrangement cannot be made to secure that it shall be properly tended. I shall be glad to contribute to the expense; and perhaps others might wish to help. I am sure that Basil would have valued this care. Perhaps a little planting is possible. Your gardening experi-

[1] The Bishop's three eldest sons, who were with him at the time.

ence will be valuable. Whatever you do or think ought to be done, I shall gladly approve and provide for. The reverence for God's acre ought to be an object lesson, a true Christian sermon. Many things may occur to you or to us later, but feel that you have full power in all respects.

Our thoughts, as you know, are full of you. Mamma felt the strain yesterday very much. It could not be otherwise, but she is much better to-day. Now we know all that we can know.

Foss, of course, is part of you, and he will give his counsel. Will you thank Blair for his most kind letter? Mamma cannot write.

May God guard and bless you all!—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. DUNELM.

The Bishop placed a brass Memorial Tablet to his son in the Chapel at Auckland, where he had ordained him Deacon. The Bishop's singular gift in the composition of Latin inscriptions was never, I think, more happily exemplified than in these touching words:—

IN MEMORIAM
ROBERTI BASILII WESTCOTT
BROOKE FOSS $\overline{\text{EPI}}$ DUNELMENSIS
FILII NATU MINIMI
QUI QUUM EVANGELIUM
SINGULARI MORUM SUAVITATE
VITAE INNOCENTIA FIDEI CONSTANTIA
PER QUADRENNIUM INDIS COMMENDASSET
INTER MINISTRANDUM
SUBITO MORBO CORREPTUS
IN $\overline{\text{DNO}}$ OBDORMIVIT
NATUS MDCCCLXXI OBIIT MCM
BEATI MUNDO CORDE

The following is the translation of the above, which the Bishop gave to one of his daughters:—

To the memory of Robert Basil Westcott, youngest son of

Brooke Foss, Bishop of Durham, who, after he had commended the Gospel to the Hindus for four years, by remarkable sweetness of character, purity of life, constancy of faith, in the midst of his service, seized by a sudden illness, fell asleep in the Lord. Born 1871; died 1900. Blest are the pure in heart.

On 26th September the Bishop presided at a meeting of the Newcastle Church Congress on the subject of "War," and, as has been already mentioned, himself spoke. In October he was very active, speaking at several meetings, including missionary meetings connected with the Bicentenary Celebration of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Spennymoor, Sunderland, and Cambridge, and a meeting of the Church of England Temperance Society at Stockton; but his most important utterance during the month was the Charge delivered by him at his third Episcopal Visitation of the Diocese. This Charge, entitled "The Position and Call of the English Church," was delivered in two portions, the first two sections being preached in the Cathedral on 15th October, and the concluding three sections at St. Cuthbert's, Darlington, on the 25th. The opening words of this Charge will serve to indicate its character and suggest its importance. They are these:—

At the close of life, when we look back over our experience, the conflicts and controversies which we have watched assume new proportions. We can discern more clearly than before the essential questions which they involved, and set aside the disturbing exaggerations caused by secondary issues. We become conscious of the illusoriness of partial views. We learn to distrust speedy results. And if we are tempted to hope for less in the near future, our confident expectation of "the times of restoration of all things" is strengthened by the vision of a continuous movement in the affairs of men

and a clearer sense of its direction. At the same time truths on which we have long dwelt, which we have often laboured to express, which we have tested in the stress of life, press upon us with irresistible force. And now, when I am once more allowed to address you in this most solemn time of visitation, I am constrained to endeavour to set out, however imperfectly, what seem to me at the end to be some of the chief conclusions which I have reached in the course of my own working time as to the present position and call of our Church.

In November the Bishop was still as active as ever. On the 6th he spoke for the last time on his favourite subject of Education. The occasion was the opening of the new Science Buildings of the North-Eastern Counties' School at Barnard Castle, by Lord Barnard. In the course of his speech the Bishop spoke of the growing tendency to estimate the worth of education by its commercial value, to treat it as a means whereby a certain number of scholars, well trained, might outstrip their rivals in the race for wealth. He continued :—

I will say at once that, if I thought that was the principal idea of education, if that was the purpose of this great school, I should not be here this afternoon. I have come with an entirely different view of what education is. No examination can test the highest qualities. The true results of education are not to be gauged after six months or a year. They show themselves in manhood. Education, as I understand it, is not a preparation for commerce or the professions, but the moulding of a noble character, a training for life—for life seen and unseen—a training of citizens of a heavenly as well as of an earthly kingdom, for generous service in Church and State.

On the 26th the Bishop was at Leeds in the service of the Christian Social Union. He took for the subject of this, his last address to the Union, a matter which

was continually troubling his mind, namely, Progress. In spite of indignant protests from sundry would-be purists, he insisted on pronouncing this perplexing word with an ō. But its pronunciation was to him the least part of its difficulty. He thus states his case :—

We are assured that this is an age of progress. Parties commend their claims to us on the ground that they are progressive. It is assumed we are agreed on the meaning of the terms, and yet a very little reflection will show that this is not the case. There are serious differences of opinion as to the sphere, scope, and standard of progress. Change, even when popular, is not necessarily progress, nor movement, however rapid. Before we can determine whether a movement is really progress we must determine the end it is desired to reach. Progress is an advance towards an ideal. If we wish to estimate human progress we must fix the human ideal.

In December my father paid his last visit to Cambridge, to preach for the second time at the Trinity College Commemoration. Amongst other guests assembled on this occasion were the Lord Chief Justice, Viscount Goschen, and Sir W. MacCormac. The service in Chapel was followed, in accordance with ancient custom,[1] by a banquet and speeches. In the Bishop's sermon the following passage occurs :—

In this Chapel and in these Courts fifty-six years ago I saw visions, as it is promised that young men shall see them in the last days—visions which in their outward circumstances have been immeasurably more than fulfilled. I have had an unusually long working time, and I think unequalled opportunities of service. Where I have failed, as I have failed often and grievously, it has not been because I once saw an

[1] See vol. i. p. 45.

ideal, but because I have not looked to it constantly, steadily, faithfully; because I have distrusted myself and distrusted others; because again and again I have lost the help of sympathy, since I was unwilling to claim from those "who called me friend" the sacrifice which I was myself ready to make. So now an old man I dream dreams of great hope, when I plead with those who will carry forward what my own generation has left unattempted or unaccomplished, to welcome the ideal which breaks in light upon them, the only possible ideal for man, even the fullest realisation of self, the completest service of others, the devoutest fellowship with God: to strive towards it untiringly even if it seems "to fade for ever and for ever as we move."

In this sermon my father also mentioned "the Cambridge motto: 'I act, therefore I am.'" This reference to "the Cambridge motto" attracted notice and seemed to demand an explanation, which request forthcoming, my father replied:—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 17*th January* 1901.

My dear Mr. Sedley Taylor—I thought that every one was familiar with Whichcote's saying, perhaps because I have dwelt on it and quoted it so long.[1] He was to my mind a truly representative Cambridge man, and the way in which he repeats the words leads me to think that it was a watchword in his time—an answer, and, as I think, a complete answer, to *Cogito, ergo sum*. Do you not think that the saying does give truly the Cambridge view of things: we must take account not of one part of our nature only, but of all. My few hours' visit deepened my faith in the mission of the University. The roots of life lie there.—Ever yours most sincerely,

B. F. DUNELM.

The Bishop's eldest son, a former Fellow of the College, also attended the Commemoration, concerning which my father wrote to his wife:—

[1] *e.g. Religious Thought in the West*, p. 307.

TRINITY LODGE, CAMBRIDGE,
11th December 1900.

The sermon is preached, my dearest Mary—a strangely touching experience, after thirty-two years once again; and I could repeat my old convictions. *Deo gratias.* Brooke met me at the railway station. After we had put our luggage on a cab, we found that the Master had sent a carriage to meet us, and so we actually drove to the very door. The Master kindly met us on the staircase, and Mrs. Butler gave us some tea. I am in the Royal room which was fitted up for the Queen and Prince Albert when he was installed as Chancellor.[1]

Early in January 1901 the Bishop preached at a "Sunday afternoon service for men" in St. Thomas', Sunderland, on the subject of "Social Responsibilities." This address was so frequently interrupted by applause that a local paper was moved to comment at length upon the circumstance, and to regret the introduction of the manners of the City Temple into Church. In the course of this sermon the Bishop said:—

A great many years ago I read a book in which it was stated that we are free to do as we like in all matters that concern ourselves alone. I confess that my own soul at once rebelled against the double assumption in that statement. Freedom is not to do as we like, it is the capacity of doing what we ought. There is nothing in which a man's actions concern himself alone: they must affect others, however slightly. There is a phrase often used in the North with complacent pride—"We keep to ourselves." We cannot avoid responsibility by keeping to ourselves. We have no right to keep to ourselves. We are not our own. We receive from others our birth, our growth and education, and as it is an unquestionable fact that we live by others, surely it is an unquestionable duty that we should live for others. It is worth while noticing that we wrong our neighbour just as

[1] See vol. i. p. 48.

much by what we leave undone as by what we do. In the Confession the sins of omission come first. Then it follows that it is not for ourselves alone that we are bound to cultivate our powers and use our opportunities.

About the same time, on the invitation of Canon Savage, he lent his countenance to a parish At Home at South Shields. It was no uncommon circumstance for him to be present at a parochial tea after some ecclesiastical or other function, but this entertainment stood, so to speak, on its own merits, and greatly pleased him, for he wrote to a son :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND,
1st Sunday after Epiphany, 1901.

One evening last week I went to a parish "At Home" at South Shields. It was a very interesting gathering. It was held in a very fine hall, and members of the congregation had provided all the materials for the entertainment. People of "all sorts and conditions" mixed quite freely together. I wish that such ways of showing fellowship were more common. There is too little of the feeling in our Church.

The Bishop, who had always been intensely loyal, was much moved by the death of the Queen. He mentions it in the following letter to Dr. Llewellyn Davies :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *31st January* 1901.

My dear Davies—The Queen's death has been indeed ὅπως ἂν ἀποκαλυφθῶσιν ἐκ πολλῶν καρδιῶν διαλογισμοί.[1] Monarchy has been shown in a new light, and we must all pray that the King will take the lesson to heart. His first words were most encouraging. May he find some wise friend! I greatly trust Mr. Balfour.

No; I was not thinking of any special time, but of the walks after our Saturday evening essay, when we touched on

[1] That thoughts out of many hearts may be revealed (St. Luke ii. 35).

all things—C. B. S., D. J. V., and we two. I was looking at a little of Latham's book yesterday; four or five sheets I read in their original form many years ago. The living directness of his writing is delightful. He is always in the presence of facts, and looks through the records to that which is beyond as no German ever seems to do.

Just now I have been confined to the house for more than a fortnight, and shall be a prisoner for some time still. It is hard to recover strength after an acute attack of bronchitis. I can, however, attend to my correspondence.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

He also referred to the Queen's death at some length in his Diocesan Conference in the following month.

He was far from well at this time, and on account of ill-health had been absent from an important Diocesan meeting in Durham in support of the S.P.G. Bicentenary Fund. But he wrote a letter which was read at the meeting.

The Bishop had been invited by Archbishop Maclagan to preach a sermon at the opening of the new Convocation of York in the following month. He promised to do so in the following terms:—

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
22nd January 1901.

My dear Archbishop—I feel very deeply the kindness of your invitation, and if no other engagement is made I will endeavour to say a few words. But on such an occasion would it not be well for your Grace to speak to us? A pastoral charge of *authority* would be very helpful. We all need the counsels of those who are set over us, given because they are set over us.

We are face to face with unparalleled dangers, I think, and with not less hope if only we can remember ὅτι ἐξ αὐτοῦ καὶ δι' αὐτοῦ καὶ εἰς αὐτὸν τὰ πάντα.—Ever yours affectionately,
B. F. DUNELM.

But as the day drew near it became very doubtful whether his health would permit of his attending Convocation. On the 18th February he wrote to Archdeacon Watkins, saying :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *18th February* 1901.

. . . The doctor has given his consent to my going to Convocation; but he still strongly objects to my preaching. I hope, at any rate, to bring my sermon with me.

In the event he was happily able not only to attend Convocation, but also to preach the sermon which he had prepared, and reported to his wife :—

YORK MINSTER, *22nd February* 1901.

The trial is over, and I was able to bear it quite well. There was the Bidding Prayer before the sermon, and I did not feel quite sure when I read it that I should get through easily, but when I once started I got on quite well, and my voice appeared to be clear. There was not one cough during the preaching, or after it. I had asked the Dean if I might go to the Deanery if I felt tired; but I was not even so tired as usual, and contrived during the morning session to do my work, and went (as usual) to the Deanery to lunch. Lady Emma was most kind in her inquiries after you and K.

The Bishop took for the text of his sermon, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world," and in opening his subject said :—

This promise is the crown of the world-wide commission to the Church. It is introduced so as to claim special attention in view of expected difficulties. It points to the Divine power through which alone the evangelisation of the nations can be accomplished—a work beyond all the natural resources of men. It takes account of the varying circumstances which the messengers of the Gospel will have to encounter—seasons

of tranquillity and of storm, of sunshine and of darkness. It places in sharp contrast the immutability of God and the succession of earthly changes. It marks an immediate, personal presence of the Lord, not in His working only but of Himself, Son of God and Son of man. *Lo! I am with you all the days unto the end of the world.*

The promise is unrevoked and unexhausted. It is still available for us, a present source of hope and strength in our times of anxiety. And yet, like other universal truths, it is often unremembered. Our attention is arrested by that which is partial, unexpected, exceptional, and not by that which underlies all phenomena and is beyond them.

> We that are not all,
> As parts, can see but parts, now this, now that.

And yet at the present time, restless, distracted, perplexed as we are, we seem to have been made capable of the greatest thoughts. We have been stirred as never before by the revelation of the power of a noble life, the embodiment of the elementary duties of labour, truthfulness, and sympathy; we have been ennobled by the consciousness of unique opportunities to be used for the common good. . . . We have been sobered by the discipline of sharp trials. We have, in a word, heard in our souls voices of God declaring to us the glory, the responsibility, the perils of life. Happy shall we be if, inwardly touched by these living voices, we take courage to draw near to Him that speaketh. To see Him, look to Him, to obey His gracious drawing, to trust in Him, will bring back to us blessings, personally, socially, spiritually.

During March and the earlier part of April the Bishop was fully occupied with his ordinary diocesan work, and being in very indifferent health, stood in great need of a little rest and change. In these circumstances he consented to accompany his eldest son on a brief visit to Richmond in Yorkshire. This was his last little holiday, and proved a very happy time both to himself and his son. He wrote thence to his wife :—

RICHMOND, 16*th April* 1901.

We have had a typical April day. In the morning we had a sunny walk round the Castle terrace, just escaping a shower; and this afternoon we walked to Easby Abbey, and marvelled at a parable of sunlight on the trunks of the beech trees rising out of a carpet of celandine and anemones. Now I am bidden to sketch the Grey Friars' tower, which is in front of our window. Brooke has brought me a pencil for the purpose, so I must try to obey. It has been a really helpful day.

The 30th April was the last day of the eleventh year of his episcopate, and on this day, the eve of his twelfth birthday, he received the congratulations of his wife, to whom he replied :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 30*th April* 1901.

Very many thanks for your congratulations. It has been a wonderful eleven years, and, on the whole, a happy and, I hope, a useful time. But I feel that the work has been practically done, and I don't want to spoil it. May God bless you!

On the following day he wrote to a daughter :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *SS. Philip and James.*

Very many thanks for your loving congratulations. "In the twelfth year of our consecration." It is most wonderful. The years have been, on the whole, I trust, useful, as they have been happy. Yesterday I had an encouraging Confirmation, and I look for another to-day.

On the same day his wife came home from a brief stay at the Archdeaconry in Durham, her last visit from home. My father wrote at once to Archdeacon Watkins :—

My dear Archdeacon—It is impossible for me to thank Mrs. Watkins and yourself adequately for your great kindness

to Mrs. Westcott. The change will, I feel sure, have done lasting good, though the singularly depressing weather yesterday made the journey home tiring. However, a good night has brought refreshment, and there is a promise of sunshine, which will tell, I hope, on your cold.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

Unhappily the benefits of this little change were not lasting, and when the Bishop later in the month returned from his meetings in London, he found his wife already lying on her last bed of sickness. The two last letters of the very many that he had written to her were dated from his rooms in the Lollards' Tower :—

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 21*st May* 1901.

. . . We had the Bishops of Salisbury and Winchester at breakfast, and Mrs. Wordsworth as President.

The Bishops' Meeting in the morning was good. The Archbishop has become a convert to sound views on the Education question, and there is really hope that something may be done. . . . This afternoon I went to the Harrow Meeting. It was quite a large gathering. You will see from the enclosed what a splendid bequest Mr. Bowen has made to the School . . . and he forbids any monument or sum of money to be raised in his memory.

22*nd May* 1901.

My dearest Mary—The enclosed will bring joy to you. You will observe that it is marked "private," so, before speaking to strangers, we must wait for the public announcement. The letter is singularly considerate.[1]

I have sent a line to Brooke, adding that you will send the

[1] Mr. Balfour said : "I thought it best to say nothing to you until everything was settled, lest any ignorant person should conceivably suggest that *you* had moved in the matter ; and I only write now to say how glad I am to have secured a son of yours for a Crown incumbency. . . . The patronage, curiously enough, was originally vested in the Bishop of Durham, as the parish formed part of the County Palatinate."

letter to him. K., of course, can keep a secret. Your letter has just come. It is short, yet on the whole satisfactory. "Let us give thanks."—Ever your most affectionate

B. F. DUNELM.

The enclosure in his last letter was a letter from Mr. A. J. Balfour informing him that his second son, at that time in Madras, had telegraphed his acceptance of a nomination to a Crown living in Yorkshire. The Bishop had immediately telegraphed the news to his wife, who, on receipt of it, before she left her sitting-room for the last time, wrote her congratulations to her son, and joined with her daughter in thanksgiving.

My father had not kept a diary since his early days at Cambridge, but, as has been before remarked, he noted a few items of special interest in his interleaved daily text-book. About the time of his wife's death these entries are unusually full, and very touching. I now venture to reproduce what he wrote in those days of sore trial, without alteration, save in the writing in full of words which he had abbreviated:

24*th May*.—Φ very poorly.

28*th May*.—To Lamesley. Consecration of Burial-ground. Lord Ravensworth, "God bless you." On return the message, "The home-call came about six." "Perfect peace." What shall I give unto the Lord? The fragments that are left. Last copy of little book to press.

29*th May*.—Messages from all sides. Resting-place chosen. Can do little, think little, except of necessary things.

31*st May*.—Φ laid to rest in Chapel. All most reverent, and full of encouragement. *Deo gratias*. May God guide and strengthen me now to work more truly.

3*rd June*.—To Auckland. Lonely home, yet full of God's love.

The home-call came to his wife at about six o'clock

in the evening of 28th May. The Bishop was away at the time, as he felt in duty bound to fulfil his promise to consecrate that day an addition to the Churchyard at Lamesley. His devotion to duty on this occasion was most gratefully appreciated by the people of Lamesley, many of whom, including Lord Ravensworth, came to the station to meet him. He was, moreover, escorted from the station to the church by the Kibblesworth Miners' Brass Band.[1] The Bishop spoke at the service of consecration on the subject of Immortality. His words were simple, and, amongst other things, he said :

If we consider how the ancient Greeks and Romans looked upon the subject of death, we shall find that their faith and hope were shadowy. The Jews had no absolute confidence in the future, but they had a bold hope. Their religion and their experience had taught them that God would not desert them at the last, and they hoped for what they dared not name. From the resurrection of Christ dates the Christian hope of the future. From this time the hope of eternal life has slowly but surely found its home in the Christian heart. From about the third century "cemetery," meaning a sleeping-place, has been the name given to a burial-ground. Sleeping, as understood by us, means rest ; hence the using of the term "cemetery" : and "God's acre" implies a faith in the future after the sleep is over.

It was a striking coincidence that such words as these were on the Bishop's lips and in his heart as his wife was falling asleep in the sure hope of a happy waking. On his return home the Bishop was met at the station and received the message which he has recorded.

[1] The Bishop invited the Kibblesworth Band, who had come on this occasion to do him honour, to pay him a visit at Auckland on some future occasion, and one of his last requests was that this invitation should not be forgotten. It was not.

On the morning of that day he had written to his eldest son :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 28*th May* 1901.

It was a very great comfort to me to have your letters this morning. They expressed just what I hoped you would feel. Mary and Daisy both came yesterday, and they will be a great help with Indian letters and the like. Mamma is conscious from time to time. She recognised them both. But for the most part she lies in a comatose state, and is quite unable to hold any conversation. This is the worst symptom. Dr. Hume came to consult with Dr. M'Cullagh yesterday evening, and he seemed to take a rather more hopeful view, but the danger is very great. Happily there is no pain, but only frequent restlessness.

We have arranged for the Ordination candidates to go to Durham, where all has been happily provided. These openings into the unseen are revelations of life which we need. The past lives with its untold blessings and these are ours for ever.

In the evening he wrote again :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 28*th May* 1901.

My dear Brooke—The end came this afternoon suddenly, and without pain. When I went into the room to say a silent good-bye before going to consecrate a burial-ground, I seemed to feel a change, and that it was a last look at my helper for forty-eight years. . . . We are sure that all is in love. Mother has, I think, been very happy here, and has won all hearts. Circumstances determine that the funeral must be on Friday afternoon in the Chapel.

May we treasure and use all the love which has been showered upon us! I think that it will be more powerful than ever. God bless you!—Ever your most affectionate father,

B. F. DUNELM.

Almost the first message of sympathy which the Bishop received came from his sons in India. He replied at once to his sons in Cawnpore :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 29*th May*.

The telegram was a great joy to us. It came at breakfast time on Wednesday. For once I was inclined to speak kindly of a modern "improvement." It has been a great support to have the three sisters. I hardly know when last they were all together before: never here, I feel sure. Daisy is staying here till the holidays; and probably she, with her family, will make this her home while my work lasts. . . .

K. is very cheerful. She greatly comforted me by saying that it was well that mother was called home first. She could hardly have borne the lonely burden. I rejoice to think how happy the eleven years have been, and every one recognises what she did for the Diocese.

I have seen Canon Body and Deaconess Annie, and all the difficulties with the W.M.A. are happily settled.

On the same day he wrote to his son in Madras:—

I must add one word. Mamma heard the good news of your appointment, and was able to rejoice in it. The charge will leave ample time for other work. . . .

Her children are mother's best memorial, but the letters which come in from all sides show how great her influence was. I shall have to live on the memory.

It was quite impossible for my father, greatly as he would have desired to do so, to answer with his own hand all the letters of sympathy which he received at this time. Several of those which he did write have come into my hands, and among them the following:—

TO A CLERGYMAN

30*th May* 1901.

Let me thank you for expressing so truly what is my strength, "the love of my sons." Through this and the vision

of the beautiful life which remains with me I can still look forward to work, if it be God's will.

To Mrs. Hort

Durham, *1st June* 1901.

No words are needed to tell me of your affection and help. What brings me thankful joy is that our people in the North show that they have learnt what Mrs. Westcott was. She had won their hearts, and will move them still. The old students speak of her as "the Mother of the Brotherhood," and indeed she was. The Service yesterday was all we could have wished; and to-morrow I hope to hold the Ordination. The memory is bright to guide if there is more to be done. When reading a letter like yours I say in my heart naturally, "I must take it and show it to her." Arthur[1] has written a loving message. There is, indeed, love on every side; but it is the love for her which is the crown of all.

To the Dean of Westminster

Bishop Auckland, *5th June* 1901.

My dear Dean—Your affection never fails. The sympathy and help of friends have sustained me wonderfully; and the memory of a beautiful life closed in peace will be an unchanging light through the days to come.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. Dunelm.

To the Archbishop of York

Bishop Auckland, *6th June* 1902.

My dear Archbishop—Let me thank you for your most kind words of sympathy. A friend tells me that Mrs. Westcott said to her many years ago, "There is always joy in deep mourning." I think that I can understand the paradox. Unexpected fountains of strength are opened, and we understand more the words, "I came that they may have life."

[1] Sir Arthur Hort, the Bishop's godson.

I trust that the Bishop of Tasmania may recognise the greatness of the call. — Ever gratefully and affectionately yours, B. F. DUNELM.

TO THE HON. MRS. MACLAGAN

AUCKLAND CASTLE, BISHOP AUCKLAND,
6th June 1902.

My dear Mrs. Maclagan—The kindness of friends is overwhelming. What a wonderful revelation of life sorrow is! That which we do not see with our eyes proves its sovereignty, and I pray that I may be enabled to use the gift which others have won for me for the better doing of whatever work may remain for me. The recollection of the singular kindness which we received at Bishopthorpe has been a continual joy to Mrs. Westcott and myself. How can I then but dare to sign myself ever yours gratefully and affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

TO THE REV. J. LL. DAVIES

21st June 1901.

It is impossible for me to answer as I would the friends whose words bring strength. The thing which has struck me most is the way in which a great sorrow reveals a larger life. When we came here I was afraid that the cares of her position would oppress Mrs. Westcott, whose whole heart was in her home. But it was not so. She told me again and again that these eleven years were the happiest of her life. They brought countless opportunities for showing little kindnesses, and it is a joy to me to see how many speak of her "loving motherliness." She was, I think, a perfect Bishop's wife, a mother in God to all whom she touched. . . . Our thoughts naturally now go back to old days. I am overwhelmed when I reflect on the opportunities which have been given me: and what is the account?—Ever yours, with the affection of seven-and-fifty years, B. F. DUNELM.

To his son in Canada he wrote :—

1st Sunday in Trinity, 1901
[*9th June*].

It is a very great joy to me to find how mother's affection and tenderness and self-devotion were recognised on all sides. She was a true Bishop's wife, and people feel it. No epithets occur more often in the letters which reach us than "gracious" and "motherly," and both are most true. The old students feel what she added to St. Peter's Day. We must try to keep the spirit. . . . She suffered no pain, and she lies in the Chapel which she dearly loved. It is well that she was spared the loneliness which perhaps I can better bear, and the breaking up of the household and the entering a new home. D. will, I expect, take charge of this house and make it her home while my work lasts; but that cannot be very long, though the wonderful kindness of the people of all ranks makes me anxious to serve them yet a little longer and better.

3rd Sunday in Trinity, 1901
[*23rd June*].

We are growing little by little to understand the altered home, though I am always saying to myself, "I must go and show this to mother." My heart rather fails me, yet I am really anxious to do some better work for mother's sake. Our great St. Peter's Day gathering will be to-morrow week, and I trust that I may be fairly well. As Mr. Boutflower is leaving, it will be an unusually interesting occasion. It will be impossible to fill his place, but I daresay he will be able to help us still and keep the old spirit alive.

Mrs. Westcott's body was laid to rest in the Castle Chapel on Friday, May 31st. The Chapel was filled with clergy of the Diocese and other friends, and many beautiful wreaths which had been sent were placed on the steps of the altar. The service was opened with the hymn, "O God, our help in ages past"; and after the conclusion of the first part of the service, the coffin,

which had hitherto rested in the centre aisle, was borne to the south-east corner of the building, four "Sons of the House" and four gardeners being the bearers. The Bishop stood at the head of the grave, with his sons Brooke and Henry on either side. The committal portion of the service was read by Canon Westcott, the eldest son, and the Rev. T. Middlemore-Whithard cast earth upon his sister's coffin. Before the concluding prayers were said by the Rev. Henry Westcott, the hymn, "Peace, perfect peace" was sung, and a third hymn, "For all the saints who from their labours rest," was sung before the blessing. The Bishop himself gave the blessing, and it was noticed that, though his voice as he pronounced it showed strong emotion, the words were distinctly uttered. This conclusion of the service was very moving, and brought tears to many eyes. Then followed the Nunc Dimittis, and as a concluding voluntary on the organ, "Oh rest in the Lord."

At the same time a Memorial Service was held in Durham Cathedral, and was attended by the Mayor and members of the Corporation. The Lesson was read by the Dean, and in the course of the service Spohr's anthem, "Blest are the departed," was sung.

The loss of her whom he had known and loved since his boyhood did not cause the Bishop to cease from his work for a moment. It has been already mentioned that, after he had said his last silent farewell to her on the day of her death, he bravely set forth to do his immediate duty, but it has not been mentioned that in the midst of his deep anxiety he had on the preceding day gone to Middlesbrough and there opened an Exhibition of the Co-operative Union of Great Britain, the Congress of which was then in session.

His speech on this occasion was on the subject of Industrial Co-partnership.

On the 3rd June the Bishop was present at a service held in the Cathedral to welcome home the Durham volunteers from the war. He had come in order to give the men his blessing. At a later stage of the proceedings Lord Durham said that he was sure he spoke for them all when he said that they deeply felt the action of their revered Bishop, who, in spite of the great bereavement from which he was suffering, came to the Cathedral that afternoon to do honour to the men who had served their country. They had reason to be proud of their Bishop as well as of their volunteers.

On 12th June a Sale of Work in aid of the S.P.G. Bicentenary Fund was held in the Castle grounds. The Sale was opened by the Bishop's eldest daughter, Mrs. King, who, by her mother's request, took the place which she would have filled had her life been spared. Concerning this Sale, my father wrote to Archdeacon Watkins:—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 11*th June* 1901.

. . . We have had a most interesting gathering of "all sorts and conditions of men" and women: most of whom had not seen the Chapel before. I rejoice because it was Mrs. Westcott's Festival.

The above note calls to mind again the Bishop's joy in sharing the beauties of his Castle and Chapel with all comers. One of the latest visiting parties was composed of mothers from Monkwearmouth, whose visit is thus recalled by the Vicar, the Rev. D. S. Boutflower, in his Parochial Magazine:—

Our Mothers' Meetings will remember our debates as to our summer excursion, and how urgent advice was given to

go at once to Bishop Auckland, whilst we could be sure of the warmest of welcomes. We went there, and saw the great home of many great men, men who have made English history and guided the minds of Englishmen—Cardinal Wolsey, and men wiser than he because they were less ambitious, Tunstall and Cosin and Butler and Lightfoot; and then we saw the kindest and most far-sighted of all the Bishops of Durham, going cheerily to his favourite work of teaching, and pausing for a few minutes to show us his own special garden of rare wild-flowers. None of us thought that within a fortnight one of the few surviving great men of England would be taken from us. And now we are rather staggered to hear that he is gone, the man with heart and mind so grandly balanced, who was never known to have favourites, but loved all the world, and each man alike; the man of genius, who in any sort of company made himself least of all; the man of strength, who was gentle to the humblest. We are thankful for our recollections of him. His books will remain behind him, but they give no adequate idea of his wonderful personality. That which we read is not quite the same as that which we have seen and known and our hands have handled. But the best of these treasured memories will be that they will have for us no alloy of sorrow. Bishop Westcott was an instance of the fulfilment of our Lord's purposes to men: "I came that they might have life, and have it more abundantly." "These things have I spoken unto you, that your joy may be full."

When my father wrote in his text-book on the day on which his wife died, "Last copy of little book to press," he noted the virtual completion of his *Lessons from Work*. The book was published at Whitsuntide, appearing in the brief interval of time which elapsed between the death of his wife and his own death. On the Dedication page he has placed the following words: "I had purposed to dedicate this book to my wife, for forty-eight years my unfailing counsellor and stay: I now dedicate it to her memory."

The volume contains most of the important utterances, including his last Charge, delivered by him during the last four years of his life. He has described it as a little book, yet it is comparatively bulky, and even so does not contain all that he had collected for it. In the preface he says :—

> The papers are bound together by one underlying thought. In each case I approached my subject in the light of the Incarnation; and I have endeavoured to show from first to last how this central fact of history—the life of all life—illuminates the problems which meet us alike in our daily work and in our boldest speculations. The more frankly we interrogate our own experience, and the more patiently we study the "world of wonder and opportunity" in which we are placed, the more confidently we shall apply to the announcement the Word became flesh, the sentence in which Tertullian sums up the evidence for the being of God: "Habet testimonia totum hoc quod sumus et in quo sumus."

The reunion of the "Sons of the House" took place as usual on St. Peter's Day, and on the same date the Bishop wrote to the Archbishop of York seeking advice as to his duties and privileges at the Coronation. The following is the complete letter :—

> Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland,
> *St. Peter's Day*, 1901.

My dear Archbishop—I was greatly distressed by the summons to the York meeting of the two Convocations, for which I was wholly unprepared, and which I cannot attend. It would surely be well if such meetings could find a place in the list of Fixed Days, so that they could be provided for early. When Diocesan engagements are made I find it practically impossible to alter them. At the same time, nothing is more important than this joint meeting, and I wish to express my very deep regret that I cannot be present.

I find that my predecessors made an application in writing

for the recognition of their place at the Coronation of the King. I suppose I may follow their precedent, but I do not see to whom the application should be addressed in this case. Would it be possible for me to leave it in your Grace's hands?

I should have been glad if it had been possible to have had a few words with you about the action of the Committee on Professorial Certificates at Cambridge. I hope that it may be possible for us to address before the long vacation a request to Dr. Swete for some scheme which, in the opinion of the Professors, would be reasonable and satisfactory. I was amazed at the picture drawn of the occupations of the Oxford undergraduates: it answered to nothing in my experience.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

Several members of the family noticed how my father endeavoured after the loss of his wife to fulfil to them as far as he could the place of both parents. Notwithstanding the fact that he was, as he has expressed it in his text-book, "tired" or "very tired" almost every day, he added to his many other burdens the task of writing weekly letters to his children in the place of their mother. The wonderfully touching thought in the first paragraph of the following letter to his fourth son shows how anxious he was to do what he could in her place:—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 18*th July* 1901.

My dear George—I find that mother used to send you and Foss at certain intervals £7 : 10s. each. I do not know when the payments were made, and I think it better to send the sum.

. . . What we want to bring home to the Hindus is that Christianity is not a power of thought but of life. That is one reason why I feel the importance of community missions.

We have been having very hot weather (for us), 80°-84° in the shade. This morning I thought that I was going to be ill from it, but I am better now. I hope to speak at the

Miners' Service at Durham on Saturday. This is a very moving occasion, and I hope that I may be enabled to say what I have to say.

This will be the last serious work before the holiday. You would be pleased to see (little) Foss's[1] success at Eton.

The holiday here mentioned, for which he had made arrangements, did not come. Did he really expect it? The following little incident related by the Rev. F. C. Macdonald, Vicar of St. Hilda's, Sunderland, shows how unwilling he was to look forward. "On 3rd July," says Mr. Macdonald, "the last time I saw him, he promised, if possible, to come next September to preach in St. Hilda's. 'But,' he said, 'I am very tired.' I said, 'It will be after your holiday, my lord.' He smiled, that beautiful smile that seemed like a glimpse of heaven, and said, 'Good-bye.'"

The following are a few more letters, including several dealing with the doctrine of the Holy Eucharist, which were written during this last year:—

To a Clergyman

Aysgarth, *6th August* 1900.

My attention has been called to two notices in the Parish Magazine for August, p. ii: (1) that the Holy Eucharist will be specially *offered on behalf* [of the Christians massacred in China]; and again, (2) that the Holy Eucharist will be *offered on behalf* (of the Rev. ——).

You know, I am sure, that I am most anxious not to abridge in the least degree the liberty which our Church

[1] His grandson Foss Prior, recently elected to a Scholarship at Eton.

allows to her children; but I cannot doubt that the thought conveyed, naturally, by the words which I have underlined is alien from her teaching. It is possible to put a meaning upon them which can be reconciled with Anglican doctrine, but they cannot fail, in my opinion, both to mislead and to cause serious trouble to very many.

When present controversies threatened to become serious, I considered very carefully, in conference with some other bishops of large knowledge and experience, the attitude of our Church with regard to prayers for the Dead. We agreed unanimously that we are, as things are now, forbidden to pray for the Dead apart from the whole Church *in our public Services*. No restriction is placed upon private devotions. The language is "with them we," "we and all Thy Church," "we with all those that are . . ." It is therefore, as far as I can judge, allowable to make a pause in the Prayer for the Church Militant, when the congregation can remember those who are "in Christ." The subject is indeed one of the greatest obscurity, and where Scripture is silent it is perilous to theorise. In fact, all that we know is summed up in the words "in Christ." In that unity there is an effective fellowship of life.

I shall, of course, be ready to consider anything you may wish to say upon the subject, but I do not think that I have overlooked any point affecting the position of our own Church now. Have you used the phrase for any time? I have never noticed it before.

May God in His infinite love bring us all to unity ἐν χῷ.

AYSGARTH, 9*th August* 1900.

My main object in writing to you was to call your attention to the very grave ambiguity, to say no more, in the phrase "the Holy Eucharist will be offered for . . ." I felt sure that you intended to express what you now say, but no ordinary reader, bearing in mind the language of Art. xxxi., could so understand the words, and I venture to hope that you will see the need of modifying them. I do not think that any serious objection could be urged against some such form as this: "At the Service of the Holy Eucharist A. B.

will be remembered." Since there is much misunderstanding as to the different way in which our Church regards public and private prayers for the dead, I thought it well to point out the limitation which is placed on *public* prayers in our present formularies, and, as I think, for sufficient reasons. Surely the mode of existence of the departed is a question of overwhelming difficulty. The silence of Scripture, when compared with men's fancies, is most instructive. The single clause "in Christ" contains practically all that we know, and it is enough. . . .

To his second Son

Bishop Auckland, 13*th September* 1900.

The memorandum on Superintendents is just what I wanted, and I hope that something may be done to give definiteness to the office.

On the general principle involved in the inquiry which you send I feel strongly. As far as possible we must endeavour in a translation of the Bible to reproduce the original, leaving undefined what is undefined, or in rare cases giving the possible alternatives clearly. The translation of πνεῦμα was found in revision work to be of singular difficulty. In some cases alternative translations, such as I have mentioned, were given, *e.g.* Eph. v. 18. I do not know what the resources of Telugu are, and it is worth while to notice that in the passage which I have quoted late Latin MSS. add *sancto* wrongly. I should therefore deprecate the following the practice which is described, unless there is the possibility of using some device answering to italic type to show that *holy* is an interpretation only. As a general rule the exact form of expression used in the original should be kept. I hope that I have made myself clear.

To the Archbishop of York

Auckland, 5*th October* 1900.

My dear Archbishop—Can you kindly tell me when you propose to issue your mandate for the election of Proctors?

I have had not a few inquiries on the subject. May I also thank you for the copy of your Congress sermon? I should like some time to have an opportunity of speaking on one grave point I am utterly unable to understand—how "the Body broken" and "the Blood shed" can be identified with the Person of the Lord. I find no warrant in our Prayer Book or ancient authorities for such an identification. But this is too great a subject for cursory writing; yet the more I see of modern statements the more I am amazed.—Ever yours most sincerely, B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *8th October* 1900.

My dear Archbishop—Let me thank you for your kindness in writing to me. I read your marginal note on p. 7[1] with great thankfulness.

As far as I venture to form an opinion on the Lord's presence in Holy Communion, I certainly agree with the view which you express on p. 8. The circumstances of the Institution are, we may say, spiritually reproduced. The Lord Himself offers His Body given and His Blood shed. But these gifts are not either separately (as the Council of Trent) or in combination Himself. The remarks of Archdeacon Freeman on this point are, I think, substantially true; and it is to be regretted that we habitually use part only of the words of Institution.

If I understand rightly the reference on p. 5, I do not feel sure that the words in St. John vi. can be pressed—though the use made of them is most true; are they not of much wider application? Then, too, the Lord does not speak of His "Body."

I shrink with my whole nature from speaking of such a mystery, but it seems to me to be vital to guard against the thought of the Presence of the Lord "in or under the forms of bread and wine." From this the greatest practical errors follow.

Perhaps I may add that I try to give the thought at the

[1] Sermon preached by the Archbishop at the Newcastle Church Congress.

end of the first paragraph on p. 7 by saying "represent His human nature as He lived and died for us under the conditions of earthly life."

How soon we are lost. "In Christ" sums up all: "we in Him; He in us."—Ever yours, B. F. DUNELM.

To a Clergyman

AUCKLAND, 15*th October* 1900.

. . . I cannot admit the parallel which you draw between Incense and Evening Communion. The question of Incense has been decided after an exhaustive inquiry by the authority designated in the Prayer Book to settle ambiguities of direction. The question of Evening Communions has never been argued.

Personal opinion has nothing to do with the question of Incense. The voice of final authority in our own Church has spoken to us as to our duty now. It is this which extreme men will not see. Alas!

AUCKLAND, 23*rd October* 1900.

. . . As to the great question which you raise in the postscript, I have said all I dare to say in a lecture on the Historic Faith. This I would not deliver orally. We can hardly realise our incapacity for dealing with the future. Two things seem to lie at the foundation of being. There cannot be a lost good: there cannot be an unrequited evil. This is enough. No good is apart from Christ; and in Him alone is life.

To his Wife

LOLLARDS' TOWER, 14*th November* 1900.

I have had so far a rather hard, but yet a satisfactory day. We had a fairly full breakfast party, though the Bishop of Oxford was not well enough to come. But the Bishop of Winchester and Mrs. Davidson and the Bishop of Salisbury are all vigorous. The morning was taken up by a meeting of the Committee of the Boards of Missions. . . .

On returning here I received a telegram from Miss Cordeux, regretting that she was kept at home by neuralgia. So now, after tea, I am going to set to work to finish my Lecture, having prepared myself by reading once again Mazzini's *Essay on Carlyle.* If you want to know what I think about history just look at it. There is a copy of the little book in the middle shelf in my dressing-room.

To Archdeacon Watkins

Bishop Auckland, 31*st December* 1900.

What can I say of your most kind words? You know, I trust, how deeply I feel my incalculable debt to you for most generous and unfailing help during the last ten years. I could not have done what I have done—and I am sadly conscious of innumerable failures—without it. Again and again you have anticipated my needs, and accepted every burden gladly.

May God abundantly bless all your labours, and crown them even now with joy!

To a Working Man

(who had asked him the meaning of "Do this"[1])

Bishop Auckland, 1*st January* 1901.

Dear Sir—The questions which you ask have been, as you well know, most keenly debated. I can only give you the conclusions which I have reached after long and careful consideration of (I may say) all the evidence which has been brought forward.

1. In the context in which the words occur I have not the least doubt that τοῦτο ποιεῖτε, *do this*, can mean only *do this act* (including the whole action of hands and lips), and not *sacrifice this*; and that the Latin also can have only the same meaning. This is the sense given in the passage as quoted

[1] I once heard Archbishop Benson ask my father's opinion on this same matter, that is to say, he introduced in a spirit of inquiry a conversation on the "sacrificial use" of ποιεῖν.

in every ancient Liturgy where there is an unambiguous interpretation of the words. I may add that this is also the sense given in the Catechism of the Council of Trent.

2. The τοῦτό ἐστι, *this is*, must be taken in the same sense in "this is my Body," and in "this cup is the New Testament." It cannot be used of material identity. The best illustration appears to me to be in St. John xv. 1. The Lord is most really (and yet not materially) "the True Vine." In this case I feel that impressions of sense are apt to lead us astray. Perhaps you will be helped in reflection by considering that the Lord says, "This is my Body," and not "This is my Flesh." But I must not attempt to enter into details. I will only add that in giving the interpretation of τοῦτο ποιεῖτε, I have taken full account of the interesting passages quoted from Justin Martyr.

May we all turn from strife about words to the Living Lord Himself, who is with us all the days!—Yours most truly, B. F. DUNELM.

To Archdeacon Watkins

29th January 1901.

The brown envelope alarmed me for a moment as it always does, but all is well. Mrs. Watkins most kindly took charge of a note for Lord Northbourne from me. I felt that I could be more sure of its reaching its destination through such kindness than through the post. Faith in persons is stronger than faith in systems.

To the Archbishop of York

Auckland Castle, Bishop Auckland,
7th February 1901.

My dear Archbishop—The history of our Registry is, I should think, unique. Till recently the registrar was Mr. Lowther Barrington, nephew of the Bishop. His patent, according to tradition, was provisionally made out before he was born. I do not know whether he ever fulfilled the duties of the office personally. As far back as my knowledge goes, Mr. Booth was deputy-registrar. Three or four years ago

Mr. Booth's health failed, and he took his nephew, Mr. Lazenby, into partnership. I then appointed Mr. Lazenby as joint-registrar, and gave him succession to the office. He has, in point of fact, done all the work since, for Mr. Booth's health completely gave way. The Dean and Chapter, however, did not confirm Mr. Lazenby's appointment, so that is valid only for my term of office.

I am very doubtful whether I shall be able to be at the meeting on Thursday. I am strangely weak still, but the doctor is quite satisfied. I conclude that you did not suffer by your sermon to us.—Ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *7th May* 1901.

My dear Archbishop—I am extremely sorry to be absent from Convocation. Yesterday morning I felt quite well, and wrote almost boastfully to Mrs. Maclagan, but in the evening I collapsed completely. I have had heavy and exhausting work for the last fortnight. However, my doctor says that with a few days' rest I shall be right again, so I must substitute quiet for debates, and hope to be able to do my part better later. It is a very special disappointment not to be present at the Session with the Lay House. This is a most happy beginning. Our laymen, I gather, think that the debates are unduly compressed. What we want most is the clear expression of the opinions of average men. I do most earnestly trust that nothing will hinder me from coming to the next Bishops' Meeting, but I feel very uncertain from day to day. Your change was, I hope, refreshing in every way.—Ever yours affectionately, B. F. DUNELM.

TO A CLERGYMAN

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *15th May* 1901.

Let me thank you for your letter. It is just one of those letters which bring encouragement. I wish that more would think of the heavy burden of those who are charged with authority. . . .

I am not able to change my judgment about the crucifix in connexion with the Holy Table.

Surely the "reserved sacrament" in a secret Chapel for private purposes is as sad as some of the uses of the consecrated elements quoted from early writers. Can it be Christian in conception?

2. I think that the silent remembrance, undefined in character as befits our ignorance, is quite allowable and helpful. I generally make a pause in the Prayer for the Church Militant.

The only phrase in the prayers which causes me misgiving is that at the top of page 210: as it reads "the King of kings and Lord of lords" is in apposition with "the bread of Angels." I shrink from such an identification. It may be intended to describe two things distinct, which, as far as I dare to define my belief, is, I think, right. But the words startle me in reading. Perhaps you will say what you think.

With this exception, I feel able to sanction the use of the form.

3. I entirely agree with what you say on education. The settlement cannot be far distant. The poor Education Board gladly does what it can. Perhaps I shall be able to give some help, but the claims this year for schools in distress have been unusually heavy.

4. You will make it clear that it is not fervour but self-will which is checked. We are all stronger for work if we are conscious that we have at any cost recognised divine authority as it comes to us. The spirit of the Colossian false teachers is active in our age too.

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 17*th May* 1901.

I have learnt to distrust every deduction when the premises are infinite. You know, I have no doubt, Archdeacon Freeman's *Principles of Divine Service*. His remarks on "Adoration" are, as it seems to me, of the greatest value. Modern High Churchmen seem to have forgotten him and Mr. Scudamore. Did you ever consider how we can pass from the separate gifts of the Lord's Body broken and Blood poured out to the *totus et integer Christus* in each? I do not wish any answer.

οὗ εἰσιν δυὸ ἢ τρεῖς συνηγμένοι εἰς τὸ ἐμὸν ὄνομα ἐκεῖ εἰμὶ ἐν μέσῳ αὐτῶν.[1]

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 1*st June* 1901.

Your request causes me perplexity. It appears to me that such devotions as "the Litany of the Holy Ghost" are wholly without authority from Holy Scripture, and I dare not trust human logic in such a matter. I do not forget the Litany or the Veni Creator, but the effect of these is to my mind quite different. At the same time, I fully recognise that many who have a claim to be heard in our Church think otherwise, and I do not take upon myself to forbid the use: but I cannot sanction the use with personal conviction. This liberty of action will, I hope, meet your need. *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, if you compare the first and last editions, show how these forms of devotion have spread in recent times.

TO THE REV. J. H. MOULTON

BISHOP AUCKLAND, 6*th June* 1901.

My dear Moulton—Let me thank you most heartily for your kind words. It is impossible for me to say how much I know that I owe to the help of friends at the present. A great sorrow becomes the revelation of the larger life. You refer to my last Charge. May I then venture to enclose a copy? It expresses not a few of my greatest hopes. It is perhaps enough for us to see them far off and greet them. —With kindest remembrances, ever yours affectionately,

B. F. DUNELM.

TO HIS ELDEST DAUGHTER (MRS. KING)

G.N.R., 25*th June* 1901.

So far we have had a very successful journey. It has been very close, but there has not been any glare. I looked vainly

[1] Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them (St. Matt. xviii. 20).

for Crayke, though I thought that I saw the E.R.[1] We were very late at York, and I grew alarmed (again) about my ticket, as the porters said I should not have time to get it. However, at Doncaster the Guard (they call him "Conductor" now) watched over me, and I got not only my ticket but some tea also. This has now been finished, and I am even aspiring to do a little work. As yet I have done nothing. I always used to send mamma one of my paper napkins as a token of my repast, but now they represent trade instead of art. . . .

To his Son-in-Law (Dr. King)

Bishop Auckland, *5th July* 1901.

. . . Mary did not seem to be tired by our gathering of old students, and of course she was keenly interested by it. Now we shall try to fall into the old ways as far as possible. Yet the blank does not grow less, though I can hardly realise what it means. I am always unconsciously looking for something which, indeed, is with me.

To his fourth Son

Bishop Auckland, *11th July* 1901.

. . . The food question appears to me to be dealt with finally by St. Paul, *e.g.* 1 Cor. viii., Rom. xiv. I could never admit that to eat meat or to drink wine is wrong in itself. We may wisely make concessions, but it is necessary to protest against exaggeration.

In my last note I do not think that I mentioned a point which I think vital—perhaps the most vital—in presenting the Christian Faith. Our Faith is not a philosophy primarily which lies within the province of the intellect, but personal devotion to a Person, and therefore coextensive with human nature, and appealing to all our powers. This can be made clear, I think. Just now a critic asks me, "What has the

[1] The Easingwold Railway, which is, I believe, the smallest independent railway in the world.

Incarnation to do with war . . . with the organisation of industry, with buying and selling . . . with expenditure?" That such questions can be asked by a man of average intelligence is a terrible proof of our failure to make our message known. You will have seen that it is hoped that Montgomery (an old Harrow man), Bishop of Tasmania, will accept the Secretaryship of S.P.G. What a revolution he will accomplish! It will be new life.

CHAPTER XIV

BISHOP WESTCOTT AS DIOCESAN AND "EVERYBODY'S BISHOP"

BEFORE entering on my narrative of the last week of my father's life, I desire to place before his friends two separate views of his work set forth by those most competent to speak of the matters of which they severally treat. Archdeacon Boutflower was my father's Domestic Chaplain throughout his episcopate, and can therefore speak with full knowledge of the Bishop's Diocesan work, to which single aspect of the Bishop's manifold activities he has, by my request, confined his view.

Mr. Thomas Burt, M.P., has considered my father from an entirely different point of view, as a social worker and "everybody's Bishop." Mr. Burt was, I believe, the "authoritative counsellor" on whose judgment he relied in seizing the appropriate moment for intervention in the great coal dispute. His noble appreciation will, I am confident, be read with singular interest and gratitude by all to whom my father's memory is dear.

BISHOP WESTCOTT AS DIOCESAN

(Contributed by the Venerable C. H. BOUTFLOWER)

The Bishop's greatness was not made, it was only illustrated, in the diocese to which he was called at the age of sixty-five; and this illustration was not for the most part found in new organisation or transformation of the old, for he succeeded to the work of a life-long friend whose practical doings satisfied him, and he always spoke of himself in the earlier years of his episcopate as sent to continue for a few years longer Bishop Lightfoot's work. Moreover, one of his most English characteristics was an inclination to adapt, rather than to change or create. This inclination was strengthened by his great personal modesty and his instinctive sense of unity with all the past. He cared to make no structural alterations at Auckland Castle; he was even slow to rebuild the ruinous. He delighted to see the things of the past made to answer to the needs of a new life; and in what was undeniably and inevitably new, from a brick church to a co-operative society, he delighted to discover links of continuity.

Two or three characteristic developments, however, did embody his ideas in a new and constructive shape—notably the periodical private conferences between the employers and representatives of labour on social questions (referred to elsewhere); or again, the Union of Church Workers, which in Sunderland he specially strove to foster; or the Diocesan Missionary Union, in which, for practical purposes, but partly also as a witness to an idea, he tried to bring into line all the work done for Foreign Missions in the Diocese. Of any such new or exceptional actions the Bishop always gave his interpretation. It was not any instinct for centralisation or machinery which inspired them, but his ruling idea, the address of the collect for All Saints' Day—that collect which he so often used on occasions when those who did not know him wondered why.

But for the most part it was in the touch applied to what

he found and used that Bishop Westcott's principles and characteristics were illustrated.

What were these characteristics?

It was as the prophet[1] of great ideas rather than the master of men that the Bishop seemed to lay his hand on the Diocese. Not as the strong man, who possesses potent convictions, but as one who is strongly possessed by them, he brought men face to face with the truth, and not with his own will. He took no delight in generalship. The burden of responsibility was to him, to the last, a burden. When some diocesan living fell vacant, it was with a real sense of relief that he would turn to the Calendar and ascertain that the patronage was not in the Bishop's hands. There was nothing of the Napoleon about him. Both by temperament and by conviction he would have shrunk from the exercise of conscious personal influence, just as he would never remove from even a young man the responsibility of a personal decision, however readily he would advise him upon it. The Bishop's own abundant charm of manner and person, of eye and word, struck any stranger; but what he used in dealing with men was none of these things, but the Truth itself as he saw and appealed to it.

He would not use men even for good ends at any sacrifice of their true self: he would only consent to make them act when they could see; and he would not thank men for any service performed, as though it were done for himself. "My clergy," "I wish you to do this for me"—phrases potent with inspiration on some good men's lips, and to which people would have responded, were not such as he used, or would have allowed himself, even to win a crisis, or to raise Diocesan funds, for which he often said that he was a bad beggar.

No diocese in England probably contained such an amount of ready-made loyalty to the personal bishop as that which Bishop Lightfoot left to his friend's hands, and notably was

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this the case with the men trained for ordination at Auckland Castle, who, on any decision, were disposed to consult the bishop's wish and ask no further questions. But to this Bishop Westcott never resorted save in the most guarded way. Now and again it might be this spring of loyalty which really won a point of danger, or preserved the threatened peace of the Durham Diocese in matters which would have led to ritual troubles elsewhere; but it was for the official Bishop, and not for himself, that on such occasions he claimed loyalty. Men will remember not the mesmeric control of a great man, but the presence of and above them of a faith and an insight into eternal ideas, which did not aim at achieving situations but at opening the eyes of men.

In practical insight into men and things this habit of calculating ideas rather than persons, and of expecting that others would be moved mainly by the same instinct, made the Bishop less acute than many smaller men as a judge of character, and of probable cause and effect. Himself leaning on none, though interested in all, and dissatisfied with personal influence, he was inclined to overlook it, and to expect from organisation on true principles that effectiveness which mainly depends on the man behind it. Considering his own great learning and peculiar appreciation of scholarship in others, the trifling weight he attached to these things in his estimate of men's usefulness was most striking and beautiful. But the aliveness of a man to certain ideas (as distinct from mere learning) which were to him of primary importance, would sometimes lead him to miscalculate the man's general efficiency and power. This, however, is probably true of every man with any ideas, unless he is also a born judge of men.

Of one small but important sphere of the Bishop's personal influence notice must not here be omitted, though only future years can measure its effect, namely, his work with the men reading at the Castle for ordination, "the Students," as they were often called by the townsmen and servants, though—perhaps from a sense that this was not the primary aspect of their existence — it was not a name commonly affected by themselves. Of the origin under Bishop Light-

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extraordinary, and amounted to a practical danger as well as a spiritual power. At the close of a long life of accurate observation this was wonderful enough. It was the reflection of his own intense purity of soul. "Man naturally Christian" was his belief to the last. He could easily suspect things, but not men. Titian's picture of "The Tribute Money" was one that hung in his own room. "It is one of the only two quite satisfactory pictures of the Lord's face that I know," he would say; and his delight in it was probably explained by his own interpretation of it. "It seems to say, 'You do not really mean that? You are better than your own judgment.'"

When it fell to Bishop Westcott to deal with one of the longest and most glaring cases of clerical immorality, nothing could be more pathetic than his persistent suspicion, even after all was closed, that there might yet be some hallucination. It was almost a refusal to believe in deliberate wickedness in men. "It shakes one's faith in human nature" was the painful remark such moments would wring from him.

From this it will be best understood why the sympathy which, as Bishop, he always took pains to show with parochial Missions was of a diffident and unfamiliar kind; and why some of his clergy, whose work lay most in dealing with open and degraded sin, would say, "The Bishop does not seem to believe in the Fall!"

The deliberate rejection of personal influence in favour of principles, and the great humility to which reference has been made, did not exclude a very definite assertion of office, which indeed was one of the principles that he maintained. The avidity with which, to use his own phrase, he would "guard the inheritance" formed a piquant contrast to his personal modesty. His satisfaction in the coronet round the mitre of the Bishop of Durham's arms as a witness to the past, and the vigour with which he would denounce its unauthorised adoption by the two Archbishops, contrasted quite consistently with his habit of sitting huddled up with his back to the horses, as a personal protest against being the owner of a carriage; from the door of which, by the way, he preferred to have the said mitre deleted. How jealously

he would inspect a legal document, and correct the Crown lawyers, who had failed to note that, whatever other Bishops might be, a Bishop of Durham was traditionally such by "Divine Providence," and not merely by "Divine Permission."

The slightest liberty taken even by his most esteemed officials with his episcopal prerogatives would have sensibly displeased him. On one such occasion he remarked to his Chaplain, "I am exceedingly particular about these things. About the personal, you know, I never care. It may be a new light to you, but I think I should be seriously annoyed if any one went into a room before me who ought officially to follow me."[1] And this sense of office stood him in good stead as chairman, when his natural gentleness and lack of decisive manner might have seemed likely to be a drawback. Within six months of his consecration, when at the shortest notice he had to take the Archbishop's place as Chairman of the Hull Church Congress, he discharged the office to every one's admiration; and there are easier chairs to take than that of a Church Congress.

This same sense of the dignity due to things official made him careful in all public ceremony. Fastidiously artistic as he was, his private tastes in most outward things were avowedly in the direction of Quaker-like simplicity. Yet the institution of an incumbent, which for convenience had been performed by one Bishop of Durham in a railway station, was in its impressiveness, as conducted by Bishop Westcott in his private Chapel only, constantly the occasion of remark. "My last institution," remarked one of his clergy, "was done by the Bishop of —— while eating a pork pie for his lunch." No such ceremony could be slight to him, but the reason of this lay deeper than a desire to edify. He reverenced his office because he believed in it; and illustrated his belief in his own attitude to all offices that called for reverence. When Archbishop Benson came to visit him, the exchange

[1] In illustration of the above, I may be permitted to remark that my father was invited on a certain occasion to meet Royalty at a great house within his Diocese; but having been informed that a Roman prelate would be present and be granted precedence of the Bishop of Durham, he felt constrained to respectfully decline the invitation.—A. W.

of deference, personal and official, was one of the prettiest sights to see. The Bishop (punctilious in sending a son or Chaplain to meet other guests) must himself go to meet the Archbishop, and wait on him in the house with delicate attention; and yet it was obvious that the relations of Neville's Court could not in their own sphere be reversed. It was plain which was the master and which the disciple, in private intercourse.

His own belief in office was further illustrated when he said in conversation, that watching the Archbishop's life had convinced him of the truth that there is a real grace given with office: the mere man, as he had known him, could never have done it. "You mean," asked a friend, "that he has risen to the office?" "No," said the Bishop, "I mean that he has been raised to it."

Yet to the end Bishop Westcott "bore office." The words apply strictly: it was a burden. Seven years after his consecration he was discussing titles with his Chaplain, and said how greatly he disliked the more than necessary use of "My lord." "I experience," he said, "the sensations of that man described in some southern clime where elementary bleeding is practised, who has to sit on a stone in the river while a number of very little arrows are shot into him. Each one draws just a little blood. It is said to be wholesome, but it is certainly unpleasant."

Although the Bishop's following was English rather than Diocesan, and though he was never deterred by his own great dislike of travelling from attending such distant duties as the Bishops' meetings at Lambeth, or those of the Governing Body at Harrow, yet he very seldom went outside the Diocese in response to any of the constant appeals which were made to him, except for one or two pet objects such as the Christian Social Union, which he considered had a special claim upon his time. He felt strongly that many public men dissipate in a multitude of interests the strength which properly belongs to the special life-work which they have undertaken. He felt that he must live one chapter of his life at a time, and that Durham required all his best powers. His exact attendance

at the diocesan meetings, where he considered that it was his duty *ex officio* to be present, was a positive regret to some who knew the value of his time and energy. He seldom would weigh even the greatest personal claim or opportunity against an official engagement, and he would not allow himself to attend Archbishop Benson's funeral because it clashed with the annual meeting of the Rural Deans.

But this concentration on diocesan duty was no reproduction on a diocesan scale of that narrow parochial absorption into which zealous clergymen so easily fall. For whilst his own activities were thus severely concentrated, his sympathies and outlook were unceasingly busy for the whole world of men and things. "How one will miss that keen interest of his in everything under the sun—and beyond it!" wrote one of his diocesan laymen after his death. πῶς ἂν ἄριστα οἱ Σκύθαι πολιτεύοιεν[1] is the instance that Aristotle selects of what no sane man could be said to "deliberate on" (βουλεύειν); but he could hardly have selected a more characteristic instance of the sort of thing on which the Bishop loved to deliberate, as many a closely-catechised missionary had cause to testify. And in practice also it was the same. To a degree that caused concern to some he was generous in his readiness to make the best things of Durham available for the Church at large. Bishop Lightfoot's policy had undoubtedly been to collect, and for the present keep, in the Durham Diocese, which he found weak, all the strongest elements he could command. Bishop Westcott's confidence in the Durham he found was such that he would lift no finger to retain the men whose loss he personally regretted, when wider work was offered to them elsewhere; while for Foreign Missions he, himself the father of four missionary sons, enthusiastically gave his best. During his episcopate thirty-six men in orders went out from Durham, with the Bishop's direct mission or glad approval, to foreign or colonial service. Whether this policy of dispersion was carried too far—whether he left the Diocese as strong in men as he found it, in spite of the constant influx of men trained under his own eye—will be a matter of opinion; but there can be no question that in devotion to his own diocesan

[1] What would be the best polity for the Scythians.

work he never forgot that he was a bishop of the whole Church, and that the Church was wider than England. The real root alike of his own concentration and of his wide sympathies lay in the same principle, namely, his realisation of the one Body of Christ, in which, without confusion, and without possible conflict of interests, each member must discharge his own office and no other.

As a bishop of the National Church, his own writings will best speak for him. He was a National-Churchman, not by circumstance or inheritance merely, but by profound conviction. For the nation was to him an entity, and must have a religion over and above the religion of its individual members. But the reader will look in vain in his Charges for more than veiled reference to such things as "burning questions," and what are called periodically "crises" in the English Church. Of these he said (in 1898): "No, I don't think I *could* speak on 'present controversies'" (*i.e.* ritual matters, etc.), "even at a Diocesan Conference. It all seems to me so alien to the great things of our Faith."

He did not ignore the possibility of a situation in which the inheritance of a National Church might have to be sacrificed, if the State should take some action that compromised vital principles of the Church; but he did not consider this to be seriously threatened for the present, except by the self-will of some of the clergy themselves. And his sense of proportion made him demand a patience which would not lightly throw away "such a priceless heritage" for the sake of a paper theory or a transient alarm.

Not only did the Bishop, after his elevation to the episcopate, concentrate himself on the Diocese, but, on another principle, he limited the quantity of work he put into it. The gain was not in relaxation, for he had lost the art of unstringing the bow, and for years holiday had been to him, he said, some change of work; but it was in preparation and quality. To most modern bishops it would seem too expensive a habit in time to take only one Confirmation in a

day, particularly when coupled with an inability to spend the night happily away from home—an inability which absorbed an enormous quantity of the Bishop's time and nerve-power in travel, and was only partly compensated by his power of working undisturbed in station waiting-rooms. But, on the other hand, every Confirmation was to him a fresh and exciting occasion. His clergy and people felt it to be so. The Bishop sometimes looked tired, but he never proved "stale"; because, indeed, nothing ever became stale to him. It is scarcely possible that his public work to the last should have borne this stamp of spiritual intensity and perpetual freshness if he had attempted to fill his agenda list after the manner of more ordinary modern bishops.

The Bishop's refusal to esteem quantity was really more than an accidental necessity of preparation. His refusal to have any dealings with shorthand-clerk, typewriter, or telephone was a semi-serious protest against what he regarded as symbols of the impatience of the age. He would even cause inconvenience by his reluctance to use the telegraph. To allude to any of these things as parts of "modern progress" was the surest "draw," and always elicited the inquiry, "Progress towards *what?*"

This recalls the favourite lay inquiry, "Has your Bishop business habits?" The artificial habits of a modern business training the Bishop had not. He had not been accustomed to dictate letters, to employ clerks, to use the copying-press and so forth, and to some extent his work was hampered by this. But in his own more literary ways he was most methodical, and most prompt. His letters, written (mostly by return post) with his own hand, were vainly deplored by the Diocese, though it is true that he had the gift of expressing them very concisely, and when he delegated writing it seldom satisfied him. There is no doubt that he suffered from the Cambridge instinct of perfection. No two words meant the same thing to him. A comma was all-important, and two ways of framing a sentence could not be equally true. Family, chaplains, and clergy deplored the cost of it; but perhaps the Westcott and Hort Greek Testament was worth the price.

Parallel to that freshness of powers and interest which the Bishop brought to his last day of work, and still more wonderful, was the freshness of hope and sympathy which he carried to the end. This, no doubt, was cultivated in contemplation, but it was a singular grace of temperament to start with. In mind he never grew old. Occasionally he would say, "I am too old for such things now"; but it was not really true, and only half-serious. To most men there comes a time when they grow tired of readaptation and of looking forward. They speak of the past with a touch of regret, and the young feel that they are out of sympathy. There were no signs of this about our dear Bishop to the last. He was more hopeful than the youngest of us. He welcomed every new development, if only he was persuaded it was true development, and he waited for more. The Divine Spirit he believed in was a living Spirit, speaking and moving in the Church to-day, and he trusted every fresh age to add to the glory of God's revelation. And he expected God still to send messages through Samuel to Eli. "You *must* see visions," he said to one of his younger clergy—"I despair of you if you don't. Visions belong to youth; when you are older you will only dream dreams." (It was a favourite interpretation with him of Acts ii. 17.)

This trait of character may seem to belong rather to the man than to the bishop; but it is mentioned here because it explains how the Bishop's inspiration never waxed old, in the ears of those who were able to hear him, and why especially the younger clergy were drawn to him. And thus it was too that, in a diocese where the problems of labour and society were yearly taking fresh development, he was pre-eminently fitted to win the ear and retain the sympathy of the leaders of the new order.

Some who knew him only through his books will be apt to suppose that this sympathy suffered in expression by the characteristic abstractness of his thought and diction. As a matter of fact, his addresses given in simple surroundings were remarkably (and increasingly) simple in utterance for the plain and concrete-minded folk who make the industrial Diocese of Durham. But, short of this, his fervour and sym-

pathy with the whole breadth of their life was enough to ensure attention and deep impression among an audience of pit-folk, or a company of Confirmation children.

But in all it was not himself that he offered, but the Truth; and the Truth to him was nothing short of the faith of the Incarnation. He was only strong because He *saw*, and took time to see. "Vita hominis, visio Dei," he was never tired of quoting. His πολίτευμα was in heaven, and in the presence of the unseen he met all life, and you could not surprise him out of it. In this atmosphere he worked and breathed. Not only God Himself, but the cloud of witnesses, the communion of the unseen Body of Christ, were more real to him than the things seen. It was his habit to attend the early celebration at the adjoining church on Sunday mornings, but during the hours of matins he preferred to sit alone, with Prayer Book and always the Greek Testament, in his beautiful chapel. There lay Bishop Cosin and Bishop Lightfoot between him and the altar; there from the windows looked down Aidan, Cuthbert, Bede, and all the Northern saints. The unseen company, realised by the help of the place and its associations, seemed to be more to him than the living crowd in the modern building. He told more than one friend that, when his younger son died in India, it seemed to him as though he was given back to them in nearness now that the barrier of space was removed by death.

One kindred illustration of this spirit may be added. Finding the Bishop struggling late and minutely one night over the draft of a service for the Dedication of Gifts in some humble church, his Chaplain said, "Well, my Lord, that congregation will not be a critical one: they are accustomed to anything." With a gentle, surprised smile, such as Elisha's might have been in Dothan, the Bishop looked up from his desk and said, "You forget: *who* are 'the congregation'? *We* are only an infinitesimal part of it!" The words, and the way they were spoken, will not be easy to forget.

Finally, in the clearness of this faith, in this sense of the unity of all life and work EN ΧΡΙΣΤΩΙ, he was able to meet the supreme bereavement of his life. People who did not

understand him enough were "so sorry for the Bishop" because he was away on diocesan work, meeting the Lamesley miners, on the afternoon when his wife died. They did not know that the Bishop said, "I think, even if I had known, I should have wished still to go." They did not understand the comfort that work was to him, not because, as with most of us, it helped him to forget, but because it helped him to realise: it belonged to the expression of perfect faith, and to the oneness of all life in Christ. What all did see was that from his wife's grave-side he went up to Durham himself to conduct the ordination and attend the usual committees, and that for two months more God privileged him to show us that it was no strained and momentary triumph over natural feeling, but "the revelation of the Risen Lord" which prevailed; and then, without a shadow of anxiety or regret, he passed from the eleven years of work thrust upon him just when he was thinking of rest, to the rest of that world which he had so long "seen afar off," yet always closer than others.

BISHOP WESTCOTT AS "EVERYBODY'S BISHOP"

(Contributed by Mr. THOMAS BURT, M.P.)

I gladly respond to a suggestion that I should say a word, from the standpoint of the Trade Unionist and social reformer, on the late Bishop Westcott. Would that a theme so noble could find a more skilful pen!

No death in this locality within my recollection produced such profound and widespread sorrow, such a deep sense of personal loss among men of all classes and of all creeds, as did that of the good Bishop. At the Wesleyan Conference held in Newcastle about the time, an eloquent tribute was paid to his memory, in which he was described as "the Bishop not only of the Church of England, but of all the Churches." In a community noted for its attachment to Nonconformity that was a high testimonial. To overleap the sectarian fences which divide men, to win the confidence, good-will, yea, the affection, of members of other churches

was certainly a notable victory. The Bishop's lofty station, his great reputation as a scholar and a theologian, his breadth and catholicity of spirit, his fine geniality and gentleness of nature, his unaffected piety—these qualities no doubt partially, or wholly, accounted for his conquest over the hearts of men of other creeds. That was a great achievement. But to have become everybody's Bishop—the Bishop of the toiler in mine and factory, the Bishop of the creedless, of those who attend neither churches nor chapels, who have ceased to believe in them, if they ever believed—that surely was a more marvellous achievement still. Yet that was accomplished by Dr. Westcott. Here at length appeared a real Bishop and Pastor, intensely believing in his Church, with a deep, an abiding, almost an overpowering sense of the greatness and sacredness of his functions and his mission.

Bishop, pastor, church—to the multitude the words have a cold, distant, technical sound, carrying with them little significance. Their roots lie embedded in foreign tongues, too seldom enflowering into life to strengthen and beautify the souls of men. Yet they have greatly served humanity, and, if they were alive and real, they might serve it again. Eternal is the need. The Bishop is the spiritual overseer—the man who sees; the pastor is the feeder and the guardian of men. The Church—where is it? and what is it? Split into fragments—every fragment crying out that it is the true Church, the only true Church. There is a true Church. It is to be found, according to a great Churchman, John Ruskin: "Wherever one hand meets another helpfully: that is the only holy or mother Church which ever was or ever shall be." That universal Church,

> Lofty as is the love of God,
> And ample as the wants of man,

was Dr. Westcott's Church. And never was there a truer Bishop and pastor than he; never did the life and deeds of a good man bring home more directly to the bosoms of masses of men the meaning of such watchfulness and helpfulness, or show more clearly the zeal and fidelity with which the great and holy work could be performed.

There was not a movement for the improvement of the workers' condition which had not the Bishop's sympathy and support. All the great self-help organisations—temperance, friendly societies, thrift in every form, trade unions, co-operation—every one received his benediction and his practical assistance. Not only did he help existing institutions, he originated new ones.

Like his distinguished predecessor, Dr. Lightfoot, the late Bishop took the warmest interest in the Co-operative movement. Among the finest tributes to Bishop Westcott's memory was one from the pen of that veteran co-operator G. J. Holyoake. The words are few, but fitting. They are warmly appreciative, and show that singular felicity of phrase and that keen insight into character which are as surely Mr. Holyoake's at eighty-four as they were his in the prime of his manhood. In theological opinion the Bishop and Mr. Holyoake were doubtless widely sundered; in spirit they were one From the Bishop's address at the Middlesbrough Co-operative Congress, Mr. Holyoake quotes what is probably the most precise and the most perfect definition of true co-operation ever given: "The co-operative ideal of production is that all who combine in a business should be partners in it: partners in the contribution of capital, partners in profit or loss, partners in control and development, and partners in responsibility." That ideal we should strive to realise and to embody in our industrial life.

Of late years Dr. Westcott was sometimes called—perhaps not without a touch of derision—"the pitmen's bishop." Beyond doubt he greatly loved the pitmen. He strove to lessen their burdens and to improve their material condition, to enlighten their minds and to ennoble their character. Thus he won the confidence, the admiration, the warmest affection of thousands. That was the only reward he valued; if indeed he cared at all for reward. But the Bishop knew nothing of narrowness or exclusiveness. He cared for pitmen not as workers only, or mainly, but as men. Bounded by no sect or creed, his sympathies were all-embracing. He was greater far than any class or institution; broader far than his own broad Church.

The late Bishop had scarcely been enthroned in his bishopric before he put himself in direct touch with the workers. By settling a great labour dispute he rendered to the Durham miners and to the community generally a memorable service. From time to time he convened conferences of employers and employed and of social reformers at Auckland Castle. Consider what all this meant. New to his great position, with advancing years, with no superabundance of physical energy, with the exacting demands of a wide populous diocese, with a devout belief in his station and his mission, with a devouring zeal for his work, he held no sinecure; and he might well have been excused had he confined himself to his purely ecclesiastical functions.

It was in 1892 that the great industrial conflict broke out and raged over the whole mining district of Durham. The struggle was long and bitter; trade was paralysed; suffering was keen and widespread. Through the Bishop's tact, temper, skill, mastery of the facts, peace was restored, and future disputes were made less likely by the formation of a Conciliation Board.

For an outsider—a comparative stranger with no great commercial reputation—to intervene with effect in such a struggle was exceedingly difficult. Passion ran high, prejudices were rife, jealousies and suspicions were in the air. There were those on both sides who were not eager for a peaceful settlement, and who strongly resented extraneous interference. "What could a bishop know about industrial complications and the intricacies and exigencies of trade? Let this high ecclesiastic look after his clergy and his churches; let this scholarly recluse attend to his books and his studies! Besides, was the Bishop himself wholly disinterested? Did not the Ecclesiastical Commissioners derive large revenues from mining royalties in Durham?" These were the querulous mutterings of the few, couched in language less polite, but not less emphatic than I have used. The miners generally as well as the employers welcomed the Bishop's mediation. They knew that he had no personal object to serve, and that no interest could bias him. By his action he earned the gratitude of a great industrial community.

It was a splendid, an unforgettable service, which only a strong, brave, true man could have rendered.

The conferences at Auckland Castle were numerous and invaluable. I had the honour (a great honour I esteemed it) to be invited to many of them, I think to all, but only on two occasions was I able to be present. With the Bishop as convener and host, it is needless to say that the selection of the guests was dictated by no spirit of exclusiveness. Representative men of all classes and of every school of thought—religious, political, and social—were there. Experienced arbitrators, employers of labour, captains of industry in nearly every department of trade large and small, agents and secretaries of trade unions connected with mining, shipbuilding, engineering, and other industries, were present; as were also leading co-operators, and men who had been long and intimately associated with the administration of the poor laws, with the management of schools and colleges, and with the direction of the municipal life of the people.

Happily, in mining, and in some other trades, the spirit and methods of conciliation had made some headway before the Bishop came to the North. Employers and workmen were accustomed to discuss their differences; sliding scales and arbitration had been tried. Joint committees and wages boards had been established. Some of the Bishop's guests were well known to each other, and had often met in council or in combat. But, on the other hand, many men were brought together who met for the first time, and whose interests as employers and employed made it exceedingly desirable that they should become personally acquainted. Moreover, there was a freedom of discussion, a frankness of intercourse on these occasions hardly attainable when the same men met as partizans and advocates.

I have spoken of those who attended the conferences as the Bishop's guests. I have called them representative men; they were not delegates. Most of them coming from distant places arrived the night before the conference, sleeping at the Castle. A word as to the mode of procedure may be of interest. After dinner a paper was read by one of the guests. This was followed by conversation in which the *pros* and *cons*

were freely discussed. Next morning, at the conference proper, the proceedings were more formal. The Bishop presided and delivered a short address, in which he outlined, always with ample knowledge, with terseness and lucidity, the chief points for consideration. Further discussion followed, and usually a resolution expressing the views of the conference was formulated and adopted. A brief report was afterwards printed and circulated amongst those who had been present. All this obviously involved much correspondence and routine work. The Bishop himself supervised everything, and knew every detail. And he had always a willing, capable helper in Canon Moore Ede, who brought to all social and labour questions great knowledge and sympathy, a clear head and a facile pen to give fitting form and shape to the decisions. Between the Bishop and the Canon —kindred spirits—the relationship was beautiful—like that of father and son when at their best.

As a host the Bishop was perfect; every attention, no obtrusiveness. If any one was forgotten, it was himself. And himself—his own needs—he did sometimes forget. "Plain living, high thinking": that seemed his motto; it was certainly his practice. Yet the Bishop was no sour ascetic. He could not perhaps say, as Landor said of himself, that he

> warmed both hands before the fire of life,

but he liked to see other people's hands warmed. He seemed to enjoy life, and was unaffectedly happy whenever he witnessed rational human wellbeing and enjoyment.

The Bishop loved to show his visitors the relics, pictures, and works of art in the Castle. The fine old building is itself full of historial interest, carrying the mind far away into "the dark backward and abysm of time" when the Bishops of the Palatinate were princes and warriors, rather than spiritual overseers specially set apart to look after the souls of men. Hanging on the walls are portraits of many of those, and the Bishop knew the history of them all. It would take me far beyond the scope of these notes to dwell upon this, or to tell, if I could, the exquisite pleasure it gave to those

privileged to hear this man of learning and of fine artistic tastes talk at his best on subjects that were dear to him. But one incident I must mention, for it greatly impressed me. Going around the Chapel and pointing out its objects of beauty and interest, the Bishop paused at the grave of Dr. Lightfoot. In touching words he spoke of his predecessor's great attainments and noble qualities of head and heart: of his learning, his manliness, his strength of character and purity of soul. "He was my friend," said the Bishop. I was reminded of another incident—pathetic also, but not uninspiring. When I was looking at a portrait of Richard Cobden on one occasion, John Bright came and stood by my side. Never having myself seen Cobden, I asked Mr. Bright if the likeness was a good one. "Excellent," was the reply; "but come here," moving a few paces, "this is the view I like best." Then, with trembling lip and tearful eye, the great orator, looking again at the portrait, said, "My friend, one of the best men I ever knew!" Bright's portrait now hangs beside Cobden's, as Westcott's body lies beside Lightfoot's.

What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue.

And yet I felt in listening to John Bright, as I felt afterwards in listening to Bishop Westcott, when speaking of their friends, that surely our human life, whether it be given for a day or for ever, can bring us nothing more precious than the communion and comradeship of true pure souls.

But let no one imagine that business was forgotten. We were not at the Castle as tourists or antiquarians. The sight-seeing, though neither frivolous nor unprofitable, was a mere interlude, taking place in the very early hours of the morning. In truth externals, even the most significant and commanding, appeared to possess but little attraction for the Bishop. He valued them only so far as they carried a meaning and a message to humanity; so far as they bore upon human elevation and improvement. On this, the uplifting of man materially, morally, spiritually, all his deepest thoughts centred.

Punctually at ten o'clock the Bishop took the chair, and an admirable chairman he was. Look at him for a moment.

I wish I could picture him. The photographer's art has made tens of thousands familiar with his features, not wholly without success. The result is sometimes striking and pleasing—yet always disappointing, to those who knew the man. How could it be otherwise? The photographer may show in outline the form of the features; the broad, lofty forehead, indicative of mental power. But what painter, what artist, could do justice to the expressive face? Spiritual, gentle, kindly it was in every lineament, yet withal strong and masculine, showing power, resolution, determination, not less than benignity and goodwill. Then the eyes, grave, yet without sadness, bright, clear, penetrating; peering, as it were, and seeing "into the very life of things": eyes which seemed to behold things near and far, to pierce the outward material veil and to see

> Through life and death, through good and ill, through his own soul.

The Bishop's business aptitude, his firm grip of the essential facts, his intimate knowledge of social economics and industrial life, must have astonished some of the clever practical men who attended these conferences. If any of them imagined that the Bishop was a mere amateur in social questions, endeavouring as a pupil to learn something of their intricacies and mysteries, such a person would be speedily undeceived. To have appeared in the rôle of a pupil would have been no discredit—quite the reverse. Men were there who knew one or another of these questions in every detail; who had striven to master their underlying principles, and had been driven into sharp conflict at close quarters with the hard, stubborn facts of everyday life. Gladly would these men have told all they knew. But Dr. Westcott, the most teachable of men, had little or nothing to learn. It was soon apparent that he had for long years deeply studied all the great social problems of the day; that he had dug to their very foundations. The doctrines and principles of political economy, as taught by its master exponents, were familiar to him. Idealist though he was, he was no visionary. He acted on Emerson's advice: he "hugged his fact," knowing

well that the reformer cannot without peril shut his eyes to the solid realities of existence. His highly-trained and acute intellect, and his quickness of perception, enabled the Bishop to speedily master the facts, while his ready sympathy and his vivid imagination helped him to see the bearing of the facts upon the everyday life of the workers.

Facts he soon mastered, science he knew; but it was always apparent that the moral, the ethical side of things was what he cared for supremely. Surely there must be right and wrong even in commerce, even between buyer and seller, between employer and employed. Do the right, eschew the wrong. If the wheels are to run without creaking, if they are not to stop entirely, the human element, kindness, gentleness, as well as strict justice, must be seen and practised between man and man. That this aspect of political economy is being more and more recognised in our day is due largely to the teachings of gifted men like John Ruskin and Bishop Westcott.

As an inspiring, as an educational force, the value of these conferences can hardly be exaggerated. Nor were they inspiring and educational only; results of vast practical importance emanated from them. An immense impulse was given to the movement for providing homes for the aged miners—which from its beginning had the warmest sympathy and support of the Bishop. Still more powerfully did these conferences stimulate ideas and principles of conciliation between employers and workmen. That Boards of Conciliation are in active operation to-day in Northumberland and Durham is due in no small measure to the Bishop's initiative and helpfulness.

A requisition signed by employers and representatives of the workmen who had discussed at Auckland Castle the question "How to avoid Strikes?" asked the Bishop to convene a general conference of representatives of the coal, iron, and steel trades. Promptly and cheerfully he acceded to the request. In his letter of invitation the Bishop said: "A full and frank exchange of opinion on the conditions of the problems to be solved will, I trust, contribute to the establishment of a Board or Boards of Conciliation, which will com-

mand the lasting and intelligent confidence of all who are interested in our great local industries."

To the Bishop's invitation the response was most gratifying.

The Conference was held in the Miners' Hall, Durham, on 20th January 1894, the Bishop himself presiding.

The gathering was large and thoroughly representative, and included nearly every prominent trade union leader in Northumberland, Durham, and North Yorkshire. Employers of labour on a large scale, and officials of employers' associations were present in considerable numbers.

After the Bishop's address I was called upon to open the discussion. I was followed by Sir David Dale, who, himself an employer of labour, has had the unusual, if not the unique, honour of having been nominated more than once by workmen in his own trade as an umpire to settle serious differences between employers and employed. Subsequent speakers included Mr. John Wilson, M.P. (the worthy secretary of the largest miners' trade union in the world), Mr. William Whitwell (Chairman of the North of England Iron and Steel Conciliation Board), Mr. Cumming (working miner, Hetton), Mr. Robert Knight (Secretary, Boilermakers' Association), Mr. John Lee (miner, Leamside), Mr. E. Trow, Darlington (Secretary, Iron Workers' Association), Mr. J. Hugh Bell (Middlesbrough), and Mr. Johnson (of the Durham Miners' Association).

The Bishop's opening speech was short and to the point. It was an impressive and eloquent plea for the application of reason to the settlement of industrial conflicts. The object aimed at was stated with that terseness, clearness, and precision of which the Bishop was a master.

"They desired to find some method of settling with substantial justice the grievous differences which arose in their industries, without interruption of work; a method which should be permanent, authoritative; a method which should rest on principles which were accepted alike by employers and employed with full and intelligent conviction; a method by which the strong organisations of both sides might co-operate—and it was only through strong organisations that such co-operation was possible—for the main-

tenance of peace and right by rational and exhaustive debate."

The Bishop showed his familiarity with the great work in the promotion of harmonious industry which had been already accomplished in the iron trade, as well as in the Northumberland and Durham coal trade. He spoke of the success which for more than twenty years had attended the labours of the Joint Committees in peacefully settling sectional disputes. With statesmanlike instinct he suggested that similar methods, with any necessary modifications, might be adopted for the adjustment of county or general differences.

Sagacious, practical, showing a complete grasp and mastery of the subject, the Bishop's address was in every respect admirably fitted to the occasion. The poetic, the ideal side of the Bishop's nature came into play for a moment in the concluding sentences. "Let them then complete, at least in plan and purpose, the task which had been prepared through one and twenty years. In no way could they serve the cause of industry more effectually, and he could desire nothing better for those two counties which formed the old See of Durham than that they should still hold their place in the field of British industry till the end is reached. Till the end is reached! Might he dare to express his hope? till the passion for private gain is tempered, if not displaced, by the enthusiasm for public service; till employer and employed, gradually recognising their place, work side by side as fellow-workers for the good of the commonwealth in the strength and joy of one life!"

That was the first time I had heard the Bishop address a public meeting. Only once again did I hear him, and the speech then delivered was more striking and memorable still —something to be enshrined in the heart and memory as a life-long possession. This was at the Northumberland Miners' Gala held at Blyth in 1894. The annual Gala is a great event, a sort of red-letter day in the Northumbrian pitman's calendar. It is anticipated with eager expectation. The miners, young and old, male and female, troop to the trysting-place in their thousands. The term "gala" is suggestive of mirth, festivity, playfulness; and truly the holiday-making

spirit has scope and verge enough on that day. But the graver, the educational side of life is not wholly neglected. The great feature of the day is a mass meeting at which speeches on social and labour topics are delivered. In 1894 the Bishop was invited, and to the great joy of the miners the invitation was promptly accepted. This was the thirty-second anniversary. At one time or another over that long period successive meetings had been addressed by eminent statesmen and by great orators, by John Morley and Charles Bradlaugh; by distinguished labour leaders, by Alexander Macdonald and Lloyd Jones; and by many other men of note, some still living, others of them passed away.

I had been present myself as a speaker at thirty-one of the galas. Many of them had been held, as was this, on the shores of the northern sea. In outward aspect, therefore, the scene was not unfamiliar. The day was brilliantly fine, a refreshing sea breeze tempering the burning rays of the July sun. Massed around the platform was a crowd of some five or six thousand intelligent listeners.

The late Mr. John Nixon, the President of the Miners' Union—a true brave man to the innermost core of his being—was chairman. Other speakers were Mr. Clare (of the Newcastle Trades Council), Mr. Fenwick, M.P., and myself. The speakers were supported by the committees and the officials of the Association—Mr. Ralph Young (secretary), Mr. J. H. Scott (treasurer), Mr. H. Boyle, who succeeded Mr. Nixon in the Presidency, being present. All this was according to use and wont. One thing only was new—the presence of a Bishop. Never before had a Church dignitary, nor so far as I can remember any ecclesiastic, been invited as a speaker. To whatever cause the omission might be due, bigotry certainly had nothing to do with it; since the miners justly pride themselves on the breadth and catholicity of their platform. As evidence of this it was only necessary to look at the rostrum that day. Catholic and protestant, episcopalian and nonconformists of every section, agnostic and secularist, creedless men and men incapable of defining their creed, sat there side by side. And the platform was, I should say, in this respect fairly typical of the audience. Whatever

the creed or profession, it may be safely said that the crowd was absolutely free from any taint of bigotry and narrow-mindedness. Yet the Bishop had probably never before addressed so large an assemblage of which churchmen formed so small a proportion. But a fairer, a more open-minded, a finer audience orator could not desire. Frankly democratic, with an appetite and a digestion for the strongest meat, it is nevertheless broadly tolerant of opinions other than its own. It would not perhaps be called an educated audience in the ordinary acceptation of the term, but it is certainly highly intelligent and keenly responsive to every noble utterance, to every appeal to freedom, to conscience and right dealing between man and man.

As a rule the miners' meeting is not boisterously demonstrative, though by its hand-clapping and cheers it expresses unstintedly its appreciation of a fine sentiment, a great truth, or a telling phrase. Concentrated, quiet attention is its prevailing attitude. Now and then an ejaculation, hardly fit for fastidious ears, is thrown out by some enthusiast in the crowd. This is usually meant to imply agreement with the speaker, and is further intended to encourage him to higher flights of oratory. Translated into more polite language, its equivalent would be, "God bless you! More power to your elbow!" So it is interpreted alike by speaker and audience, being received with the utmost good-humour, as a contribution from one who swears his benedictions as he does his anathemas, through inability to find in any extant dictionary or lexicon words emphatic enough to express his highly-charged feelings. Happily, however, the Bishop was subjected to no irregular interruptions, nor indeed to any avoidable interruption whatever.

Even with every advantage, with the finest of audiences and the best of weather, the surroundings of the Gala are not wholly favourable to effective oratory. Itinerant showmen, with their brass bands and loud-sounding organs, some of them apparently driven by steam, and shouters of wares of many kinds, are present in large numbers. Every effort is made by the Committee to keep them at a distance, but their clamorous, inharmonious noises break in upon speaker

and audience with startling and distracting effect. That the Bishop would receive every attention and appreciation no one doubted; but it was desirable that he should have a quiet, orderly hearing.

Those of us who had learnt to love and reverence him were not without our misgivings as to how he would discharge his task. That his mental equipment was perfect we knew, and we doubted not that a great moral and intellectual treat was in store for the audience provided he could make himself heard. But would his voice reach the crowd? Would he have physical strength and endurance to hold the attention of the large audience to the end? A glance at the somewhat frail, attenuated figure, after the wear and tear of its seventy years, showed that such misgivings were not wholly without reasonable foundation. Our doubts were soon dissipated.

When the Bishop with beaming face rose to address the crowd, the very first sentence he uttered went straight to their ears, and to their hearts. In simple words, charged with deepest feeling, he told how pleased, how touched he was to receive the invitation of the Executive to be present. Why had they offered him such a privilege? It was, he thought, "because they believed his whole soul was turned to the desire to spread among men peace, goodwill, and fellowship." The warm general applause which greeted the sentiment proved that every word had been heard. The Bishop spoke with animation, with fervour, indeed with vehemence, and one still wondered how long this high pressure could be sustained. Would there not be a collapse? No, from beginning to end—and the speech was not a short one—sign there was none of faltering or feebleness. The audience hung upon the speaker's words, as indeed well they might, for they were listening to a saint and prophet at a time when prophets and saints with a message and with courage to deliver it are not too plentiful.

Called upon to address the assemblage immediately after the Bishop had spoken, I notice from the newspaper report that I characterised his speech as "perfect." In the heat and haste of impromptu speech one does not always select the

most fitting word. "Perfect" is a strong epithet, one which should be sparingly used of any human performance or production. But I do not think the term was at all extravagant when applied to the Bishop's speech. Needless to say, there was no frothy declamation, there was no rhetoric, good or bad, there was indeed nothing that could be fairly called striking oratory, and yet oratory at its best seldom produces so profound an impression. It would be presumptuous for me to dwell upon its high intellectual qualities, but a plain, unscholarly man may remark on the beautiful simplicity of its phraseology. This great scholar, master of many languages, dead and living, uttered no word or phrase which was above the comprehension of the most illiterate hearer.

No summary could do justice to such a speech, and indeed from its very terseness it would be difficult to summarise. I can only in roughest outline indicate some of its more salient points. There were first two or three light autobiographical touches. The Bishop told how among his earliest recollections of public events was when, a child of six, he went to a great meeting of the political unions at Birmingham just before the first Reform Bill. Afterwards he saw houses burnt down, and the streets of Birmingham occupied by soldiers. When at Cambridge for one of his examinations, the late Lord Derby came into the room and said, "Louis Philippe has landed in England." That was during the Revolution of 1848. "The first time he went abroad he passed between the outposts of two contending armies in the insurrections of 1849." He had therefore followed with interest the development of the popular cause. One great truth had been brought home to him: "the real nature of the nation, the idea that it is a social organism, a real body with a true life, the idea that humanity itself is 'a man who lives and grows for ever,' as Pascal said. Looking at this great fact, that the nation was a body of which they were all members, he had learnt three lessons amongst others, namely, that they must guard the treasures of the past for the sake of the present and the future; that they must develop the powers of each man for the sake of the whole; that they must cultivate association, keeping in view 'the social destiny of every work.'"

Then the Bishop paid a generous tribute to the splendid service rendered not only to the workers, but to the whole community, by friendly societies, co-operative societies, and trade unions. In all this the speaker carried the meeting entirely with him. But he did not shrink from uttering his innermost thought whether his audience agreed with him or not. Probably one of the hardest things for that democratic assemblage to listen to without protest was the Bishop's bold declaration in favour of inequality of social condition. "He believed it was well that some men should have a high place and large means"; but then, he hastened to add, such men were in the position of trustees and administrators who were bound to use their means "simply and solely for God and the nation, without any distinction of class." This trusteeship, this responsibility for the proper use of wealth, was emphasised in other portions of the address. "All labour, labour of the head and labour of the hand, had a social destiny; all that they had was committed to their stewardship for the common service, and it was only in that way they could find peace." . . . "Privileged inheritance should be regarded as a call to exceptional devotion." "The formation of character and not the accumulation of riches was the final end of the State, and he believed that co-operation was the real means to secure it."

The Bishop concluded with an eloquent appeal to young men to cherish high thought, and to live strong, pure, noble lives. "Man truly lived only while he served; let them not sacrifice the whole to the part, the future to the present, the spiritual to the temporal."

The speech was certainly an unqualified success. It was a victory of intellect, of spirit, of soul over physical weakness and infirmity; something to strengthen one's wavering faith in man's immortality.

Accompanying the Bishop on the way from the meeting, I personally thanked him, as the meeting collectively had done, for his speech, and I said how warmly his kindness and his utterances had been appreciated by the audience. "Yes," he responded with a smile, "it was indeed a fine audience. They were exceedingly kind; but I don't think

they believe strongly in Bishops, or in the doctrines they preach. I fear they partly suspect that I don't believe in them myself, but there they are mistaken." Yes, indeed! If any one had come to that meeting doubting the strength and intensity of the Bishop's convictions, he could not possibly have left it with any such doubt. Dr. Westcott was perhaps right in supposing that the crowd had no great belief in Bishops or in their Church. But they did believe in him, in his absolute sincerity, in his unselfishness, and devotion to right.

The Bishop's last address was delivered to the Durham miners in the Cathedral on their annual gala day. That address has a pathos of its own, since it was his last, and apparently felt by the speaker himself to be his last, public utterance. The discourse was as beautiful as it was touching and impressive. Brief, yet complete, and instinct with love, it reveals the man and indicates the secret of his power. "Men had a common heritage and a common duty; all were responsible in their measure for the formation of that public opinion which was the inspiration and strength of just laws." "The only abiding motive which would support them in the patient and resolute endeavour to use their heritage, to fulfil their duty, to fashion an effective Christian public opinion, was love." "Fear and hope passed away, but there was that which never passed away—the love that never faileth."

Then came a personal touch—a reference to the resolutions he had formed and the promises he had made when he was installed as Bishop of Durham: "At the most solemn hour of my life I promised that, by the help of God, I would maintain and set forward, as far as in me lay, quietness, love, and peace among all men, and that I would show myself gentle and be merciful, for Christ's sake, to the poor and needy, the stranger and the destitute. I have endeavoured, with whatever mistakes and failures, to fulfil that promise." Never were solemn vows more faithfully kept. If there had been mistakes and failures, they were few and trivial, such as are inseparable from human weakness and fallibility.

I am reminded of Shelley's self-imposed vow—

> I will be wise,
> And just, and free, and mild, if in me lies
> Such power; for I grow weary to behold
> The selfish and the strong still tyrannise
> Without reproach or check.

Shelley was a true democrat and (despite some errors in his life) he is perhaps the most intensely spiritual and ideal, as he is certainly one of the most musical and melodious, of our poets. In the words I have cited there is none of the fierce aggressiveness of the revolutionist. Wisdom, justice, gentleness—in a word, love—these are to be the all-conquering weapons of the reformer. They alone will bring ultimate and permanent victory.

Let it shock no pious soul that I think of Shelley and Westcott at the same time. Shelley with his short, broken, not wholly spotless life; Westcott with his fulness of years, through them all "wearing the white flower of a blameless life"; consecrated by Heaven itself before ever hand of man had been laid upon him, as a great spiritual teacher. It is not for us to judge. In the pitying eye of Heaven allowance will be made for human frailty and failure. Shelley and Westcott were not wholly alien souls. What Mr. Stopford Brooke so finely says of Shelley may be said with equal truth of Dr. Westcott. "There was one thing at least that Shelley grasped and realised with force—the moralities of the heart in their relation to the progress of mankind. Love and its eternity; mercy, forgiveness, and endurance, as forms of love; joy and freedom, justice and truth as the results of love; the sovereign right of Love to be the ruler of the universe, and the certainty of its victory."

Poet and divine thus deliver one message to humanity —"That ye love one another." One sings it in song; the other preaches it in sermon. Too often the message is unheard, or unheeded. Yet let us take courage from what we have witnessed. We have seen that when a teacher lives and acts his creed, embodying it in a brave and selfless life, his message, despite all hindrances, will find its way to the hearts and consciences of men.

In an age of materialism and mammon worship, when so

many men seem to have lost their faith in another world and their ideals in this; in this "iron time of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears," it is something to have had such a high-souled prophet and saint among us as Dr. Westcott. He has not lived in vain: his life has been an example and an inspiration to tens of thousands, fruitful now and charged with benediction and blessing to future generations.

Creeds pass, rites change, no altar standeth whole,

yet the human heart now, as of old, leaps with joyful alacrity to welcome messages of love and wisdom from a true, brave teacher.

CHAPTER XV

THE LAST WEEK

THE Bishop had promised to preach to the miners at their annual service in the Cathedral on Saturday, 20th July, and being anxious not to disappoint them, and feeling far from well, he went to bed early on the Friday evening, hoping to feel better in the morning. The 20th was a very warm day, and knowing how greatly the heat tried the Bishop, his family felt very anxious as to the effect of this great exertion, though he himself was very cheerful. In the morning he wrote a letter to his eldest son :—

BISHOP AUCKLAND, *20th July* 1901.

My dear Brooke—I read the S.P.G. sermon[1] with great pleasure. It was delightfully fresh, and had just those personal touches which are most helpful. This heat nearly prostrates me, and I have to speak to the miners in the Cathedral this afternoon.—Ever your most affectionate father, B. F. DUNELM.

Latin Elegiacs do not flow just now.

After an early lunch the Bishop, accompanied by his daughter, Mrs. Prior, and his son Henry, Domestic

[1] Sermon preached by Canon Westcott in Sherborne Abbey.

Chaplain, drove to Durham. The Bishop, as usual, sat with his back to the horses, and as it was very hot, an umbrella was held over him for protection from the sun. On arrival at Durham he went straight to the Chapter-house to robe. There he was joined by the Dean and all the members of the Chapter, except Canon Farrar, who was unfortunately indisposed. The procession then formed, the Bishop, supported by the Dean and the Archdeacon of Durham, and followed by his son, coming last. As this procession entered at the south-west door, a miners' band entered at the north-west door. This band was playing with much feeling "Abide with me: fast falls the eventide," and many of the large congregation assembled in the Cathedral were visibly affected by its moving strains. When the time came for the Bishop's address he ascended the pulpit and began his sermon in "a voice which for fulness and vigour I have never heard him use before."

The concluding words of this last message were :—

One word more. About eleven years ago, in the prospect of my work here, at the most solemn hour of my life, I promised that, by the help of God, "I would maintain and set forward, as far as should lie in me, quietness, love, and peace among all men"; and that "I would show myself gentle and be merciful for Christ's sake to poor and needy people and to all strangers destitute of help." I have endeavoured, with whatever mistakes and failures, to fulfil the promise, and I am most grateful to you, and to all over whom I have been set, for the sympathy with which my efforts have been met. So I have been enabled to watch with joy a steady improvement in the conditions, and also, I trust, in the spirit of labour among us. At the present time Durham offers to the world the highest type of industrial concord which has yet been fashioned. Much, no doubt, remains to be done; but the true paths of progress are familiar to our workers and our leaders, and are well trodden. While, then,

so far I look back, not without thankfulness, and look forward with confident hope, I cannot but desire more keenly that our moral and spiritual improvement should advance no less surely than our material improvement. And therefore, since it is not likely that I shall ever address you here again, I have sought to tell you what I have found in a long and laborious life to be the most prevailing power to sustain right endeavour, however imperfectly I have yielded myself to it—even the love of Christ; to tell you what I know to be the secret of a noble life, even glad obedience to His will. I have given you a watchword which is fitted to be the inspiration, the test, and the support of untiring service to God and man: *the love of Christ constraineth us.*

Take it then, my friends, this is my last counsel, to home and mine and club: try by its Divine standard the thoroughness of your labour and the purity of your recreation, and the Durham which we love, the Durham of which we are proud—to repeat the words I used before—will soon answer to the heavenly pattern. If Tennyson's idea of heaven was true, that "heaven is the ministry of soul to soul," we may reasonably hope, by patient, resolute, faithful, united endeavour, to find heaven about us here, the glory of our earthly life.

After the sermon, the hymn "Praise, my soul, the King of Heaven" was sung to the accompaniment of all the bands.

Such was the Bishop's farewell to his Cathedral and his people.

After the service, being very tired, he proceeded to the Archdeaconry, where he remained for some time in close conversation with the Archdeacon in his study, until he was summoned by his son to tea.

On returning home, it was arranged that there should be a celebration of the Holy Communion in his invalid daughter's room on the following morning, and the Bishop retired early to rest.

On the next day, the Seventh Sunday after Trinity, which in the previous year had been the last Sunday of his youngest son on earth, the quiet service was held as arranged, his son Henry being the celebrant. In his anxiety not to overtire his father, the Chaplain omitted the Prayer of Humble Access, which, as will afterwards appear, rather troubled the Bishop. The Bishop took his place in the arm-chair by his daughter's bed, which had been his wife's customary seat, and he afterwards remarked, "'It seemed so strange being in mamma's place."

The Bishop, being very tired, lay down in the afternoon until tea-time, after which he said a short Evensong with his daughters and went early to bed.

On Monday, the 22nd, the Bishop kept to his room most of the day, as he was in pain and was more comfortable when lying down. He was able, however, to see Mrs. Watkins, who, according to an arrangement made on the previous Saturday, came over with some friends to see the Castle and Chapel. The last entry in his text-book was made on this day. It is barely legible, but I read it as:

"In terrible (?)[1] pain and discomfort. Mrs. Watkins . . ."

In the papers this day there were various comments on the Bishop's words of the previous Saturday, especially as to the words "It is not likely that I shall ever address you again." The general line of comment was, "Are we about to lose the precious ministrations of our matchless Bishop?" and the words were commonly interpreted as an indication of his approaching resig-

[1] This word "terrible" is not a likely word for him to have used, but I can make nothing else of it. The cause of death was peritonitis.

nation; for it was not until Friday that the report of his serious illness appeared in the papers.

That night the Bishop could not sleep, and at about 1.30 A.M. his invalid daughter was startled by a knock at her bedroom door. Her father came in, saying how sorry he was to disturb her, and hoping that he had not waked her. He had come to look for a spirit-lamp, to prepare himself a hot-water bottle for the relief of his pain. The spirit-lamp had, however, been lent to Mrs. Prior, and the Bishop insisted on going to find it himself.

On Tuesday, the 23rd, the Bishop was much the same, but it was decided that he must not be left alone any more. He endeavoured to deal with his letters, but his Chaplain son found it advisable to keep away from him as much as possible, as he was too eager for business.

On Wednesday, the 24th, the Bishop's condition was to all outward appearance unchanged. He was still anxious about his correspondence, and dictated some replies to letters in the afternoon.

Thursday, the 25th, St. James's Day, found the Bishop very weak, and at the early service in the Chapel the household's prayers were asked for him. His medical attendant Dr. M'Cullagh, who had visited him three times on the previous day, was anxious for a second opinion, and Dr. Hume of Newcastle was summoned. The Bishop's children sat with him all day, and his invalid daughter vapourised him with eau-de-Cologne, and held his hot hands within her cold ones, which comforted him much. He could hardly even now be kept from work, and insisted on writing a cheque, his last, to enable a poor clergyman to get a summer holiday. He was very urgent that

his son should take the carriage to the station to meet Dr. Hume. The physician arrived at five o'clock, and when the Chaplain went in to remind him of his train, he found the Bishop talking to him in an animated way about the Roman Wall and other Tyneside antiquities. On his way to the station, Dr. Hume wired for a nurse, who arrived that evening. The Bishop received the nurse with one of his most beautiful smiles, and hoped she would be able to amuse herself, and expressed his belief that he would give no trouble.

In the course of that afternoon the Bishop made a parting present to his Domestic Chaplain, the Rev. C. H. Boutflower, who was leaving to take up work in Furness. As the Chaplain knelt at his bedside, the Bishop laid his hands on him and blessed him.

On Friday, the 26th, the Bishop felt better, and was quite bright. Archdeacons Watkins and Long came over in the morning to discuss what should be done in the matter of the gathering of Lay-workers, which was to be held in the Castle on the Saturday. It was decided to postpone the meeting, but the Bishop was unable to see the Archdeacons, and was not informed of the postponement. Several telegrams of inquiry were received during this and the following day. In the evening the Bishop, who had taken a sudden change for the worse at about 5.30, rallied, and would discuss his correspondence (of some days previous) and the arrangements for the Meeting of Lay-workers on the morrow with his son.

Telegrams were dispatched that evening summoning the Bishop's eldest daughter, Mrs. King, and his eldest son, Canon Brooke Westcott, who were the only other children in England at that time. The doctor returned late in the evening and remained with the Bishop during the night.

The Bishop rested well that night, and was cheerful in the morning, though very weak. When the nurse came in early she found him lying with his hands folded, saying over quietly the 103rd Psalm: "Praise the Lord, O my soul: and all that is within me praise His holy Name. Praise the Lord, O my soul: and forget not all His benefits."

Canon Westcott arrived at about mid-day, having travelled all night from Sherborne. The Bishop was very pleased to see him, and remarked how good it was of him to have come to take his place at the Lay-workers' Meeting. In the morning the Bishop dictated the following message to the clergy of the Diocese: "The Bishop of Durham, who is lying seriously ill at Auckland Castle, desires that the prayers of all the congregations of the Diocese may be offered on his behalf."

On this day the Bishop received a message of sympathy from the Wesleyan Conference, then sitting at Newcastle, to which he listened with pleasure, and said, "It is very kind of them."[1]

In the afternoon his invalid daughter had been carried to the Bishop's room to sit with him. He asked her for some water, saying, "There is nothing so nice as cold water." For a long time his daughter sat holding her father's hands and leaning on his bed, and then she lay down on her mother's little sofa to have a quiet Evensong. This the Bishop noticed, and said, "Could you give me mamma's old Prayer Book, if you

[1] The Rev. D. T. Young, in proposing this Resolution, said: "He is the Bishop of all the Christian Churches, and we are all indebted to his scholarship and his saintly influence." The Rev. J. H. Moulton, the son of the Bishop's old friend and fellow-worker, seconded the Resolution. which, after a few sympathetic words from the President, was carried unanimously.

are not using it?" So she returned to the bedside with the book in her hand, but gave him a lighter one, which had been given to our mother by her youngest son. He then asked for the Psalms, and said, "Let me have the book, that I may lose none of it"; and added, "Some people think that the Psalms are so sad: but to me they are full of praise and thanksgiving." So they read all the Psalms, morning and evening, for the 27th day of the month. At first the Bishop tried to say alternate verses, but this was more than he could do, so he listened and joined in the Gloria. When this reading was finished the Bishop, after thanking his daughters very lovingly, added, "All I can do is a little bit of praise. Just a little bit of praise."

Mrs. King arrived that evening, and though the same change had come over her father as on the previous evening, he recognised and welcomed her. He seems now for the first time to have realised how near the end was, for he remarked at this time, "Now we are all together, as we were before," referring to the gathering two months previous, when his wife fell asleep.

Mrs. King had not been there long when through the open window the Bishop heard a church bell ringing, and concluding that it was supper-time, turned to her and said, "You ought to go to supper." "She replied, "Oh, father, I have not been here very long, and would like to stay." The Bishop then addressed the same words to his third daughter, Mrs. Prior, but she replied, "Oh, father, it is not quite time yet." He then caught sight of his son at a little distance and said, "Then, Harry, you ought to go." The son consented. Then the Bishop, in a very weak voice, was heard to say, speaking slowly and with great difficulty, "The family discipline seems to me to leave much to

be desired." His children had often heard him humorously make similar laments; and the words clearly showed how much he was even then his own old self.

So his children had to leave him and go to supper. When they returned from their meal, they were informed that the end was near. They gathered round his bed, and his eldest son offered prayer. The Bishop asked that he would first say the Prayer of Humble Access (which he had missed on the previous Sunday) and then the General Thanksgiving. After these prayers, the Bishop asked for each of his children by name. His eyes were dim now, and he could not see them; but as each answered to his name the Bishop greeted their voices with an answering smile. The Bishop then asked for the Psalms. His son Henry proceeded to read the 121st Psalm, one of the Morning Psalms for the 27th day. The Bishop was not satisfied: he wanted the Evening Psalms. They were read, and how beautiful they were. "Before the morning watch, I say, before the morning watch. . . . Lord, I am not high-minded: I have no proud looks." Then his children began to sing some of his favourite hymns, and first of all, "O God, our help in ages past." The hymns seemed to comfort the Bishop greatly, for, until he finally lost consciousness, he was uneasy at any pause.

As the Bishop lay unconscious, the members of the household were brought in to take a last look at their faithful friend and pastor. Besides the Bishop's children, Miss A. Prior, the Rev. C. H. Boutflower, the Rev. E. Price, Vicar of Bishop Auckland, and Dr. M'Cullagh were present. Gathered round the bedside, they continued singing hymns. Once, when they paused, the nurse said, "Sing on, please: it comforts him"; and so the old familiar hymns went on. The Prayer of

Commendation and the Collect for All Saints' Day were said by the Vicar. So at about 11.10 the good Bishop peacefully fell asleep and entered into rest.

The following day being Sunday, the sad news of the Bishop's death became known by the tolling of many bells, which, both at Newcastle and Durham Cathedrals, and in many towns and villages throughout the North, took the place of the ordinary chimes. There were many pulpit references made that day, both in Churches and Nonconformist Chapels, to the loss sustained by the whole body of Christians.

Messages of sympathy from individuals and public bodies poured in daily from all sides, and bore testimony, if such were needed, to the affectionate esteem in which the saintly prelate had been held.

The Bishop's body rested in its coffin in the great entrance hall from Wednesday evening until Thursday night; it was then removed into the centre of the Chapel on a wheeled bier, and left between the graves of Bishop Cosin and Bishop Lightfoot, in the centre of the Chapel. So it remained during Evensong in Chapel, and during the service on the following morning.

On the Friday morning the Bishop of Exeter, Dr. Llewellyn Davies, Mrs. Hort, with her eldest son and his wife, arrived at the Castle, Mrs. Prior's elder children having arrived on Thursday evening. At the celebration of Holy Communion in Chapel at 8 A.M., all the guests in the house were present, and the members of the household met once more around the altar in the Chapel. It was an impressive service. Canon Westcott celebrated, assisted by his brother Henry. In the early afternoon the bier with the coffin on it was reverently removed through the main entrance and brought in at the side door into the smaller entrance hall.

The funeral took place in the Castle Chapel on Friday, 2nd August, at four in the afternoon, and for the convenience of invited guests special trains were run from Darlington, Newcastle, and Sunderland.

The dominant note of the proceedings was that of praise and thanksgiving for the faithful labours ended and the peaceful entrance into rest. There was no gloom of funeral trappings, the grave itself being lined with purple cloth and bordered with flowers, while the sun shining through the coloured windows lent brightness to the scene with varied light.

As the Chapel at Auckland Castle would not accommodate the large number of persons of all classes in the North of England who desired to be present at the funeral, only those who received invitations were admitted. The list of invitations, however, was a very representative one. Fellow-dignitaries of the Church, the diocesan clergy and lay workers, the local governing bodies of the diocese, the Universities, the missionary agencies of the Church, Nonconformist bodies, social organisations like the co-operative movement; and last, but by no means the least important, the toiling masses so near to the heart of Bishop Westcott —all were represented in the congregation which assembled to render the last solemn service to one who had used high station and great ability in the advancement of his fellow-men. In order to make room for so large a number all the movable seats had been taken out of the Chapel, and the congregation, which numbered about four hundred, for the most part had to stand during the whole of the service.

At the appointed time the coffin on its wheeled bier was brought out from the south entrance of the Castle to the main north entrance leading to the Chapel. The

short distance was lined on both sides by members of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion of the Durham L.I., whose band played Chopin's Funeral March. The procession was headed by the Archbishop of York, the Bishops of Winchester, Rochester, Exeter, Newcastle, and Salisbury, and the following Examining Chaplains of the late Bishop :—Revs. Dr. Strong (Dean of Christ Church), Canon Savage, J. A. Kempthorne, A. M. Knight, and E. Price (Vicar and Rural Dean of Auckland). Then came the Marshal, followed by the permanent staff of the 2nd V.B.D.L.I. ; Verger, Chancellor Dibdin ; the Bishop's legal secretary (Mr. J. G. Wilson). The Rev. C. H. Boutflower carried the pastoral staff, and Mr. J. M'Clemens, subsacrist and senior vesturer at Canterbury Cathedral, formerly servant to the deceased prelate, carried the Bishop's mace. The body was enclosed in a leaden coffin, with a panelled oak shell with brass mountings. The breast-plate bore the inscription: "Brooke Foss —Bishop—Born January 12, 1825 ; died July 27, 1901."

The family had requested that no wreaths should be sent, and only those from near relatives and from a distance were accepted, and these were placed before the altar. On the coffin itself, as it rested in the hall, a simple laurel wreath sent by the daughters of Archdeacon and Mrs. Watkins was the only floral tribute.[1]

Following the bier came members of the late Bishop's family, some near friends, the Castle servants, and "the Sons of the House." The opening sentences were read by the Bishop of Winchester, after which the Bishop's favourite hymn, "O God, our help in ages past," was sung. The 90th Psalm followed, the alternate verses

[1] Other wreaths from the family, and a few from representative bodies, were placed on and around the coffin before it was finally conveyed into the Chapel ; and three wreaths (from his sons, his daughters, and the Cawnpore Brotherhood) were lowered with it into the grave.

being said by the Master of Trinity (Dr. Butler). The Dean of Durham (Dr. Kitchin) read the Lesson. The committal sentences were very impressively said by the Rev. Canon Westcott, and during this solemn committal of a father's body to the earth by a son it was felt that the very climax of the whole ceremony was reached. This portion of the service concludes with the words "They rest from their labours"—words which exactly express what was in each man's mind as he stood in the bright, pleasant Chapel—in itself by no means suggestive of the tomb. "Now the labourer's task is o'er" having been sung, the Rev. H. Westcott said the remaining collects, and the hymn "Peace, perfect peace" followed. The Archbishop of York pronounced the Benediction, after which the Nunc Dimittis and the Doxology were sung. The service over, the congregation filed past the open grave, the organist meanwhile playing "Oh rest in the Lord" and the Hallelujah Chorus.

The Bishop's body was laid in the same grave to which he had committed his wife's body two months before. It is now covered by a slab, surmounted by St. Cuthbert's Cross, and bearing the following inscription, composed by the Bishop:—

HIC REQUIESCUNT IN SPE
STUDIORUM AFFECTUUM FIDEI CONSORTES
BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, S.T.P.
EPISC. DUNELM. MDCCCXC–MCMI
ET
SARA LOUISA MARIA
CONJUX EJUS
DUORUM ALTER NATUS MDCCCXXV
OBIIT MCMI
ALTERA NATA MDCCCXXX
OBIIT MCMI
EGO VENI UT VITAM HABEANT

On the following day (Saturday) the Chapel was open from 9.30 A.M. until 6 P.M., when a continuous stream of visitors, including many miners and other working-men friends, reverently passed by the late Bishop's open grave, and read the inscription prepared to mark the final resting-place of the bodies of the Bishop and his wife.

It was my father's express wish that there should be no subscription for any public memorial to him, to which request both his family and friends have affectionately yielded.

I do not know that anything remains to be said. My purpose in writing this memoir of my father will have singularly failed if those who have followed the story of his life do not feel that it was a life grand in its consistency, full in its achievement, and beautiful in its earthly close. Our Christian Faith assures us that it is not ended yet. He is, as he was, "in Christ."

APPENDIX I

PUBLIC TRIBUTES TO THE MEMORY OF BISHOP WESTCOTT

MANY Resolutions and Minutes of Public Bodies relating to the services rendered to the community by Bishop Westcott were kindly forwarded to the surviving members of his family. A representative selection from these is here added.

CONVOCATION OF THE PROVINCE OF YORK

Proposed by His Grace the President, seconded by the Prolocutor, and carried in silence, the members of the Convocation rising in their places.

The Convocation of York, assembled in full Synod, desires to record its sense of the signal loss which has been sustained by the Church of England, and especially in its Northern Province, by the recent departure of the late Bishop of Durham, Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott. A man mighty in the Scriptures and deeply learned in Christian philosophy, he was able to bring out of his treasures things new and old, and to apply to the needs and circumstances of his own generation the great principles of the doctrine of Christ. His earnest desire and endeavour were to promote the highest welfare of the human family by proclaiming the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. His words of wise counsel and calm judgment, and, above all, his ever-welcome presence and charming personality, were a continual strength and comfort to those who were associated with him in the Upper House of Convocation, and made their impression, beyond all doubt, on the whole Northern Synod.

Durham Diocesan Conference

Proposed by the Archdeacon of Durham, seconded by Lord Barnard, and resolved unanimously:

That this Diocesan Conference, at its first meeting since the lamented death of its late President, Brooke Foss, by Divine Providence Lord Bishop of Durham, desires with reverent affection to place on record an expression of its devout thankfulness for the singular benefits conferred upon the Diocese during the eleven years of his Episcopate, and of its sense of the loss which the Church at large and this Diocese in particular has suffered by his removal from the sphere of his earthly ministry.

Succeeding to the labours of his great predecessor and life-long friend, Dr. Westcott devoted to the work of the Diocese rich and rare natural gifts, wide learning, deep thought, exact scholarship, courage which never faltered, energy which never slackened, generous munificence in which the left hand knew not what the right hand did, and above all the attractive power of a spiritual personality which knew not self and lived for God and for mankind.

"A learned man" and "mighty in the Scriptures," he "contended earnestly for the faith once for all delivered to the Saints," and found in the revelation of God in Christ, in the Bible and in the Church, the explanation of the past, the interpretation of the present, and sure confidence for the future; for "he was a good man and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

It is characteristic of his work among us that his last public utterance was addressed to a great congregation of miners welcomed to his Cathedral Church, and that half an hour later he was reading the proof-sheet of a note to Bishop Lightfoot's essay on *The Christian Ministry*.

It is only the late Bishop's written injunction which has restrained his Diocese from offering to his memory some material monument. Nothing can restrain us from cherishing and profiting by the spiritual monument of his illustrious work and inspiring life.

Dean and Chapter of Durham

The Dean and Chapter of Durham cannot assume the charge of the Spiritualties of the vacant See of Durham without recording the deep sense which they entertain of the most serious loss the

Cathedral, the Diocese, and the University of Durham have sustained by the death of their revered Bishop and much-loved friend Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott.

Dean and Chapter of Peterborough

Profoundly deploring the great loss to the Church of England and to Christendom of the Lord Bishop of Durham, we, the members of the Chapter of Peterborough Cathedral, of which he was for fourteen years a most distinguished Canon, desire to tender to the family of the late Bishop our sincere and most respectful sympathy.

Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge

The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge desires to put on record the loss which it has sustained through the lamented death of the Right Reverend Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, Bishop of Durham, one of its official Vice-Presidents and one of its Episcopal Referees.

In common with the Church at large, the Society remembers with gratitude his singular gifts as a devout scholar, an inspiring teacher, and a wise interpreter with matchless spiritual insight. It further recognises that it was given to him largely to influence the cause of peace at home and the extension of Christ's kingdom abroad.

His interest in the Society was manifested by many public utterances, notably in its Bicentenary Year; and his earnest advocacy of the Lay Workers' College at Stepney at a meeting in the Society's House will long be remembered.

The Society thanks God for the life and work of this great Bishop, and at the same time desires to offer its sincere sympathy to his family in their bereavement.

Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts

At its first meeting after the decease of the Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., D.C.L., late Lord Bishop of Durham, the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts desires to place on record its sense of the loss which it thus sustains.

While the Church generally is honouring the memory of a great prelate, and sacred scholarship retains the prints of his toil among its most valued treasures, the Society cannot forget that the life of Bishop Westcott has had a missionary influence of exceptional range and force. It was as an expert that he wrote or spoke on Missionary subjects. When Regius Professor of Divinity at Cambridge he was one of the leaders connected with the brotherhood of that University at Delhi; as a father he gave no fewer than four of his own sons to the Society's missions in India; and as Bishop he encouraged his clergy to listen to the call to engage in work abroad, and laboured to foster the missionary spirit among the people of his diocese.

Church Missionary Society

The Committee have heard with profound regret of the death of the Right Reverend Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Bishop of Durham, and a Vice-President of the Society. Ripe in years and honours, he has passed to his rest, having enriched the Church of Christ in every land not less by the sincere simplicity of a saintly life than by the rare stores of learning, as varied as they were profound. Of his distinguished career as a master, professor, and bishop it does not become the Committee to speak. But they bear thankful witness to the noble example which he has left of earnest and intelligent interest in Foreign Missions, and how willingly he gave four of his sons to be missionaries in India. The Committee recall with gratitude the frequent occasions when he publicly advocated the cause of the Society in memorable addresses which were marked not only by their breadth of view but by the accuracy of the information which they contained.

The committee respectfully offer the expression of their deep sympathy with the family of the late Bishop, now mourning a third bereavement within so few months.

Cambridge Mission to Delhi

The Committee, at this their first meeting after the death of Bishop Westcott, desire to place on record, however inadequately, their sense of the vast debt of gratitude which they owe to that great and admirable man. His inspiring counsels from the

very birth of the Mission, his constant and minute devotion to its welfare and its operations so long as he remained at Cambridge, and the commanding position which he held in the Church, made us proud of his leadership while he lived, and now leave us thankful for his holy and beautiful memory. The Delhi Brotherhood will not forget the services either of the father or of the son.

The Delhi Brotherhood

The members of the Cambridge Mission desire to express their deep sense of the loss which they have sustained in the death of the Bishop of Durham. While it would hardly become them to attempt to estimate the measure of the loss to the whole Anglican communion of one who by common consent had come to be recognised as its greatest living theologian, and whose life and character during his long career as a teacher, author, and leader had won for him so unique an influence in the Church and realm of England, they feel they may venture to record the magnitude of the debt they owe him both as a mission and in many cases as individuals bound to him by such intimate ties of affection and regard. They cannot forget that it was to his inspiring influence and suggestion that the Cambridge Mission owed its origin, and that in all the stages of its history he was ever foremost in aiding and shaping its development, its counsellor in difficulty, its sympathiser in times of trouble and bereavement. They believe that to him more than to any other churchman of his day was due the marked revival of the missionary spirit, of the recognition that the cause of Missions is "not only" (to use his own words) "a duty of Christian obedience, but the condition, the sign, the support of our Christian growth." They desire to express their thankfulness to Almighty God for His goodness in sparing so long to the service of the Church a life of such pre-eminent gifts and graces, and they offer their deepest sympathy to the surviving members of his family, the youngest member of which they cannot but ever thankfully remember laid down his life here in Delhi in the service of the Mission to which his father so readily spared him.

The Indian Church Aid Association also, through their President, Bishop Johnson, expressed "our strong sense of

the loss which India has sustained in the death of your honoured father. His interest in India was of an almost romantic character. . . ."

British and Foreign Bible Society

The death, on Saturday evening, 27th July, of the Right Rev. Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., Bishop of Durham, removes from the list of the Society's Vice-Presidents one of its most distinguished and most honoured names. To the expressions of profound regret which the news of his death has evoked not only in the Church and from the people to which he himself belonged, but from all branches of the Protestant Church, at home and abroad, the Committee of the Bible Society add their tribute of appreciation and high regard. They join in gratitude to Almighty God for the memory of a prince among men, whose talents and personality were at all times reverently and patiently devoted to the cause of truth and righteousness.

In every part of his career no one could fail to recognise the dedication of his gifts to Him from Whom they were received.

The brilliant scholarship which made his name famous, and added so much to the storehouse of truth, received its complement in the strenuous and sympathetic labours with which his later years were associated. Whether engaged in academic studies or in the patient unravelling of social problems, he was conspicuous for the clearness of his vision and the perfect courage of his convictions. "He leaves a name behind him that his praises should be reported."

To the British and Foreign Bible Society the late Bishop of Durham was a warm and devoted friend. When in 1883 the Committee appointed him a Vice-President, they were, even then, only in part acknowledging a debt of gratitude for his public utterances on behalf of the Society and his more personal support.

That debt has been vastly increased since then, and the Committee, in paying respect to his memory, gratefully put on record their feelings of thankfulness for the long association of his name and life-work with the aims of the Bible Society.

To those nearer to him in ties of kinship the Committee tender their warmest sympathy.

Wesleyan Methodist Conference[1]

My Lord—The Wesleyan Conference now in Session at Newcastle-on-Tyne has heard with deep regret of your Lordship's serious illness, and has instructed us by a unanimous vote to assure you of its heartfelt and prayerful sympathy.

Your Lordship's writings have for many years been an inspiration to our ministers and people, and your latest volume has come to us as a message from our common Master.

We have always regarded your life as a great gift from the Head of the Church to our own people as well as to your Lordship's own communion, and we desire to assure you of our profound esteem, and our earnest hope that a life so valuable may be prolonged to the glory of God.—Believe us, my Lord, on behalf of the Conference, yours faithfully,

W. T. Davison, *President.*
Marshall Hartley, *Secretary.*

Sunderland Free Church Council

We recognise, with deep gratitude to the great Head of the Church, the many Christian qualities and eminent graces which were patent to the most casual observer of the life of Bishop Westcott. His love to Christ, his genuine piety, his reverent manner, his catholic spirit, his spiritual instinct, his social interest, his practical help, his ripe scholarship, and his humble bearing, are a few of the traits which were manifest in him, and which call for our praise to God.

The Episcopal Church has sustained a great loss in his departure, and not only the Episcopal Church, but, what is larger than any sect, the Church universal mourns his absence.

The Sunderland Division of the Salvation Army also forwarded a resolution of sympathy.

Board of Conciliation for the Durham Coal Trade

This meeting desires to record its profound sorrow at the death on Sunday last of the Right Reverend Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham.

[1] This is the message which was received and welcomed by the Bishop on the day on which he died. See p. 398.

He had, by his earnest desire and active efforts to promote peace and harmony in the great industries of the county, and especially in the coal trade, won the high esteem and the confidence of both employers and employed.

His mediation contributed largely to the settlement of the Coal Trade Strike in 1892, and his influence aided the establishment of the Conciliation Board in 1895.

He evinced sympathy with all that concerned the material wellbeing of the wage-earning community throughout the county, and gave to efforts to promote such wellbeing encouragement and practical aid.

It was a remarkable and appropriate conclusion to his life that his last public appearance, within a very few days of his death, was to preach in Durham Cathedral to the miners of the county on their Annual Demonstration day.

Capital and labour, equally represented by this Board, desire to preserve his memory and to cherish his precepts, and they now unite in tendering to his family their deep and respectful sympathy.

Durham Miners' Association

We, the Executive Committee of the Durham Miners' Association, in the name of our members, express our universal sorrow at the death of our respected Bishop and friend, the late Bishop Westcott. We recognise that we have lost a sympathiser, counsellor, and helper in all our efforts for better conditions, both in our home surroundings and our working life. From the first day of his residence amongst us, we felt that it was his desire to be Bishop of the Diocese in the truest and best sense of the term; and as the years have passed, that feeling has been strengthened by the words of kindly counsel he has given us, and by his generous and helpful actions. While, therefore, we share in the loss that has fallen upon the whole community, we join in the expression of regret and sorrow which will be felt in every portion of the sphere in which he moved; and we tender our sympathy to the relatives of the truly great and kindly Christian who has been taken from a life in which he lived usefully and well to a reward which awaits all who try to correct the wrongs and brighten the darkness of this life.

Northumberland Miners' Mutual Confident Association

Death of Bishop Westcott

Resolved, that on behalf of our Association we express our deep sympathy and condolence with the family of the late Bishop of Durham in their sorrowful bereavement. We feel that we have ourselves lost a warm and sincere friend, whose sympathies with and helpfulness to everything calculated to raise the character and improve the condition of the workers were ever active and ever wisely directed. By personal effort and by the influence of his high position the Bishop at all times strove to encourage industrial peace and to promote those sentiments of goodwill and those principles of equity between employers and workmen which are the only sure foundations of peaceful industry.

Bishop Westcott's Portrait

Resolved, that considering the eminent services rendered by the Bishop to the workers of the North in general, and to the miners in particular, by his powerful advocacy of conciliation for the prevention of disputes between employers and employed, and of all other methods and movements calculated to promote their welfare, our agents be authorised to obtain a suitable portrait of him for our hall.

Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund

The General Committee of the Northumberland and Durham Miners' Permanent Relief Fund desire to express their sorrow at the loss that their Society has sustained by the lamented death of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham (Dr. Westcott), who was an honorary member and supporter of their Society.

And they offer to the members of the late Bishop's family an expression of their deepest sympathy and condolence with them in their sad bereavement.

Durham County Council

That the sincere condolence of this Council be offered to the family of the Right Reverend Brooke Foss, late Lord Bishop of

Durham, on the occasion of his lamented decease; and that a copy of this resolution be forwarded to his son, the Rev. F. B. Westcott.

County Borough of Sunderland

It was resolved, on the motion of the Mayor, that this Council desires to place on record its sense of the severe loss sustained by the Diocese owing to the death of the Right Reverend Brooke Foss Westcott, D.D., its Lord Bishop, whose wise, gentle, yet powerful administration has in a marked degree advanced the cause of Christianity in the diocese and county of Durham.

The Council bears witness to the great love of humanity which his Lordship so eminently evinced, his sympathy with all good works, the great labour he bestowed for the good and welfare of every, and especially the working, class, and, above all, to the exemplification of true Christian character given by his noble life.

Resolutions of sympathy were also received from the governing bodies of Durham, Darlington, Gateshead, Hartlepool, Jarrow, and Stockton.

Also the following:—

At a coroner's inquest held in the Borough Buildings of the ancient Royal Borough of Hartlepool this day, the coroner, foreman, jurors, and witnesses, all standing, in solemn silence, passed a resolution which they desired should be transmitted to the bereaved family of Dr. Westcott now assembled at Auckland Castle. They desire to testify their high appreciation of the lofty piety, the noble consistency, and the truly Christian liberality in thought, word, and deed whereby the late Dr. Westcott exalted all the infinitely great things respecting which Christian people are agreed, while exhibiting the comparatively infinite littleness of those things which are matters of difference. They also desire to assure his mourning relatives that they see in the life and death of him they mourn a lesson and an example whose influence for good will long survive the earthly career that has shed no common lustre on the name of Westcott and the annals of the Diocese of Durham.

J. Hyslop Bell, *County Coroner.*

Kingston-upon-Hull Co-operative Society

This meeting desires to express their deep sympathy with the family of the late Bishop of Durham in their sad and sudden bereavement in the death of their illustrious father.

We trust that the universal expression of the nation will somewhat alleviate the great blow that has fallen upon you.

Bishop Auckland Co-operative Society

That we, the members of the Bishop Auckland Industrial Co-operative Flour and Provision Society (Limited), in quarterly meeting assembled, do herewith express our sincere sorrow and deep sense of loss occasioned by the death of the late Right Reverend Dr. Westcott, Lord Bishop of Durham, by which the world has lost a great scholar and divine, the diocese of Durham a devoted and faithful Bishop, the cause of co-operation an advanced and earnest advocate, and all great industrial and social movements of reform a true and wise friend.

We also desire to express to the family of the late Bishop our sincere sympathy with them in this hour of their bereavement and sorrow.

Darlington Independent Labour Party

That we, the members of the Darlington branch of the Independent Labour Party, in monthly meeting assembled, desire to record our deep sense of the great loss the cause of social reform has sustained by the death of Dr. Westcott, Bishop of Durham; to express our highest appreciation of the earnestness and zeal with which he sought to improve the social conditions of the masses; and desire to convey to his family our sincere sympathy with them in the loss they have sustained.

Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-on-Tyne

The House Committee of the Royal Infirmary, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, desire to place on the record of their minutes an expression of their sense of the loss the institution has sustained by the lamented death of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham, Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, the Grand Visitor of the

Infirmary, and to offer to the members of the late Bishop's family a tribute of sincere sympathy and condolence with them in their bereavement and trying dispensation.

A similar resolution was also received from the Sunderland Infirmary.

University of Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle-on-Tyne

The members of the University of Durham College of Medicine, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, at this the annual meeting of the College, desire to place on the record of their minutes an expression of their sense of the loss the University of Durham has sustained by the lamented death of the Right Reverend the Lord Bishop of Durham, Dr. Brooke Foss Westcott, the Visitor of the University, and to offer to the members of the late Bishop's family a tribute of sincere sympathy and condolence with them in their bereavement and trying dispensation.

Resolutions were also received from the Church Historical Society, the State Children's Association, Durham Diocesan Branch of C.E.T.S., the Church of England Zenana Missionary Society, the Governors of the North-Eastern County School (Barnard Castle), the Governors of King James I. Grammar School (Bishop Auckland), Weardale Naturalists' Field Club, South Shields Burial Board, Sunderland Y.M.C.A., Oakenshaw Colliery Y.M.C.A., West Hartlepool Coroner's Jury, Bishop Auckland Urban District Council, Board of Guardians of the Chester-le-Street Union, Hudson Lodge of Freemasons (Towlaw), the Auckland Musical Society, the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children (Bishop Auckland Branch), Bishop Auckland Petty Sessions, Consett Church Council, Coundon Church Council, Shildon Church Council.

APPENDIX II

PRAYERS

By B. F. Westcott

The following Common Prayers for family use were originally written for Evening Prayers in my father's house at Harrow, but they were in continuous use at the household family prayers until the move to Bishop Auckland. Even in the Castle Chapel my father used a few Collects from these Prayers in the latter part of Evensong (after the Third Collect and Hymn), which he always took himself.

Common Prayers

Pray without ceasing.
The effectual fervent Prayer of a righteous man availeth much.
Whatsoever things ye desire when ye pray,
believe that ye received them and ye shall have them.
Brethren pray for us.

SUNDAY

Hallowed be Thy Name.

¶ *Psalm*, or *Lesson.*

Reader. The secret of the Lord is among them that fear Him:
Answer. And He will shew them His Covenant.

R. Let us pray.

¶ The Lord's Prayer.

R. Teach us Thy way, O Lord:

A. And knit our hearts unto Thee, that we may fear Thy Name.

R. Grant us true understanding and knowledge:

A. So shall we keep Thy law.

R. Open our eyes that we may see Thy wondrous works:

A. And let our mouth be filled with Thy praise all the day long.

R. O help us to give Thee the honour due unto Thy Name:

A. And to worship Thee with a holy worship.

¶ *Collect for a devout reverence of all the works of* God.

O Almighty God, Who has made us in Thy image, and given unto us the enjoyment of many excellent gifts, enable us by Thy Holy Spirit to use these Thy blessings to Thy glory. Grant unto us a devout reverence for all Thy works. Pour into our hearts a true love for all who are called by Thy Name. Quicken our souls that we may at all times be sensible of Thy presence; and make us, day by day, more fit to see Thee hereafter as Thou art in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

[*Or Collect for the 6th Sunday after the Epiphany.*]

¶ *Collect for a devout reverence of* God's *Word.*

Blessed Lord, by Whose Providence all Holy Scriptures were written and preserved for our instruction, give us grace to study them each day with patience and love. Strengthen our souls with the fulness of their divine teaching. Keep from us all pride and irreverence. Guide us in the deep things of Thy heavenly wisdom; and, of Thy great mercy, lead us by Thy Word into everlasting life, through Jesus Christ our Saviour. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the 2nd Sunday in Advent.*]

¶ *Collect for a devout reverence of Divine Services.*

O Eternal God, by Whom the whole Body of Christ is sustained and governed, we thank Thee that Thou hast called us

to worship Thee in Thy Holy Church. Grant to us each day to feel more deeply the privileges of Christian fellowship. Bless to us all the services of Thy public worship. Reveal Thyself to us, according to Thy promises, in the appointed means of grace, and especially in the Holy Sacraments. Give a rich increase to each seed of good sown in our hearts; and by Thy almighty power keep us steadfast in the faith once delivered to the Saints, through CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for All Saints' Day.*]

[¶ *Special Collect before or after Holy Communion; or for the Day or Season.*]

R. Set up Thyself, O GOD, above the heavens:

A. And Thy Glory above all the earth.

R. Serve the LORD with fear:

A. And rejoice unto Him with reverence.

R. Let us pray.

We give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for all the blessings of the past day. Teach us to praise Thee not only with our lips, but with our works and with our lives. We are Thine: O sanctify us wholly.

Bless our King and all who are put in authority under him. Guide and strengthen those who are here set over us. Shield all in this place who are in temptation or danger. Guard with Thy gracious protection our families and friends. Forgive us our many offences and failures and negligences throughout this day; and defend us, of Thy great love, from all the perils of the night, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

The LORD bless us and keep us:

The LORD make His face to shine upon us and be gracious unto us:

The LORD lift up the light of His countenance upon us and give us peace. *Amen.*

MONDAY

Thy Kingdom Come.

¶ *Psalm*, or *Lesson.*

R. The kingdom is the LORD'S:

A. And He is the Governor among the people.

R. Let us pray.

¶ *Collect for the spread of the Gospel among the Heathen.*

O Almighty and most merciful Father, Who didst send Thy beloved Son to die for the sins of the whole world, look down, we beseech Thee, upon all the nations who have not known His name, and in Thine own good time lead them to His Cross. Strengthen with the comfort of Thy Spirit all who bear abroad the message of the Gospel. Raise up among us a lively sympathy with their labours. Take away from those who hear them all hardness of heart and pride and impenitence; and so move them, Blessed LORD, with Thine infinite love, that the day may speedily come when all the ends of the world shall be turned unto Thee, and there shall be one flock and one Shepherd. We ask all for CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

[Or *Third Collect for Good Friday.*]

¶ *Collect for the spread of the Gospel in our Nation.*

We humbly thank Thee, O Almighty GOD, for the many blessings which Thou hast given to our country: and add this, O LORD, to Thy other mercies that we may be enabled to use them better in Thy service. O, take from among us all contempt of Thy Word and commandments. Break down all the barriers of selfishness and ignorance which keep men from Thee. Convince the impenitent of the misery of sin, and comfort the broken-hearted with the assurance of Thy love. Teach us all to be Evangelists not in word only but in everything which we do. This we ask for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

[Or *Second Collect for Good Friday.*]

¶ *Collect for the power of the Gospel within us.*

O LORD GOD, Who by Thy Almighty power canst subdue all things to Thyself, have mercy upon us, we beseech Thee, and pardon the imperfection of our service. We acknowledge Thee as our only King; and do Thou, O LORD, subdue every power within us which is not obedient to Thy Law. Hallow and purify our souls and bodies with Thy Holy Spirit, that we may offer to Thee the reasonable sacrifice of our lives. O LORD, hear us; O LORD, pardon us; O LORD, strengthen us; for His sake Who was born and died and rose again for us.

[Or *Collect for Easter Even.*]

O CHRIST, hear us.

O CHRIST, *hear us.*

LORD, have mercy upon us.

CHRIST, *have mercy upon us.*

LORD, have mercy upon us.

¶ THE LORD'S PRAYER.

R. O LORD, gather unto Thee a people from among the heathen:

A. That they may give thanks unto Thy Holy Name.

R. Sanctify those that are called by Thy Name:

A. And give Thy blessing unto Thine inheritance.

R. Thou art our Helper and Redeemer:

A. Haste Thou, O GOD, *to deliver us.*

R. O let the wickedness of the ungodly come to an end:

A. But guide Thou the just.

R. Let us pray.

[¶ *Special Collect.*]

We give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for all the blessings of the past day. Be with us and guard us during the defenceless hours of the night.

Bless our King and all who bear rule over us. Hasten the time when peace, truth, and justice shall be established throughout the world. [Reveal Thyself in Thy great mercy to those who

are afflicted by war, and cast down the unrighteous cause.] Support and relieve all who are distressed in mind or body, [especially.....]. Shield all in this place who are in temptation or danger. Guard with Thy gracious protection our families and friends. Forgive us our many offences, and failures, and negligences throughout this day. And help us day by day to serve Thee better and love Thee more sincerely, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake.

The grace of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

TUESDAY

Thy Will be Done.

¶ *Psalm*, or *Lesson.*

R. The salvation of the righteous cometh of the LORD:

A. Who is also their strength in the time of trouble.

R. Let us pray.

R. O LORD, have mercy upon us:

A. O LORD, *have mercy upon us.*

R. O LORD, make Thyself known unto us:

A. O LORD, *make Thyself known unto us.*

R. O LORD, teach us to pray to Thee as we ought:

A. O LORD, *teach us to pray to Thee as we ought.*

¶ THE LORD'S PRAYER.

R. Into Thy hands we commend our souls:

A. For Thou hast redeemed us, O LORD, *Thou God of Truth.*

R. Unto Thee do we lift up our cry:

A. O let us not be confounded.

R. Let Thy merciful kindness, O LORD, be upon us:

A. Like as we do put our trust in Thee.

R. O stablish us according to Thy word:

A. And let us not be disappointed of our hope.

¶ *Collect for Faith.*

O LORD GOD, in Whom we live, and move, and have our being, open our eyes that we may behold Thy Fatherly Presence ever about us. Draw our hearts to Thee with the power of Thy Love. Teach us to be careful for nothing; and when we have done what Thou hast given us to do, help us, O GOD, our Saviour, to leave the issue to Thy wisdom. Take from us all doubt and distrust. Lift our thoughts up to Thee in heaven; and make us to know that all things are possible to us through Thy Son, our Redeemer. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the 4th Sunday after Easter.*]

¶ *Collect for Courage.*

Blessed LORD, Who wast tempted in all things like as we are, have mercy upon our frailty. Out of weakness give us strength. Grant to us Thy fear, that we may fear Thee only. Support us in time of temptation. Embolden us in the time of danger. Help us to do Thy work with good courage, and to continue Thy faithful soldiers and servants unto our life's end. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the 4th Sunday after the Epiphany.*]

¶ *Collect for Truthfulness.*

Almighty GOD, Who hast sent the Spirit of Truth unto us to guide us into all truth, so rule our lives by Thy power, that we may be truthful in word, and deed, and thought. O keep us, most merciful Saviour, with Thy gracious protection, that no fear or hope may ever make us false in act or speech. Cast out from us whatsoever loveth or maketh a lie, and bring us all into the perfect freedom of Thy truth: through JESUS CHRIST, Thy Son, our Lord. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the 3rd Sunday after Easter.*]

¶ *Collect for Labour.*

O LORD, our Heavenly Father, by Whose Providence the duties of men are variously ordered, grant to us all such a spirit that we may labour heartily to do our work in our several stations, as serving one Master and looking for one reward. Teach us to

put to good account whatever talents Thou hast lent to us. Help us to overcome all sloth and indolence; and enable us to redeem our time by patience and zeal: through Thy Son, our Saviour. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the 4th Sunday after Trinity.*]

¶ *Collect for Purity.*

O Eternal GOD, who hast taught us by Thy Holy Word that our bodies are temples of Thy Spirit, keep us, we most humbly beseech Thee, temperate and holy in thought, word, and deed, that at the last we, with all the pure in heart, may see Thee, and be made like unto Thee in Thy heavenly kingdom: through CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the 6th Sunday after the Epiphany.*]

[¶ *Special Collect.*]

We thank Thee, O LORD, for all the blessings of the past day. Be with us and guard us throughout the night. Forgive us our manifold sins, ignorances, and negligences, that so we may rest at peace with Thee: through the merits of Thy Son, our Saviour, JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

WEDNESDAY

Give us this Day our Daily Bread.

¶ *Psalm* or *Lesson.*

R. All things wait upon Thee, O LORD:

A. Thou openest Thy hand, and they are filled with good.

R. Let us pray.

R. O GOD, the Father, Creator of the world, have mercy upon us:

A. O GOD, *the Father, etc.*

R. O GOD, the Son, Redeemer of mankind, have mercy upon us :

A. O GOD, *the Son, etc.*

R. O GOD, the Holy Ghost, Sanctifier of Thy people, have mercy upon us :

A. O GOD, *the Holy Ghost, etc.*

R. Hear us, O LORD GOD, and be merciful unto us for Thy Name's sake. Thou knowest our wants : teach us to feel them. Thou knowest our ignorance : teach us how to pray. Thou knowest our weakness : teach us to look to Thee for strength :

A. We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee to bless our King and nation : to prosper the cause of peace, truth and righteousness throughout the word ; and to hasten the coming of Thy kingdom :

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee [to bless our school ;] to increase among us self-denial and labour ; and to hallow all our work by Thy Holy Spirit :

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee to make us bold to confess Thee in our daily life ; to enable us to check evil and to support good, and to look to Thee in all the dangers and temptations by which we are beset :

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee [to preserve us from the perils of wealth and station ;] to make us tender-hearted and pitiful ; to teach us to help all who are in distress, or necessity, or want :

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee to give us a true love for Thee and for Thy service : to enlarge our sympathy for those who are farthest removed from us : to pardon and enlighten those who condemn us wrongfully, or injure us :

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee to reveal Thyself to those who do not know Thee : to support and prosper those who bear Thy gospel to heathen countries : to bless the labours of those who work in

our own land: to convert the erring, to quicken the ignorant, and to draw to Thee the impenitent:

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

That it may please Thee to continue to us the blessings of health and vigour and prosperity, and of Thy Holy Word and ordinances, and to help us to use them all to Thy glory:

We beseech Thee to hear us, good LORD.

O LORD, hear us:

O LORD, *hear us.*

O CHRIST, hear us:

O CHRIST, *hear us.*

O LORD, hear us:

O LORD, *hear us.*

¶ THE LORD'S PRAYER.

R. Be not Thou far from us, O LORD:

A. Thou art our succour: haste Thee to help us.

R. Show Thou us the way that we should walk in:

A. For we lift up our souls unto Thee.

R. Help us, O GOD of our salvation, for the glory of Thy name:

A. O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for Thy Name's sake.

[¶ *Special Collect.*]

We thank Thee, O most merciful Father, for Thy kindness to us during the past day. Teach us to praise Thee always in deed, and not in word only. Pardon our manifold sins and negligences, and give us grace to live more worthily of our Christian profession. Receive these our imperfect prayers, and grant us what we need for our souls and bodies, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake, Thy Son our Saviour. *Amen.*

The LORD bless us and keep us:

The LORD make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us:

The LORD lift up the light of His countenance upon us, and give us peace. *Amen.*

THURSDAY

Forgive us our Trespasses.

¶ *Psalm*, or *Lesson.*

R. In Thee, O LORD, have I put my trust:

A. Thou shalt answer for me, O LORD, *my* GOD.

Confession to be said by all kneeling.

Almighty GOD, Father of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, we humbly acknowledge our manifold sins and offences against Thee by thought and deed. We have neglected opportunities of good which Thou, in Thy love, gavest unto us. We have been overcome by temptations, from which Thou wast ready to guard us. We have looked unto men, and not unto Thee, in doing our daily work. We have thought too little of others, and too much of our own pleasure, in all our plans. We have lived in forgetfulness of the life to come. But Thou art ever merciful and gracious to those who turn to Thee. So we now come to Thee as those whom Thou wilt not cast out. Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon us. O Almighty GOD, heavenly Father, Who forgivest iniquity and transgression; O LORD JESUS CHRIST, LAMB OF GOD, Who takest away the sin of the world; O HOLY SPIRIT, Who helpest the infirmities of those that pray: receive our humble confession. Give us true repentance and sincere faith in Thee. Do away our offences, and give us grace to live hereafter more worthily of our Christian calling, for the glory of Thy great name. *Amen.*

R. Hear, O LORD, and have mercy upon us:

A. LORD, *be Thou our Helper.*

R. Turn Thy face from our sins:

A. And put out all our misdeeds.

R. Cast us not away from Thy presence:

A. And take not Thy Holy Spirit from us.

R. O give us the comfort of Thy help again:

A. And stablish us with Thy free Spirit.

¶ The Lord's Prayer.

R. Let us pray.

¶ *Collect for Union.*

O Lord God, Who by Thy Providence hast ordered various ranks among men, draw them ever closer together by Thy Holy Spirit. Teach us to know that all differences of class are done away in Christ. Take from us and from our countrymen all envy, jealousy and discontent. Unite us one to another by a common zeal for Thy cause; and enable us by Thy grace to offer unto Thee the manifold fruits of our service, through Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the day of St. Simon and St. Jude.*]

¶ *Collect for Sympathy.*

Blessed Lord, who for our sakes was content to bear sorrow and want and death, grant unto us such a measure of Thy Spirit that we may follow Thee in all self-denial and tenderness of soul. Help us, by Thy great love, to succour the afflicted, to relieve the needy and destitute, to comfort the feeble-minded, to share the burdens of the heavy-laden, and ever to see Thee in all that are poor and desolate. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for the Sunday next before Easter.*]

¶ *Collect for Love.*

Almighty and most merciful Father, Who hast given us a new commandment that we should love one another, give us also grace that we may fulfil it. Make us gentle, courteous, and forbearing. Direct our lives, so that we may look each to the good of others in word and deed. And hallow all our friendships by the blessing of Thy Spirit, for His sake, who loved us and gave Himself for us, Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

[Or *Collect for Quinquagesima.*]

[¶ *Special Collect.*]

We give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for all the blessings of the past day. Be with us and guard us during the defenceless hours of the night.

Bless our King and all who bear rule over us. Hasten the time when peace, truth and justice shall be established throughout the world. [Reveal Thyself in Thy great mercy to those who are afflicted by war, and cast down the unrighteous cause.] Support and relieve all who are distressed in mind or body, [especially .....]. Shield all in this place who are in temptation or danger. Guard with Thy gracious protection our families and friends. Forgive us our many offences and failures and negligences throughout this day. And help us day by day to serve Thee better and love Thee more sincerely, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, and the love of GOD, and the fellowship of the HOLY GHOST, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

FRIDAY

Lead us not into Temptation, but deliver us from the Evil One.

¶ *Psalm*, or *Lesson.*

R. The LORD be with you:

A And with Thy Spirit.

¶ Let us pray.

LORD, have mercy upon us:

LORD, *have mercy upon us.*

CHRIST, have mercy upon us:

CHRIST, *have mercy upon us.*

LORD, have mercy upon us:

LORD, *have mercy upon us.*

Have mercy upon us, O GOD, after Thy great goodness; and guide us by Thy Holy Spirit: in all the perils and dangers of our daily life,

Guide us, good LORD.

In times of happiness and joy: in times of sorrow and dejection: in our pleasures and in our cares,

Guide us, good LORD.

In times of labour and study: in times of relaxation and repose: in our work and in our amusements,

Guide us, good LORD.

In the pursuit of noble aims: in the flight from known evil: in success and disappointments,

Guide us, good LORD.

In the common intercourse of life: in the choice of companions: in the society of friends,

Guide us, good LORD.

From all outward evils, from sickness, from suffering: from loss, if it be Thy will,

Good LORD, *deliver us*:

From all hardness of heart and irreverence: from all uncharitableness, envy and jealousy: from all pride and selfishness,

Good LORD, *deliver us.*

From all indolence and sloth: from all self-indulgence and intemperance: from all impurity in thought, word and deed,

Good LORD, *deliver us.*

From all deceit and untruthfulness: from all unworthy ends: from all undue anxiety and distrust in Thee,

Good LORD, *deliver us.*

From neglect of Thy Word and promises: from neglect of prayer: from forgetfulness of Thee,

Good LORD, *deliver us.*

O GOD the Father, Who hast promised forgiveness to all who turn to Thee,

Pardon our sins and negligences.

O GOD the Son, Who knowest the frailty of our nature,

Strengthen our weakness.

O GOD the Holy Ghost, Who canst hallow all things by Thy power,

Renew us to Thy service.

¶ The Lord's Prayer.

R. Hear us, O God, in the multitude of Thy mercies:

A. After Thy great goodness do away our offences.

R. O, remember not the offences of our youth:

A. Nor cast Thy servants away in displeasure.

R. Set a watch, O Lord, before our mouth:

A. And keep the door of our lips.

R. O cleanse Thou us from our secret faults:

A. And preserve us from presumptuous sins.

O Almighty and most merciful God, receive these our humble prayers. We are weak; but Thou art strong and gracious. We have left undone this day many things which we ought to have done, and done that which we ought not to have done; but Thou art faithful and just to forgive the sins of those who confess them unto Thee for Christ's sake.

O show us the light of Thy countenance, and we shall be whole. Guard us through the coming night. Bless our nation [our school, our house, *or* our families], our friends; and grant unto us those things which we have faithfully asked according to Thy will, and whatever else we need, for the merits of Thy Son our Saviour Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore. *Amen.*

SATURDAY

Thine is the Kingdom, the Power and the Glory.

¶ *Psalm*, or *Lesson.*

R. Give thanks unto the Lord, for He is gracious:

A. And His mercy endureth for ever.

¶ *Thanksgiving, all kneeling.*

We give Thee humble and hearty thanks, O most merciful Father, for all Thy goodness and loving-kindness to us and to

all men, for the blessings of this life, and for the promise of everlasting happiness. And, as we are bound, we specially thank Thee for the mercies which we have ourselves received from Thee during the past week.

For health and strength, for outward prosperity and well-being, for the manifold enjoyments of our daily life, and the hopes of the future,

We thank Thee, O GOD.

[For the opportunities of learning, for the discipline of sound instruction, for the exercise of free independence,

We thank Thee, O GOD.]

For the knowledge of Thy will, for the means of serving Thee in Thy Holy Church, for the love which Thou hast revealed to us in thy Son, our Saviour,

We thank Thee, O GOD.

We thank Thee, O GOD, for every blessing of soul and body; and add this, O LORD, to Thy other mercies, that we may praise Thee not with our lips only, but with our lives, always looking to Thee as the Author and Giver of all good things. We ask all for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

¶ THE LORD'S PRAYER.

R. O LORD, satisfy us with Thy mercy:

A. So shall we rejoice and be glad all the days of our life.

R. (*standing.*) Hear the blessings which CHRIST Himself hath pronounced on those who love Him:

Blessed are the poor in spirit.

A. O LORD, *rule our hearts that we may inherit this blessing.*

R. Blessed are they that mourn.

A. O LORD, *rule our hearts, etc.*

R. Blessed are the meek.

A. O LORD, *rule our hearts, etc.*

R. Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness.

A. O LORD, *rule our hearts, etc.*

R. Blessed are the merciful.

A. O LORD, *rule our hearts, etc.*

R. Blessed are the pure in heart.

A. O LORD, *rule our hearts, etc.*

R. Blessed are the peacemakers.

A. O LORD, *have mercy upon us, and rule our hearts that we may inherit these blessings.*

R. (*kneeling.*) We thank Thee, O LORD, for this revelation of Thy will which Thou hast given us. Send to us Thy Holy Spirit to guide and teach us, that we may be made worthy of Thy heavenly kingdom, and live now as fellow-citizens of the Saints. O LORD, hear us: O LORD, have mercy upon us: O LORD, make us like unto Thee. *Amen.*

[¶ *Special Collect.*]

O Almighty GOD, pardon, we beseech Thee, our sins and negligences during the past week. Help us in future to struggle more successfully with the temptations by which we have been overcome. Confirm and strengthen in us the good habits which Thou hast enabled us to begin or carry out. [Prosper the whole work of this place to the increase of godliness and good learning in our nation.] Bless to us the repose and services of Thy Holy Day. Teach us to look on each week as a stage in our homeward journey; and ever draw us, O LORD, nearer to Thee in heart and soul, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake. *Amen.*

¶ *Doxology said by all.*

Glory be to Thee, O GOD, the Father, the Maker of the World.

Glory be to Thee, O GOD, the Son, the Redeemer of mankind.

Glory be to Thee, O GOD, the Holy Ghost, the Sanctifier of Thy people. *Amen.*

The LORD bless and keep us:

The LORD make His face to shine upon us, and be gracious unto us:

The LORD lift up the light of his countenance upon us and give us peace. *Amen.*

¶ *Collect before Communion.*

Almighty GOD, Who hast again called us to the Communion of the Body and Blood of Christ, help us to meditate on that Holy Mystery and examine ourselves, that by Thy grace we may be received as worthy guests at Thy Holy Feast, in humble dependence on Thy Word. Grant to us such a spirit that we may not offend Thee by lightly regarding Thy command or neglecting Thy promises. But so teach us, Blessed LORD, that we may come to Thy Table with faithful and penitent hearts, and there obtain remission of our sins, and strength for a new life: through Thy Son, our only Lord and Saviour, JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

¶ *Collect after Communion.*

Almighty GOD, Who hast given Thine only Son to die for us, grant that we [all] who have this day been united in the Communion of His most precious Body and Blood, may be so cleansed from our [their] past sins, and so strengthened to follow the example of His most Holy Life, that we [they] may hereafter enjoy everlasting fellowship with Thee in heaven, through Him Who loved us and gave Himself for us, JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

Keep innocency, and take heed unto the thing that is right; for that shall bring a man peace at the last.

HARROW, *January* 1864.

A PRAYER FOR SUNDAY MORNING

O LORD, our Heavenly Father, at the beginning of another week we come to Thee for help and light. Grant, we beseech Thee, that we may hallow this day of rest to Thy service and find in Thee all peace and strength. Quicken our devotion that we may serve Thee in spirit and in truth, and lay a good foundation for our coming work. Be with us in all the public services of Thy Church, that we may join in them with heart and soul, and receive the blessings which Thou hast promised to all who sincerely pray to Thee and faithfully hear Thy word. This we ask, for the sake of JESUS CHRIST, our Lord. *Amen.*

A Collect for the Delhi Mission

O Eternal Lord, Father of mercies and God of hope, who hast in Thy love joined us together in one brotherhood that we may labour to bring the Gospel of the Kingdom to the many peoples of India, we humbly beseech Thee that Thou wouldest enable us to offer to Thee the perfect sacrifice of ourselves, our souls and bodies, and each to receive from the fulness of our common life in Thee that which we severally need for our work, the gift of patience and faith, the gift of confidence and hope, the gift of sympathy and love; and so to enlighten, O Lord, the eyes of our hearts that we may discern Thy presence both in failure and in success and evermore rejoice in Thy peace, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

A Collect for a Training College

O Almighty God, the Father of Lights, and the Giver of all good gifts, who hast put into our hearts the desire to serve Thee by leading Thy { children / little ones } to the knowledge of all things true and just and lovely, we beseech Thee so to guide us in this time of our preparation, that we may use with patient devotion the manifold helps which Thou hast provided for our instruction and discipline, and find in every increase of knowledge and power fresh signs of Thy love and will for us; and so fill us, O Lord, with the spirit of Thy grace that we may find perfect peace in Thee, and be enabled to bring to those who shall hereafter be committed to our charge what we have ourselves found, through Thy Son, our only Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*

Rugby, 31*st March* 1887.

I add a few prayers which I have found among the manuscripts of my father's later years. I have not always been able to determine the occasion on which the prayer was used:—

Prayer at the Opening of the restored Chapter-house in Durham Cathedral, 23rd March 1895

O Almighty God, Who hast knit together Thine elect in one communion and fellowship, in the mystical body of Thy Son

CHRIST our Lord: we bless Thee for all Thy servants departed this life in Thy faith and fear, and especially for him in whose memory this house hath again been made meet for solemn uses, beseeching Thee to give us grace so to follow their good examples, that with them we may be partakers of Thy heavenly kingdom: grant this, O Father, for JESUS CHRIST'S sake, our only Mediator and Advocate. *Amen.*

PRAYER AT THE DEDICATION OF A CHURCH CLOCK AT STAINDROP, 31ST OCTOBER 1896

O Almighty GOD, from Whom come all good gifts and all holy desires, we humbly beseech Thee to accept the offering which Thy servants have made to Thy Sanctuary in thankful acknowledgment of faithful ministrations among them for fifty years; and grant that all who shall hear the voice which proclaims the passing hours may lift up their thoughts to Thee, and learn so to number their days that they may apply their hearts to that wisdom which is life everlasting: through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

PRAYER AT THE LAYING OF THE FOUNDATION STONE OF THE SHIRE HALL, DURHAM

Almighty GOD and heavenly Father, Who didst teach the hearts of Thy faithful people by the sending to them the light of Thy Holy Spirit, grant the same Spirit to all those who shall hereafter meet together in this house for counsel and action, that having a right judgment in all things, they may both by word and deed set forward Thy glory and the good of Thy people: through Thy Son, JESUS CHRIST, our Lord, Who liveth and reigneth with Thee in the unity of the same Spirit world without end. *Amen.*

PRAYER AT THE OPENING OF THE SHIRE HALL, DURHAM, 26TH JULY 1898

O Almighty GOD, by Whom kings reign and princes decree justice, hallow, we beseech Thee, this Hall by Thy presence to those who shall meet here in the years to come. Pour down upon them the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and ghostly strength, the spirit of knowledge and true godliness; and fill them, O LORD, with the spirit of Thy holy

fear, that by their endeavours peace and goodwill, truth and righteousness, prosperity and happiness, may be established and increased among us, to the glory of Thy name and the good of Thy people: through JESUS CHRIST our Lord. *Amen.*

A MISSIONARY PRAYER

O LORD, our heavenly Father, the GOD of peace, enable Thy servants, we most humbly beseech Thee, to seek through faith in the Incarnation of Thy Son JESUS CHRIST in thought and word and deed that every nation of men may be led to bring to Thee the manifold gifts of their service, and may hasten in the power and spirit of one brotherhood the times of the restoration of all things, which Thou hast promised by Thy holy prophets since the world began. We ask all in His Name Who loved us and gave Himself for us, JESUS CHRIST, to Whom with Thee and the HOLY SPIRIT be all honour and glory, world without end. *Amen.*

A PRAYER FOR THE ROCKHAMPTON BROTHERHOOD[1]

Almighty and most merciful Father, Who hast knit us together as a brotherhood in CHRIST to set forth of Thy glory and to proclaim the Gospel to Thy children scattered abroad: grant us, we beseech Thee, the manifold gifts of Thy Spirit, that we may be gentle to the ignorant and to the erring, wise in counsel, patient under disappointment, and unwearied in love: strengthen in us the grace of mutual affection and of unceasing prayer: enable us to do all things in the Name of Thy dear Son, and to commend our message by the fruits of the life which He came to give. Guard us, guide us, sustain us; and, if it be Thy will, hasten through our ministry the coming of Thy Kingdom. We ask all for JESUS CHRIST'S sake, Who with Thee and the HOLY GHOST liveth and reigneth one GOD world without end. *Amen.*

A MISSIONARY PRAYER[2]

O LORD, our heavenly Father, almighty and eternal GOD, in Whom we live and move and have our being, and Who hast so

[1] Written at the request of the Rev. G. D. Halford.

[2] Written by request of the Committee of the Cambridge University Church Society for inclusion in their Manual.

ordered the world that all nations should seek Thee, we humbly pray that Thou wouldest be pleased to reveal Thyself to those who have not yet acknowledged Thy love.

Upon Thy faithful servants who bear the Gospel to our fellow-subjects in India, and especially . . ., pour out the spirit of sympathy and wisdom and patience, that they may in all things discern the signs of Thy Counsel and follow the teaching of Thy Spirit, and be strengthened and sustained by Thy Presence. Grant to those who hear them a true knowledge of their own wants, and grace to believe that Thou art waiting to bless all who look for Thy help.

Unite us with their work in heart and soul, that we in them and they in us may learn more and more the power of that fellowship which is perfected in Thee. And hasten, O LORD, by their ministry, the time of the restitution of all things, when Thou shalt receive from the nations which Thou hast made the offerings of their manifold service, and Thy sheep scattered abroad shall become one flock under the one Shepherd. We ask all in the name of Thy Son, our Lord and Saviour, JESUS CHRIST. *Amen.*

APPENDIX III

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1896. *Some Conditions of Religious Life. A Visitation Charge, 1896. Not published.

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1899. The Rest Day of the Heart. A Paper contributed to *Guard your Sundays*.

1899. Biblical Criticism and Social Problems. Paper contributed to *The Churchman* (November).

1899. *International Concord. A Sermon preached in St. Margaret's, Westminster. Published in *The Commonwealth*.

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1901. LESSONS FROM WORK. Macmillan and Co. Cr. 8vo.

1901. *Life. A Sermon preached in the Chapel of Trinity College, Cambridge, at the Commemoration of Benefactors, 11th December, 1900. Cr. 8vo. Not published.

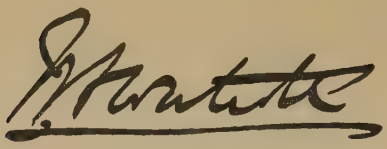
1902. WORDS OF FAITH AND HOPE. Macmillan and Co. Cr. 8vo.

It may interest the reader to know that the total circulation of my father's more important writings, including the Westcott and Hort Greek Testament, amounted, up to 31st December 1901, to about 280,000 volumes. This total does not include single sermons or other brief writings, of which the S.P.C.K. alone have circulated about 31,000.

NOTE ON

BISHOP WESTCOTT'S HANDWRITING

As in the course of this work several references, flattering and otherwise, have been made to my father's handwriting, a few words concerning it may possibly be pardoned. There is no disguising the fact that on occasion, particularly in his earlier years, his writing was not remarkably legible; but only once during the course of a year mainly devoted to studying his written words have I consciously failed to decipher a word. In extenuation of my incompetence on that occasion, I must plead that the phrase which defied my efforts was a Latin botanical term, and although I looked up in my botanical authorities all probable terms, I was compelled eventually to give it up and substitute a feeble, and, I fear, inappropriate, word of my own devising. His signature at times was especially illegible, and I have before me now fifty *bona fide* conjectural interpretations of a signature which he appended to a letter to a friend. In forwarding the interpretations, my father's correspondent says: "I began in all innocence, but, finding the first few interpretations bewildering in their variety, a scientific impulse (perhaps I should rather say a mixture of malice and curiosity) got the upper hand, and I thought I would ascertain what was the complete cycle of possible interpretations. Clearly, however, we are far from having any such limit at present, as is shown by the fact of there being only three repetitions out of the fifty. It is amusing to observe the contrast between the timid minds that cling to known and recognised names and the hardy thinkers who follow their reason even though it lead them to Rontish or Slontish. But I will leave the philosophy to you."



Here follow the fifty interpretations :

N. Bowtell.
W. F. Coutauld.
W. Frontith.
W. Frountell.
W. J. Hewlett.
W. Honteth.
W. Howlett (2ce).
W. Howtett (2ce).
W. Howtite.
J. Menteith.
W. Matock.
J. Monteith.
W. Monteith (2ce).
W. Nontall.
W. Nontick.
W. Nontioll.
W. Nontiott.
W. F. Northcote.
W. Nuntell.
W. Rontish.
W. Rowstick.
W. Slontish.
W. Slowtite.
W. Stontell.
W. Stontide.
W. Stontcote.
W. Swatiott.
W. Sweetett.
W. Swintott.
W. Swintull.
W. Trontide.
W. S. Untill.
W. Wartell.
W. J. Watcott.
W. Watell.
W. F. Watell.
W. H. Watell.
W. J. Waterloo.
J. H. Waterton.
W. J. Watett.
W. T. Watiote.
J. F. Watitt.
W. F. Watitt.
W. F. Westroll.
W. S. Whitworth.
W. F. Writesth.
W. J. Wortell.

Several of my father's working-men correspondents complained to him of the difficulty they experienced in reading his letters. One writer says that he and a friend spent hours over the letter, and in the end achieved only a partial apprehension of its contents ; another, after long study, took his letter to the Vicar for decipherment, and suggested to the Bishop that when writing to working-men he should write as a working-man, *i.e.* in childish copperplate. I have further noticed that several educated correspondents have referred to the Bishop for the elucidation of single phrases in his letters to them. The facsimile given at p. 13 of this volume represents, in my opinion, my father's best writing, and is placed there on that account. His episcopal signature was far more legible than that which previously concealed his family name.

The mention of working-men correspondents induces the remark that such writers seem more prone than others to express themselves in verse. My father was the recipient of several poetical letters from working-men, and as I have quoted one of

the uncomplimentary kind, it is only fair that I should furnish a specimen of the other sort. I am confident that the simple words were dear and welcome to the Bishop, and they form a pleasing if inapt conclusion to this brief excursus :

1. Our great Bishop of Durham,[1]
2. You are in great spirituality ; form
3. For lecturing we can see.
4. You are speacking out stright,
5. To give the people Light,
6. On pure Christinity.

[1] Pronounced Dor'm (see p. 106).

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